3 [redacted]02144 8963

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries
O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096

THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

The Guernsey Collection The De Puy Collection
The Ridpath Collection

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

All rights reserved

R 439
v. 20

LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. XX

	PAGE
Scarron (skä rôñ), Paul	7
Schaff (shäf), Philip	11
Schefer (shā' fer), Leopold	14
Scheffel (shef' fel), Joseph Victor von	16
Schelling (shel' ling), Friedrich William von	21
Scherer (shā' rer), William	23
Schiller (shil' ler), Johann Christoph Friedrich	27
Schlegel (shlā' gel), August Wilhelm von	48
Schlegel, Karl Wilhelm von	51
Schleiermacher (shlī' er mach er), Friedrich Ernst	55
Schliemann (shlē' män), Heinrich	58
Schoolcraft (sköl' kraft), Henry Rowe	61
Schopenhauer (sho' pen hou er), Arthur	65
Schreiner (shrī' nêr), Olive	69
Schurz (shörts), Carl	71
Schuyler (skī' lêr), Eugene	76
Schwatka (shwot' ką), Frederick	79
Scollard (skol' ąrd), Clinton	82
Scott (skot), Hugh Stowell	87
Scott, Michael	89
Scott, Walter	92
Scribe (skrēb), Augustin Eugéne	120
Scudder (skud' êr), Horace Elisha	126
Sealsfield (sēlz' fēld), Charles	131
Seawell (sē' wel), Molly Elliot	132
Sedgwick (sej' wik), Catherine Maria	135
Sedley (sed' li), Charles	139
Seneca (sen' e ką)	142
Serviss (sêr' vis), Garrett Putman	144
Seton (sē' tŏn), Ernest Thompson	148
Sévigné (sā vēn yā), Marie de	152
Seward (sū' ąrd), William Henry	157
Sewell (sū' el), Anna	165
Sewell, Elizabeth Missing	174

PAGE

SHACKLETON (shak' l tŏn), ROBERT 178
SHADWELL (shad' wel), THOMAS 181
SHAFTESBURY (shäfts' bu ri), EARL OF 184
SHAIRP (shârp), JOHN CAMPBELL 188
SHAKESPEARE (shāks' pēr), WILLIAM 192
SHANKARA (shang' ka rą) 298
SHARP (shärp), LUKE, *see* BARR, ROBERT .....
SHARP, WILLIAM 301
SHAW (shâ), GEORGE BERNARD 302
SHAW, HENRY WHEELER 307
SHEA (shā), JOHN DAWSON 312
SHEDD (shed), WILLIAM THAYER 316
SHELDON (shel' dŏn), CHARLES MONROE 319
SHELDON, LURANA WATERHOUSE 323
SHELLEY (shel' i), MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT 325
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE 328
SHENSTONE (shen' stōn), WILLIAM 352
SHEPHERD (shep' êrd), NATHANIEL GRAHAM 356
SHEPHERD, THE ETTRICK, *see* HOGG, JAMES .....
SHERIDAN (sher' i dąn), HELEN SELINA, *see* DUFFERIN, LADY .....
SHERIDAN, PHILIP HENRY 360
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY 362
SHERLOCK HOLMES (shêr' lok hōmz), *see* DOYLE, ARTHUR CONAN .....
SHERLOCK, THOMAS 368
SHERLOCK, WILLIAM 371
SHERMAN (shêr' mąn), FRANK DEMPSTER 375
SHERMAN, JOHN 378
SHILLABER (shil' ą bêr), BENJAMIN PENHALLOW 380
SHIRLEY (shêr' li), JAMES 387
SHORTHOUSE (shôrt' hous), JOSEPH HENRY 392
SIDNEY (sid' ni), ALGERNON 396
SIDNEY LUSKA (lus' ką), *see* HARLAND, HENRY .....
SIDNEY, PHILIP 401
SIENKIEWICZ (syen kye' vich), HENRYK 407
SIGOURNEY (sig' êr ni), LYDIA HUNTLEY 415
SILL (sil), EDWARD ROWLAND 422
SILLIMAN (sil' i mąn), BENJAMIN 428
SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN, JR 430

PAGE

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW 433
SIMMS (simz), WILLIAM GILMORE 436
SIMONIDES (sī mon' i dēz) 445
SIMROCK (zim' rok), KARL JOSEPH 447
SIMS (simz), GEORGE ROBERT 449
SISMONDI (sēs mōn' dē), JEAN CHARLES 459
SKARGA (skär' gą), PETER 464
SKEAT (skēt), WALTER WILLIAM 466
SMART (smärt), CHRISTOPHER 468
SMILES (smīlz), SAMUEL 470
SMITH (smith), ADAM 472
SMITH, ALEXANDER 475
SMITH, EDMUND NEALE 480
SMITH, ELIZBETH OAKES 483
SMITH, FRANCIS HOPKINSON 489
SMITH, GOLDWIN 490
SMITH, HORACE 493

S

SCARRON, Paul, a French dramatist and poet; born at Paris, July 6, 1610; died there, October 6, 1660. He was descended from an ancient and opulent family. His father obliged him, against his inclination, to enter into the ecclesiastical state. The consequence was a life little comformable to his profession; and a journey to Italy, with a residence in the capital, proved equally injurious to his reputation and his constitution. The latter was finally ruined by a singular adventure. Having, in his twenty-seventh year, during the carnival, rambled into the streets of Mans (where he held a canonry) covered with feathers, he was followed by a troop of boys, to escape from whom he took refuge among the rushes in the Sarthe. There the cold so penetrated his debilitated frame that it brought on a disease which rendered all the rest of his life a course of suffering. A vein of pleasantry, however, supported him under his calamities, and attracted to him some of the best company of Paris. He lost his fortune through the knavery of an artful stepmother; but he contrived to support himself by his comic writings, many of which were brought upon the stage with success. For the plots he generally pillaged the Spanish drama; but he readily furnished from his

own fund humorous dialogues and ludicrous characters. He also composed many poems of the burlesque kind, among which his *Travesty of the Æneid* was once popular. His *Roman Comique,* a diverting narrative in prose, is written in a pure style, and is reckoned the best of his works.

HIS ACCOUNT WITH HIMSELF.

Reader, thou hast never seen me — and it is a small loss that thou hast not seen one such as I — I know that I never should have given you the sight had I not known that certain facetious spirits inimical to me had, in joy over my miserable lot, painted me as worse than I am. All kinds of stupid stories have they circulated about me. Some say I am a cripple; others that I am put on a table in a box, where I chatter like a one-eyed jay; others that my hat is attached to a pulley, which raises it when I wish to salute a friend. It is to contradict these liars that I have caused my likeness to be affixed to this work. In default of a good portrait, let me paint myself as I really am. I am thirty-eight years old, and if I live until I am forty I shall add many more pains to those I have already suffered for the past eight or nine years. My figure once was good, though small. My malady has shortened me at least a foot. My head is large for my body. I have sufficient flesh on my face to cover the bones — enough hair not to need a wig, but much of it is gray. My sight is good, though my eyes are staring: they are blue, one darker than the other on the side my head inclines. My nose is good enough. My teeth, once pearls, are now the color of rotten wood, and rapidly becoming slate-colored. Several of them I have lost, and several are badly damaged. My legs and thighs are in angles, my body and thighs make another angle, and with my head falling over toward my stomach I resemble somewhat a badly made letter Z. My arms are shrunken, like my legs, and my fingers are also twisted. In short, I am an *abbreviation of human misery.* Behold the reality of my personal appearance! As to my character, I was al-

ways a little of a gourmand, a little irritable in temper, and a little vain. One moment I would abuse, the next compliment, my valet. I never hated anybody: would that none had hated me! I feel very content when I have a little money, and should be happier still had I but health. I delight in company, but I am well content to be left alone. I bear my misfortunes with sufficient fortitude. But it seems to me my preface is getting too long, and it is time I should finish it.

ÆNEAS RECALLS THE PAST.

By that gate fair Andromache
Would pass, papa-in-law to see —
And in those fatal Greek attacks
Would bring with her Astyanax.
Queen Hecuba's continual joy
Was to caress and kiss the boy.
When he was but a tiny child
The dandling him her hours beguiled.
And when he somewhat bigger grew,
This good grandam a baby, too,
Would play with him. Sometimes the Queen
Would tell him a fair Melusine:
Of Fierabras: of wondrous Jack:
And all the old tales in her pack.
The child her idol was, and pet;
Sometimes so doting did she get,
That she would even ride cockhorse,
A stick between her legs, and course
All up and down, till, tired and weak,
She could not either breathe or speak.
Andromache oft plainly said
That grandmamma would spoil the lad;
And Priam, when he saw him cram
His mouth all day with bread-and-jam
Remarked, with some severity,
The boy would surely ruined be.

— *From Virgil; translation in Temple Bar.*

DIDO'S CURIOSITY.

"Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa."

A hundred questions then she asks,
Of Priam, and the mighty tasks
Of Hector ere the siege was done:
Of Helen — how she held her own —
What kind of paint she used to buy:
Was Hecuba's hair all false? — and why
Paris was called so fair a youth?
And then that apple — which, in truth,
Was the first cause of all the woe —
Was it a Ripstone — yes or no?
Of Memnon — bright Aurora's son —
Was he a Moor to look upon?
Who killed him? Was it rightly said,
About the stud of Diomed,
That farcy killed them all — because
Of that disease she knew the laws?
And when Patroclus met his end —
How long Achilles mourned his friend?
— From Virgil; translation in Temple Bar.

SCARRON'S EPITAPH, BY HIMSELF.

No foolish envy waste on him
Who sleeps this stone beneath:
Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
Ere yet he suffered death.
Hush! traveler: let no footstep's fall
The sacred stillness break;
'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps:
— Tread lightly — lest he wake.

SCHAFF, Philip, a German-American ecclesiastical historian and theologian; born at Coire, Switzerland, January 1, 1819; died at New York, October 20, 1893. He was educated at the Universities of Tübingen, Halle and Berlin; then traveled for two years as a private tutor in Germany, France, and Italy. In 1842 he became lecturer in theology in the University of Berlin, and in 1843, on the recommendation of Neander, Tholuck, and Krummacher, was invited to the chair of Church History and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Penn. In 1869 he was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He was President of the American Bible Revision Committee. His works, written in German or English, and sometimes in both languages, are very numerous. Among them are *The Principles of Protestantism* (1845); *History of the Apostolic Church* (1851); *Life and Labors of St. Augustine* (1853); *History of the Christian Church* (1858–85); *The Person of Christ, the Miracle of History* (1865); *Lectures on the Civil War in America* (1865); *The Creeds of Christendom* (1876); *Through Bible Lands* (1878); *Christ and Christianity* (1885); *The English Language* (1887); *Church and State in the United States* (1888); *Literature and Poetry* (1889); *Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Churches* (1890); *Theological Propædeutics* (1893).

He compiled *Christ in Song,* a selection from the hymnology of all ages and nations, and is the general editor of the American edition of *Lange's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments.*

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The four canonical Gospels are representations of one and the same Gospel in its fourfold aspect and relation to the human race, and may be called, with Irenæus, "the fourfold Gospel." Taken together, they give us a complete picture of the earthly life of our Lord and Saviour, in whom the whole fulness of the Godhead and sinless Manhood dwell in perfect harmony. Each is invaluable and indispensable; each is unique in its kind; each has its peculiar character and mission, corresponding to the talent, education, and vocation of the author and the wants of his readers.

Matthew, writing in Palestine, and for Jews, and observing, in accordance with his former occupation and training, a rubrical and topical, rather than a chronological order, gives us the Gospel of the new Theocracy founded by Christ — the Lawgiver, Messiah, and King of the true Israel, who fulfilled all the prophecies of the Old Dispensation. His is the fundamental Gospel which stands related to the New Testament as the Pentateuch does to the Old.

Mark, the companion of Peter, writing at Rome, and for warlike Romans, paints Christ, in fresh, graphic, and rapid sketches, as the mighty Son of God, the victorious Conqueror, and forms the connecting link between Matthew and Luke, or between the Jewish-Christian and the Gentile-Christian Evangelist.

Luke, an educated Hellenist, a humane physician, a pupil and friend of Paul, prepared, as the Evangelist of the Gentiles, chiefly for Greek readers, and in chronological order, the Gospel of Universal Humanity, where Christ appears as the sympathizing Friend of Sinners, the healing Physician of all diseases, the tender Shepherd of the wandering sheep, the Author and Proclaimer of a free salvation for Gentiles and Samaritans, as well as Jews.

From John, the trusted bosom-friend of the Saviour, the Benjamin among the twelve, and the surviving patriarch of the apostolic age — who could look back to the

martyrdom of James, Peter, and Paul, and the destruction of Jerusalem, and look forward to the certain triumph of Christianity over the tottering idols of paganism — we might naturally expect the ripest, as it was the last, composition of the Gospel history for the edification of the Christian Church of all ages.

The Gospel of John is the Gospel of Gospels, as the Epistle to the Romans is the Epistles of Epistles. It is the most remarkable as well as the most important literary production ever composed by man. It is a marvel even in the marvellous Book of Books. All the literature of the world could not replace it. It is the most spiritual and ideal of Gospels. It introduces us into the Holy of Holies in the history of our Lord; it brings us, as it were, into His immediate presence, so that we behold face to face the true Shekinah, the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It presents, in fairest harmony, the highest knowledge and the deepest love of Christ. It gives us the clearest view of His incarnate Divinity, and His perfect Humanity. It sets Him forth as the Eternal Word Who has the source of life from the beginning, and the organ of all the revelations of God to man; as the Fountain of living water that quenches the thirst of the soul; as the Light of the world that illuminates the darkness of sin and error; as the Resurrection and the Life that destroys the terror of death. It reflects the lustre of the Transfiguration on the Mount, yet subdued by the holy sadness of Gethsemane. It abounds in festive joy and gladness over the amazing love of God, but mixed with grief over the ingratitude and obtuseness of unbelieving men. It breathes the air of peace, and yet sounds at times like the peal of thunder from the other world. It soars boldly and majestically like the eagle toward the uncreated source of light, and yet hovers as gentle as a dove over the earth; it is sublime as a seraph and simple as a child; high and serene as the heaven, deep and unfathomable as the sea.

It is the plainest in its speech and the profoundest in its meaning. To it more than to any portion of the Scripture applies the familiar comparison of a river

deep enough for the elephant to swim, with shallows for the lamb to wade. It is the Gospel of love, life, and light, the Gospel of the heart, taken from the very heart of Christ, on which the beloved disciple leaned at the Last Supper. It is the type of the purest forms of mysticism. It has an irresistible charm for speculative and contemplative minds, and furnishes inexhaustible food for meditation and devotion. It is the Gospel of peace and Christian Union, and a prophecy of that blessed future when all the discords of the Church militant on earth shall be solved in the harmony of the Church triumphant in Heaven.

SCHEFER, LEOPOLD, a German poet and novelist; born at Muskau, July 30, 1784; died there, February 16, 1862. After having received a thorough education, he was for some time the steward of Prince Pückler-Muskau; and afterward traveled extensively in the Levant. He wrote more than seventy short tales; several didactic works, and meditative and lyrical poetry. Among these are *Hafiz in Hellas; The Koran of Love;* and *The Layman's Breviary,* partly in prose and partly in verse.

His fame rests chiefly on his merits as a didactic poet, *The Layman's Breviary* being his best known production. This work gives expression to an opinionistic pantheism (using the term to signify the manifestation of the Divine Presence in all things), and "while the thought is often exquisitely expressed," according to a German critic, "the poem is much marred by imperfect versification and monotonous prolixity."

OPTIMISM.

My Father! all that seemeth like Thyself
Among mankind I'll love. But oh, forgive
The hasty word! forgive the helpless thought! —
Said I, "like Thee?" — I'd rather say, Whate'er
Has even the faintest semblance of Thy Shadow,
That will I love and honor evermore.
Yea, let it take the form of little children,
Or let it in the beauteous maid appear,
Or as the worn old man with silvered hair,
Or as a sightless pauper whom I meet;
Or let me see the shadow of Thy love
In the swift swallow, that flits by to feed
Her callow brood, or in the soaring lark,
Or in the radiant dove, that in the field
Picks up the grain which Thou has scattered there.

PANTHEISM.

Lo, God is here — immediately here,
Asserts Himself in every drop of blood;
Here, as the sap in the rose's root He moves —
Here in the warmth and life diffusing fire,
The life-power and the healing-power of all.
All that He owns He constantly is healing,
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely.
He helps the lowliest herb, with wounded stalk,
To rise again. See, from the heavens fly down
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb.
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy Nature
A ready, secret instinct wakes, and moves
To clothe the naked sparrow in the nest,
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven.
Yea, in the slow decaying of a rose
God works as well as in the unfolding bud.
  He works with gentleness unspeakable
In death itself; a thousand times more careful
Than even the mother by her sick child watching.
Now God is here in this afflicted child,

In every vein throughout his heavenly form.
'Tis He who wakes beside him in the mother;
'Tis He that gives good counsel by the father;
In the physician's hand He brings the help;
Through all the means He lives; through all the buds
And all the roots of the medicinal herb;
Lives in this morning light — this morning breath;
Lives in the lark that sings his song up yonder
To cheer the child, who hears and faintly smiles;
Lives everywhere with perfect power and love.

HONOR.

As woman ranks in the esteem of man,
So in his heart is love unclean or pure,
So much, too, he esteemeth honor, or
So little, and so he himself is honored.
Who not esteems himself, ne'er honors woman,
Who honors woman not, doth he know love?
Who knows not love, is honor known to him?
Who knoweth honor not, what hath he left?

— *Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

SCHEFFEL, JOSEPH VICTOR VON, a German novelist and poet; born at Karlsruhe, February 16, 1826; died there, April 9, 1886. He studied law and philology at Munich, Heidelberg and Berlin, was referendary at Säckingen, and traveled in Italy. The Prince of Furstenberg, at Donaueschingen, intrusted him with the cataloguing of his manuscripts and the classification of the Lassberg library, which he had acquired. In 1859 and 1860 he visited Thuringia, and from 1866 his home alternated between Karlsruhe and his estate at Radolfzell on the borders of Lake Constance, a picturesque country which gives the set-

ting to most of his poems. It was at Sorrento and the isle of Capri, where he was staying with Paul Heyse in 1853, that he wrote *Der Trompeter von Säckingen,* a rhymed epic full of sentiment and humor, which was followed by his masterpiece, *Ekkehard* (1855). This last is an historical romance of Germany in the tenth century. *Frau Aventiure,* a somewhat similar work, appeared in 1863, and *Juniperus,* romanesque studies on the Middle Ages, in 1866. A collection of poems of the time of the Minnesinger Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and *Berg Psalmen* was issued in 1870. Other books were *Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg* (The Bride's Welcome), written for the Wartburg festival of 1873; some rural poems entitled *Waldeinsamkeit* (Woodland Solitude) (1880); *Der Heini von Steier,* other verses (1883); and a novel, *Hugideo* (1884). After his death appeared *Fünf Dichtungen,* and *Reisebilder* (1887), and in 1888 another volume entitled merely *Gedichte* (poems). While in Italy in 1852 he collected student songs and humorous poems, which he published the following year under the title *Gaudeamus.* Translated into English in 1872, they won for their author a considerable degree of popularity.

The Trumpeter of Säckingen, of which more than two hundred editions have been issued in Germany, and which has been made the subject of a number of operas, was "begotten of the dreamings amid the fragrant fir-woods where the poet had learned that the law was not his proper sphere of action." And later, in Rome, during the carnival, when it was raining so hard that, as he says, Marcus Brutus himself would have caught influenza, as also during the flowery *fêtes* of the carnival, before his eyes —

Like a dream then rose the vision
Of the Schwarzwald, and the story
Of the young musician Werner
And the lovely Margaretta.

"The vision haunted him," writes Helen Zimmern, "until, to exorcise it, he bought large quantities of ink, and set sail for Capri in the Bay of Naples. In that siren isle, in old Pagano's cosey hostelry, in view of the tall palm-tree of its garden, pacing its gently domed Moorish roof, Scheffel put to paper the mock-heroic epic that was to make him famous." Old Don Pagano wondered at this stranger, who came with little luggage, lived alone, yet seemed so happy.

He's a German,
And who knows what they are doing?
But I saw upon his table
Heaps of paper written over,
Leaving very wasteful margins;
I believe he is half crazy;
I believe he's making verses.

And thus, amid the myrtles and prickly pears of the south, was evolved this celebrated poem, so redolent of pine woods, of tramontane lands, and of mediæval days.

WHAT THE CAT THOUGHT.

Often have I meditated
On great problems hard to settle,
Which my cat-heart fully fathomed;
But there's one which yet remaineth
Quite unsolved, uncomprehended —
Why do people kiss each other?

Why do mostly so the youthful?
And why mostly these in spring-time?

HEIDELBERG.

Over all these knotty questions,
I intend to ponder further,
On the gable-roof to-morrow.
— *From The Trumpeter of Säckingen.*

A PREHISTORIC CONSERVATIVE.

The Plesiosaurus, the elder,
Goes roaring about on a spree;
The Plerodactylus even
Come flying as drunk as can be.

The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately in open daylight
The Ichthyosaura kissed.

The end of the world is coming,
Things can't go on long in this way;
The Lias formation can't stand it,
Is all that I've got to say!
— *From Scheffel's Songs.*

HEIDELBERG.

Old Heidelberg, thou beauty,
With many honors crowned,
Along the Rhine and Neckar
No town like thee is found.

Thou town of merry fellows,
Of wisdom full and wine,
Clear flows thy placid river,
Blue eyes therein do shine.

Thee as a bride I fondly
Enshrine within my heart,
Like early love's sweet echoes
Thy name doth joy impart.

HEINI OF STEIER.

The nightingale calls to the finch's gay brood:
"A fiddle is ringing sweet-toned through the wood,
Ye twitterers and chatterers, oh hush now your strain,
For Heini of Steier has come back again!"

The old village cobbler his cap waves with glee:
"Now Heaven in its mercy remembereth me;
Shoe-leather will rise and dance-shoon burst in twain,
Now Heini of Steier has come back again!"

To the dance are fast flocking, with frolic and jest,
The maids, crowned with chaplets, arrayed in their best:
Where tarry the suitors? Our hearts are all fain!
Ah! Heini of Steier has come back again!

And who dons her kirtle for frisking it gay?
'Tis old wrinkled granny, waxing young for to-day;
Lean-legged, like a heron, she stalks down the lane.
Faith! Heini of Steier has come back again!

His flock leaves the shepherd all heedless behind,
Leaves the peasant his plough, and his horses the hind,
The farmer and bailiff chide loudly in vain;
That Heini of Steier has come back again!

But he takes, all silent, his fiddle to hand —
Half brooding, half playing, unconscious doth stand;
Strains gush forth electric like soft, fiery rain —
Lo! Heini of Steier has come back again!

In the nun's cloister garden, on flowery steep,
Bends one o'er the fountain, and, listening, doth weep:
"Oh, veil! oh, black raiments! oh, bitterest pain!
Ay! Heini of Steier has come back again!"

— *Translation of* Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker.

F. W. J. VON SCHELLING.

SCHELLING, Friedrich William Joseph von, a German philosopher; born at Leonberg, Würtemberg, January 27, 1775; died at Ragatz, Switzerland, August 20, 1854. He studied at Tübingen and Jena, devoting himself mainly to speculative philosophy, and may properly be considered as the founder of a school, of which the fundamental idea, as finally developed, is an attempted reconciliation of philosophy with positive Christian theology. In his earlier speculations, however, he dwells more especially upon the identity of mind with Nature. In 1808 he was made secretary of the Academy of Arts at Munich, where he became Professor of Philosophy in 1827. In 1841 he was called to Berlin, where he delivered a course of lectures on *The Philosophy of Revelation.* His chief works are *Ideen su Einer Philosophie der Natur* (Ideas Toward the Philosophy of Nature, 1797); *Von der Weltseele, eine Hypothese der Höhern Phyzik sur Erläuterung der Allgemeinen Organismus* (Of the World-Soul, an Hypothesis of the Higher Physics in Elucidation of the Universal Organism, 1798); *Erste Entwurf eines Systems der Naturphilosophie* (First Attempt at a Systematic Philosophy of Nature, 1799); *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus* (System of Transcendental Idealism, 1800); *Bruno, oder über das Göttliche und Naturliche Princip der Dinge* (Bruno, a Dialogue Concerning the Divine and Natural Principle of Things, 1802), and *Philosophie und Religion* (1804). His *Works* were published in fourteen volumes (1856–61).

LOCAL GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

There is a peculiar and mysterious power that dwells concealed in a locality. Certain tenets or views of the world are found indigenous in certain defined localities, and not only on large continents — as in the East — but in small districts, and such as lie in the midst of regions inhabited by people of an alien creed. Were not the ancient oracles confined to certain places? And may we not thence infer, generally, that locality, in its relations with the higher life, is not such an indifferent thing as has been commonly supposed? How often should we be surprised to find — if we had not the confirmed habit of seeing only outward things — that the circumstances which we mistake for causes are merely means and conditions? and that, while we are little thinking of it, spirits are active around us, and ready to lead us either to good or to evil, according as we yield to the influence of one or the other? . . .

May it not be assumed that the souls of the men who have long had reverence paid to them in certain districts may — through the magic influence of faith — actually become the Guardian Spirits of those localities? I speak of the men who first brought into these forests the light of the faith, who first planted vines on these hills and corn in these valleys, and who were thus the authors of a more humanized life in regions previously wild and almost inaccessible: is it not natural, I say, that they should retain a permanent interest in the district which they brought to a state of culture, and in the people whom they led to union in one faith?

THE SYMPATHY OF MIND WITH NATURE.

O Springtime, the season of aspiration! with what delight in life thou fillest the hearth! On one side, the Spiritual World is attracting us, and we feel assured that only in its closest bond of union can our true happiness be found. On the other hand, Nature, with her thousandfold witcheries, calls back our hearts and our senses to

her own eternal life. It is hard that neither the internal nor the external can fully satisfy our desires, and that the souls in which the two are united are so few. A life purely spiritual cannot satisfy us; there is something in us that has a longing for reality. As the thoughts of the artist can find no rest until he has embodied them in an external representation; as the man of genius, when inspired by an ideal, strives either to find it, or to reveal it in a bodily form; so the object of all our aspiration is to find in the perfect Material, the counterpart and reflection of the perfect Spiritual. . . .

It is the Springtime that has awakened in me this blossoming of thoughts and hopes. I see it clearly, and feel it deeply. We are the children of Nature, we belong to her by our birth, and we can never be wholly separated from her; and if Nature does not belong to God, we also cannot belong to Him. Not we alone aspire, but all Nature longs to return to the source of her existence. True, she is now made subject to the law of externality. But this firm structure of the world will at last be resolved into a Spiritual life. The divine fire that now lies imprisoned there will finally prevail, and will consume all that now exists only by means of a repression of Nature's true inner life.

SCHERER, WILLIAM, a German philologist and historian of literature; born at Shönborn, Lower Austria, April 26, 1841; died at Berlin, August 6, 1886. He studied German and Sanskrit philology at Vienna and Berlin, and became Professor Ordinary of Language and German Literature at Vienna in 1868, at Strasburg in 1872, and at Berlin in 1877. He was one of the most learned and excellent of German writers, and his *History of German Literature* (1883; Mrs. Conybeare's translation, republished

in New York 1886) is already a standard work. He was co-author of *Monuments of German Poetry* (1864); *History of Alsace* (1871), and *Sources and Researches of the History of the Language and Civilization of German Peoples,* his last work. Under his own name only, are *History of the German Language* (1868); *German Studies,* 3 vols. (1872–78); *Religious and Epic Poetry of the German Empire,* 2 vols. (1874–75); *History of German Poetry from the XIth to the XIIth Century* (1875); *The Psalms of Notker* (1876) — ninth century; *The Beginnings of German Prose Romance* (1877); *Jorg Wickram* (1879) — his novel, and *Essays on Goethe* (1886). We select from Scherer some traits of the German hero-legends, dating back to about A.D. 600, and remoulded six hundred years later into the famous Nibelungenlied and some other poems.

THE GERMAN HERO-LEGENDS.

Ludwig Uhland has rightly divided all the various characters in the heroic legends into two groups: the loyal and the disloyal. The duty of liberality is connected with loyalty, and avarice is a sign of disloyalty. Self-sacrifice, the root of all virtues, first appears within the family circle, then in the society at court, and in companionship in arms. As the lord and his vassals are bound together by a general bond, so the vassals are often connected with each other by some peculiar tie, and afford beautiful examples of heroic friendship. Over and above the duties imposed by natural ties, or by alliances expressly agreed upon, it is estimated honorable and glorious for a warrior to relieve distress in strangers and to aid the oppressed. Action is free, so far as it does not conflict with a warrior's code of honor.

Violated faith among relations is the chief cause of all the complications of the heroic legends. When two

parties are once on a footing of enmity their friends often find themselves in a dilemma. Loyalty to a friend entails determined treachery to an enemy; loyalty to one who has been basely murdered leads to treacherous revenge on all his living enemies; the duties of a vassal come into conflict with family duties, and a marriage often becomes the source of a feud. The woman who was to form a connecting link between two houses suffers by her twofold position, and, whilst trying to fulfil her conflicting duties, the flame of her short-sighted passion may become a firebrand destroying both houses. The spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice, which instead of deriving a brutal pleasure from warfare, regarded it as a high and honorable calling, breathed a new life into the old heroes. They were typical examples of a noble secular life, a life of fighting and of many duties. A fervent enthusiasm for the profession of arms inspires every line of the Middle High-German heroic poems. The men are always described with solemn emphasis as heroes, warriors, swordsmen, and knights. Though the heroic poetry remained, on the whole, true to its origin, still it underwent some modification in the course of centuries. New characters were admitted who bear witness to this influence of the times. Side by side with the dignity and nobility of the chief characters, we perceive in some of the subordinate ones the coarse minstrel humor of the tenth century, which loudly applauded a Kuno Kurzibold. . . .

The heroic poems of the Middle High-German epoch, like the popular epics of Merovingian times, are full of conventional phrases and ideas, out of respect to which the poet is content to forego all personal originality. We do not find in these poems the grandeur and pictorial breadth of Homeric description; on the contrary, the style is throughout perfectly simple. The heroes and heroines are characterized by such epithets as brave, bold, beautiful; sometimes these are emphasized into very brave, bold as the storm, wonderfully beautiful; sometimes they denote the leading characteristic of the person to whom they are applied, as when Rüdiger is called the generous, Eckhart the faithful, Hagen the

cruel. The descriptive element is confined to the most ordinary epithets; such expressions as a white hand, a red mouth, bright eyes, yellow hair, are perpetually recurring. There are no detailed poetical similes, and the poet's imagination never goes beyond the very simplest comparisons, as, for instance, of the color of young cheeks to the roses, of the rude love of fighting to the wild boar, of a malicious disposition to a wolf. Every mood has its conventional outward demeanor: the afflicted man sits silently upon a stone, and the man who has formed a resolution speaks not a word until he has carried it out. A downcast eye betokens dejection, an upward glance joy, silent contemplation inquiry, while turning pale and then red denotes a rapid change of mood. In the same manner remarks about stature, garments, and weapons are only made from a few fixed points of view. All the occupations of hero-life are reduced to conventional formulas. . . .

From the earliest times the Germans used the falcon in hunting, and in their poetry the fighting, hunting falcon served as the emblem of a youthful hero. Flashing eyes reminded the mediæval poet of falcon's eyes, and a noble lady of the twelfth century who has won the love of a man expresses this in poetry by saying that she has tamed a falcon. So, too, in the opening of the *Nibelungenlied,* we read how Kriemhild dreamt in girlhood of a falcon which she spent many a day in taming, but to her lasting sorrow two eagles tore it to pieces before her eyes. This dream of gloomy foreboding foreshadows the events related in the first half of the poem. Siegfried is the falcon, his brother-in-law Gunther and Gunther's vassal, Hagen, are the eagles who tear him to pieces, and Kriemhild weeps for him and will not be comforted. The carrying out of her horrible revenge forms the subject of the second part. She gives her hand in marriage to the King of the Huns, and invites the murderers to a feast, which she turns into a massacre. With wooing and betrothal the tale opens, with murder and fire it closes, very like in this to the legend of the siege of Troy. But the *Nibelungenlied* does not merely consist of certain episodes selected from the legend, but

exhausts the whole of the legendary material, thereby attaining a higher degree of unity than the Iliad.—*History of German Literature.*

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH, a German dramatist and poet; born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759; died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. His father, who had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, entered the service of the Duke of Würtemberg, where he attained the rank of captain. When military service was no longer required, the Duke retained him to lay out pleasure-grounds in his various estates. At the age of fourteen the son was admitted to a free seminary which the Duke had established mainly for the training of the sons of military officers. The wishes of his father, and his own desire, had been directed toward the pulpit; but this could not be carried out in the seminary. The medical profession was adopted, and at the age of twenty-one Schiller became a surgeon in the army. The six years which he passed in the school were not happy ones; the routine of life and study was rigid and formal. Poetry was looked upon with special disfavor; and Schiller had written some verse. His drama, *The Robbers,* had been commenced at the age of nineteen, and was published in 1781. The Duke was highly scandalized at this drama, which, in his view, advocated brigandage and all sorts of lawlessness. He ordered Schiller to confine himself to his professional duties, and, above all things, to write no more poetry. *The Robbers* was put upon the stage at

Mannheim in 1782; Schiller went secretly to witness the first representation; was found out, and placed under arrest. He resolved to break away from his uncongenial position; and, taking advantage of some holiday, he left Stuttgart by stealth. He went away, he says, "empty in purse and hope." For a while he lived in Franconia, under an assumed name, his friend Dalberg, the manager of the theatre at Mannheim, supplying him with money to meet his immediate necessities; he then found a refuge with Madame von Wolzogen, the mother of two of his former schoolmates. Here he wrote two dramas, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco* and *Cabal and Love.* With the production of these two dramas the apprenticeship of Schiller may be said to have ended, and his career as a man of letters to have commenced. Henceforward his life is to be found in his works.

In the autumn of 1783 he was invited by Dalberg to come to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre, with a salary sufficient to give him a comfortable maintenance. The Duke of Würtemberg made some threats against his refractory subject; but there was little to fear, since Mannheim was in the Palatinate, and Schiller was now naturalized as a subject of the Elector Palatine. While at Mannheim he produced his translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* and several other works, and began the composition of *Don Carlos,* which was not, however, completed until 1786. After eighteen months at Mannheim he took up his residence for a time at Dresden. In 1788 appeared the first, and, as it happened, the only volume ever written of his *Revolt of the United Netherlands,* bringing the history down to the entrance of the Duke of Alva into Brussels, in 1567. This work, joined to the urgent recommenda-

tion of Goethe, procured for Schiller the appointment of Professor of History at the University of Jena, whither he removed in 1789, and where he remained for about ten years. During this period he wrote his principal prose work, the *History of the Thirty Years' War.* To this period also belong most of his lyrics and ballads, and several of his dramas, including the trilogy, *Wallenstein's Camp; The Piccolomini,* and the *Death of Wallenstein.* The mountain-air of Jena proved threatening to his weakly lungs, and in 1799 he removed to Weimar, where the six remaining years of his life were mainly passed. Notwithstanding frequent illnesses, these were his most productive years; and at their close his powers gave no token of abatement; *Wilhelm Tell* — the last, and by many held to be the best of his tragedies — was produced in the last year of his life.

Besides his dramas, ballads, lyrics, and historical works, the minor writings of Schiller are numerous. His principal dramas are *The Robbers; The Conspiracy of Fiesco; Cabal and Love; Wallenstein's Camp; The Piccolomini; The Death of Wallenstein; Mary Stuart; The Maid of Orleans; The Bride of Messina* and *William Tell.* The *Life* of Schiller has been written by several persons; the best in the English language are by Thomas Carlyle and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. His remains were, in 1827, transferred to the new Ducal Cemetery at Weimar; and the centenary of his birth, 1859, was signalized by public demonstrations throughout Germany; and statues of him have been erected in several cities in Germany. Schiller died in his forty-sixth year. His career has been eloquently summarized by Carlyle.

CARLYLE UPON SCHILLER.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur, he lived among the glories and sublimities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly, but did he not even then conceive and body forth Max Piccolomini, and Thekla and the Maid of Orleans, the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell?* It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim, with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another, they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear; they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, "won from the void and formless Infinite;" a "possession forever" to all the generations of the Earth.

KING PHILIP II. OF SPAIN AND THE MARQUIS OF POSA.

King.—We've met before, then?
Mar.— No.
King.— You did my crown
Some service. Why, then, do you shun my thanks?
My memory is thronged with suitors' claims.
One only is Omniscient. 'Twas your duty
To seek your monarch's eye. Why did you not?
Mar.— Two days have scarce elapsed since my return
From foreign travel, Sire.
King.— I would not stand
Indebted to a subject; ask some favor.
Mar.— I enjoy the laws.

King.— So does the murderer.
Mar.— Then how much more the honest citizen!
My lot contents me, Sire.
King. (Aside.) — By heavens! a proud
And dauntless mind! That was to be expected.
Proud would I have my Spaniards. Better far
The cup should overflow than not be full.—
They say you left my service?
Mar.— To make way
For some one worthier I withdrew.
King. — 'Tis pity.
When spirits such as yours make holiday,
The State must suffer. But perchance you feared
To miss the post best suited to your merits.
Mar.— Oh, no! I doubt not that the experienced judge
In human nature skilled — his proper study —
Will have discerned at a glance wherein
I may be useful, wherein not.
With deepest gratitude I feel the favor
Wherewith by so exalted an opinion,
Your majesty is loading me; and yet —
King.— You hesitate?
Mar.— I am, I must confess,
Sire, at this moment unprepared to clothe
My thoughts, as the world's citizen, in phrase
Becoming to your subject. When I left
The court forever, Sire, I deemed myself
Released from the necessity to give
My reasons for this step.
King.— Are they so weak?
What do you fear to risk by their disclosure?
Mar.— My life, at farthest, Sire, were time allowed
For time to weary you; but this denied,
The truth itself must suffer. I must choose
'Twixt your displeasure and contempt. And, if
I must decide, I would rather appear
Worthy of punishment than pity.
King.— Well?
Mar.— I cannot be the servant of a Prince.
I will not cheat the buyer. Should you deem
Me worthy of your service, you prescribe

A course of duty for me; you command
My arm in battle and my head in council
Then, not my actions, but the applause they meet
At court, becomes the object. But for me
Virtue possesses an intrinsic worth.
I would myself create that happiness,
A Monarch, with my hand, would seek to plant;
And duty's task would prove an inward joy,
And be my willing choice. Say, like you this?
And in your own creation could you bear
A new creator? For I ne'er could stoop
To be the chisel, where I fain would be
The sculptor's self. I dearly love mankind,
My gracious Liege; but in a Monarchy
I dare not love another than myself.

King.— This ardor is most laudable. You wish
To do good deeds to others; how you do them
Is but of small account to patriots
Or to the wise. Choose, then, within these realms,
The office where you best may satisfy
This noble impulse.

Mar.— 'Tis not to be found.

King.— How!

Mar.— What your majesty would spread abroad
Through these weak hands — is it the good of men?
Is it the happiness that my pure love
Would to mankind impart? Before such bliss
Monarchs would tremble. No! Court policy
Has raised up new enjoyments for mankind,
Which she is always rich enough to grant;
And wakened in the hearts of men new wishes
Which such enjoyments only can content.
In her own merit she coins the Truth — such truth
As she herself can tolerate; all forms
Unlike her own are broken. But is that
Which can content the Court enough for me?
Must my affection for my brother pledge
Itself to work my brother injury?
To call him happy when he dare not think?
Sire, choose not me to spread the happiness
Which you have stamped for us. I must decline

To circulate such coin. I cannot be
The servant of a Prince.
King.— You are, perhaps,
A Protestant?
Mar.— Our creeds, my Liege, are one.
I am misunderstood; I feared as much.
You see the veil torn by my hands aside
From all the mysteries of Majesty.
Who can assure you I shall still regard
As sacred that which ceases to alarm me?
I may seem dangerous because I think
Above myself. The world is yet
Umpire for my ideal; and I live
A citizen of ages yet to come.
But does a fancied picture break your rest,
A breath of yours destroys it.
King.— Say, am I
The first to whom your views are known?
Mar.— You are.
King. (Aside.) — This tone at least is new, but flattery
Exhausts itself; and men of talent still
Disdain to imitate. So let us test
Its opposite for once. Why should I not?
There is a charm in novelty. Should we
Be so agreed, I will bethink me now
Of some new State employment, in whose duties
Your powerful mind ——
Mar.— Sire, I perceive how small,
How mean, your notions are of manly worth.
Suspecting in an honest man's discourse
Naught but a flatterer's artifice. Methinks
I can explain the cause of this your error.
Mankind compel you to it. With free choice
They have disclaimed their true nobility.
Lowered themselves to their degraded state.
Before man's inward worth, as from a phantasm,
They fly in terror; and, contented with
Their poverty, they ornament their chains
With slavish prudence; and they call it virtue
To bear them with a show of resignation.
Thus did you find the world; and thus it was

By your great father handed over to you.
In this debased condition, how could you
Respect mankind?
King.— Your words contain some truth.

[*The Count Lerma enters, whispers a few words to the King, and withdraws. The King continues to the Marquis.*]

King.— Proceed; you had
Yet more to say to me.
Mar.— Your Majesty,
I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant —
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Filled with a valiant, great and honest people!
To be the father of a race like this
I thought must be divine indeed! And then
I stumbled on a heap of dead men's bones.
True, you were forced to act so; but that you
Could dare fulfil your task — this fills my soul
With shuddering horror. O 'tis pity that
The victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer;
And that mere men — not beings loftier far —
Should write the history of the world! But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip —
An age of true wisdom. Then the careful State
Will spare her children, and Necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.
King.— When, think you, would that blessed age arrive
If I had shrunk before the curse of this?
Behold my Spain! See here the burghers' good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this I will bestow on Flanders.
Mar.— The church-yard's peace! And do you hope to end
What you have now begun? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom —
The universal Spring that shall renew
The earth's fair form? Would you alone in Europe
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel

Of Destiny, which rolls its ceaseless course,
And seize its spokes with human arms? Vain thought!
Already thousands have your kingdom fled
In joyful poverty. The honest burgher,
In his faith exiled, was your noblest subject!
See, with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives; and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance from our country's ails.
Bereft of the New Christian's industry,
Granada lies forsaken, and all Europe
Exulting sees its foe oppressed with wounds
By its own hands inflicted.
You would plant
For all eternity, and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death!
This hopeless task, with Nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder.
You labor for ingratitude. In vain
With Nature you engage in desperate struggle;
In vain you waste your high and loyal life
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallowed rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris's will he couple yours —
And, ah! you once deserved a better fate!

King.— How know you that?

Mar.— In very truth, you did.
Yes — I repeat it — by the Almighty power!—
Restore us all you have deprived us of;
And generous, as glorious, let happiness
Flow from your horn-of-plenty; let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire. Give us back
All you have taken from us; and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a King indeed!
Oh, that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,
Could hover on my lips; and, from the spark
That lights thine eye, into a glorious flame!
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels us to nothing. Be in truth

An image of the Deity Himself!
Never did mortal man possess so much,
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe
Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings! One pen-stroke now —
One motion of your hand — can new create
The earth! But grant us liberty of thought. . . .

King.— I've heard you to the end. Far differently,
I find, than in the minds of other men
The world exists in yours. And you shall not
By foreign laws be judged. I am the first
To whom you have your secret mind disclosed.
I know it. So believe it — for the sake
Of this forbearance — that you have till now
Concealed these sentiments, although embraced
With so much ardor: for this cautious prudence
I will forget, young man, that I have learned them
And how I learned them. Rise! I will not confute
Your youthful dreams by my matured experience,
Not by my power as King. Such is my will,
And therefore act I thus. Poison itself
May, in a worthy nature, be transformed
To some benignant use. Not to you
Will I become a Nero — not to you!
And you, at least, beneath my very eyes,
May dare continue to remain a Man!

Mar.—And, Sire, my fellow-subjects? — Not for me,
Nor my own cause, I pleaded. Sire, your subjects —

King.—Nay, if you know so well how future times
Will judge me, let them learn, at least, from you,
That when I found a Man, I could respect him.

Mar.—Oh, let not the most just of kings at once
Be the most unjust! In your realm of Flanders
There are a thousand better men than I.
But you, Sire — may I dare to say so much —
For the first time, perhaps, see Liberty
In milder form portrayed.

King.— No more of this
Young man! You would, I know, think otherwise
Had you but learned to understand mankind
As I. But truly; I would not that this meeting

Should prove our last. How can I hope to win you?
Mar.— Pray leave me as I am. What value, Sire,
Should I be to you, were you to corrupt me?
King.— This pride I will not bear. From this day forth
I hold you in my service.— No remonstrance!
For I will have it so.

— *Don Carlos; translation of* R. D. BOYLAN.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

[*Scene: The hollow way at Küssnacht. Among the rocks overhanging the pass appears* TELL *with his bow.*]

Tell.— Here through the hollow way he'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it! . . .
The opportunity is good; the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the straight pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone; thy sand is run!

. . . . . .

Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me
From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors, Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart. . . .
Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee. Landvogt! when I drew
That bowstring, and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then, with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in Heaven that the next aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt — and I will pay it.

[*Various characters gradually appear upon the scene, among them* STUSSI, *Frau* ARMGART *and the members of the wedding procession, who come up the pass; at length* GESSLER, *the Austrian Landvogt, or Provincial Governor, and* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS *approach, riding up the pass, while* TELL *disappears among the rocks.*]

Gessler.— Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me,
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them.
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is,
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' lands?
Armgart.— Now is the moment! Now for my petition
Gess.— This Hat at Altdorf, mark you, I set up,
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' the people — these I know of old — but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff; and in the way,
Where they are hourly passing I have planted
This offence, so that their eyes may fall on't
And remind them of their lord, whom they forgot.
Rud.— But the people have some rights —
Gess.— Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The House
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward.
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t'other must be put aside.
Arm.— Mercy, gracious Landvogt! Justice! Justice!
Gess.— Why do you plague me here, and stop my way
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!
Arm.— My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your Grace, have pity on us!
Rud.— Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?
Arm.— A poor wild-hayman of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.

Rud.— By heavens! a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let this poor drudge free, I pray you!—
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough. You shall have justice;
In the castle there make your petition;
This is not the place.
Arm.— No, no! I stir not
From the spot till you give up my husband!
'Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge, in vain.
Gess.— Woman! Wouldst lay thy hands on me? Begone!
Arm.— Justice, Landvogt! Thou art judge o' th' land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.
Gess.— Off! Take the mutinous rabble
From my sight.
Arm.— No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Vogt,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger.
Gess.— Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.
Arm.— Let it! there!
Here am I with my children. Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.
Rud.— Woman! Art mad?
Arm.— 'Tis long that thou hast trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I a man,
I should find something else to do but lie
Here crying in the dust.
Gess.— Where are my servants?
Quick! Take her hence! I may forget myself
And do the thing I shall repent.
Rud. — My lord,

The servants cannot pass; the place above
Is crowded with a bridal company.
Gess.— I've been too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered!
I will break that stubborn humor. Freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not ——

[*An arrow pierces him; he presses his hand on his heart, and slides from his horse into the arms of* RUDOLPH, *who has dismounted.*]

Rud.— Herr Landvogt — God! What is it? Whence came it?
Gess.— 'Tis Tell's arrow.
Tell. *(From a rock above.)* — Thou hast found the archer;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more,
— *William Tell; translation of* CARLYLE.

SONG OF THE BELL.

Fastened deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow
If to your Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . .

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within,
Quickly add the tin,

That the thick, metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power,
    We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
    Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote;
    Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
    And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
    Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth
    That rings from out the metal crown. . . .

Now we may begin to cast.
    All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment's past,
    A pious hope by all shared.
      Strike the stopper clear;
      God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
    Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
    She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
      From the clouds
      Falls amain
      The blessed rain:

From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud, the fearful knell
Sounds the Bell;
Dark, blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.
What wild cries
From the street arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow;
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying;
All is uproar, hurry, flight;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager, living lane —
Though all in vain —
Speeds the bucket; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the store-house frame
And the driest stores fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies:
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees:
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . . .

To the earth it's now committed;
With success the mould is filled.

To skill and care alone's permitted
A perfect work with love to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth, too, the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 'twill yield.

Till the Bell is safely cold
May our heavy labors rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer well
Till the frame shall yield!
That the Bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night!
See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en.
From lip to well-formed rim,
Not a spot is dim:

E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbor to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
Once placed, we'll leave it there.
All together! heave!
Its birthplace see it leave! —
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

— *Translation of* S. A. Ellis.

HASTE NOT — REST NOT.

Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom —
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right;
Forward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not: Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: Time is sweeping by;
Do and dare before thou die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not — rest not: Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not — rest not: Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

— *Translation of* C. C. Cox.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaim'd from his throne in the skies
To the children of man — "take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize.
So divide it as brothers, and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the aged made haste to appear;

The husbandman seiz'd on the fruits of the plain,
The youth thro' the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barr'd the bridges, the highways control'd,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth own'd a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true —
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, aw'd by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaim'd — "for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st 'twill be open to thee!"

— *Translation of* BOWRING.

THE LONGING.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh, how happy I should be!

Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
  Ever verdant, young and fair,
To the mountains I would fly
  Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings,
  Tones of Heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
  Balmy odor round me flows.
Golden glows the fruit so fair,
  Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there
  Winter marks not for his prey.

To the sun's eternal light
  Ah, how sweet it were to flee!
And the air on yonder height
  How refreshing must it be!
But a torrent bars my way,
  Angrily its billows roll,
And the menace of its spray
  With a shudder fills my soul.

Lo! a boat reels to and fro,
  But, alas, the pilot fails!
Bold and fearless in it I go!
  Life breathes on its swelling sails.
Gods ne'er give a pledge to man.
  Strong in faith, then, thou must dare;
Thee naught but a wonder can
  To the Land of Wonders bear.

— *Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

SCHLEGEL, August Wilhelm von, a German poet and critic; born at Hanover, September 8, 1767; died at Bonn, May 12, 1845. He studied at Göttingen, where he was a pupil of Heyne at the university. Later he became a tutor at Amsterdam. Returning to Germany, he devoted himself wholly to literature, and in 1796 became Professor of Latin and Literature at the University of Jena. In connection with his brother Karl Friedrich, mentioned hereafter, he established the *Athenæum,* a critical journal devoted to the romantic school of literature, and which gained a wide influence. He was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, and numbered among his intimate friends Schiller and Madame de Staël. In 1801 he left Jena for Berlin, where he delivered a number of lectures on literature which brought him many rich encomiums. In 1808 he delivered a course of lectures in Vienna on "Dramatic Literature and Art," which were much admired both in Germany and foreign countries. They were translated into English by John Black in 1833. After 1804 he traveled extensively in Italy, France, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland, most of the time in the company of Madame de Staël. He spent some time at her castle at Coppet in Switzerland, acting as an instructor to her and as tutor to her children. While in Sweden he became secretary to the Crown Prince Bernadotte, who conferred upon him an honorable title. In 1818 he was made Professor of Æsthetics and Literature at Bonn, where he continued until his death. He wrote romances, sonnets, odes, elegies and distiches. His work as a critic and translator is particularly valuable.

His first volume of poems appeared in 1800. His tragedy, *Ion* (1803), which was produced at Weimar, was not successful. The principal works published under his name are *Spanish Theatre* (1803–9); *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (1809–11); translation of Shakespeare (1797–1810); *Indian Library* (1823–30); *Literary and Historic Essays* (1842). It was not until late in life that he applied himself to the study of Sanskrit, but he soon acquired great proficiency in that language.

SPIRIT OF TRUE CRITICISM.

I wish to say a few words respecting the spirit of criticism, a study to which I have devoted a great part of my life. We see numbers of men, and even whole nations, so much fettered by the habits of their education and modes of living that they cannot shake themselves free from them, even in the enjoyment of the fine arts. Nothing to them appears natural, proper, or beautiful which is foreign to their language, their manners, or their social relations. In this exclusive mode of seeing and feeling it is no doubt possible, by means of cultivation, to attain a great nicety of discrimination in the narrow circle within which they are limited and circumscribed. But no man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them, as it were, from their proper central point; and what enables human nature to recognize and respect whatever is beautiful and grand under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes even seem to disguise them? There is no monopoly of poetry for certain ages and nations; and consequently that despotism in taste by which it is attempted to make those rules universal which were at first, perhaps arbi-

trarily established, is a pretension which ought never to be allowed. Poetry, taken in its widest acceptation as the power of creating what is beautiful, and representing it to the eye or the ear, is a universal gift of heaven, which is even shared to a certain extent by those whom we call barbarians and savages. Internal excellence is alone decisive, and where this exists we must not allow ourselves to be repelled by external appearances. Everything must be traced up to the root of our existence: if it has sprung from thence, it must possess an undoubted worth; but if, without possessing a living germ, it is merely an external appendage, it can never thrive nor acquire a proper growth. Many productions which appear at first sight dazzling phenomena in the province of the fine arts, and which, as a whole, have been honored with the appellation of works of a golden age, resemble the mimic gardens of children: impatient to witness the work of their hands, they break off here and there branches and flowers and plant them in the earth; everything at first assumes a noble appearance; the childish gardener struts proudly up and down among his elegant beds, till the rootless plants begin to droop and hang down their withered leaves and flowers, and nothing soon remains but the bare twigs, while the dark forest, on which no art or care was ever bestowed, and which towered up toward heaven long before human remembrance, bears every blast unshaken, and fills the solitary beholder with religious awe.

Let us now think of applying the idea which we have been developing of the universality of true criticism, to the history of poetry and the fine arts. We generally limit it (although there may be much which deserves to be known beyond this circle) as we limit what we call universal history to whatever has had a nearer or more remote influence on the present cultivation of Europe: consequently to the works of the Greeks and Romans, and of those of the modern European nations, who first and chiefly distinguished themselves in art and literature. It is well known that, three centuries and a half ago, the study of ancient literature, by the diffusion of the Grecian language (for the Latin was never extinct), received a

new life; the classical authors were sought after with avidity, and made accessible by means of the press; and the monuments of ancient art were carefully dug up and preserved. All this excited the human mind in a powerful manner, and formed a decided epoch in the history of our cultivation; the fruits have extended to our times, and will extend to a period beyond the power of our calculation. . . .

The genuine followers of the ancients, those who attempted to rival them, who from a similarity of disposition and cultivation proceeded in their track, and acted in their spirit, were at all times as few as their mechanical, spiritless imitators were numerous. The great body of critics, reduced by external appearance, have been always but too indulgent even to these imitators. They held them up as correct modern classics, while those animated poets who had become the favorites of their respective nations, and to whose sublimity it was impossible to be altogether blind, were at most but tolerated by them as rude and wild natural geniuses. But the unqualified separation of genius and taste which they assume is altogether untenable. Genius is the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence, and consequently it is taste in its greatest perfection.— *From* JOHN BLACK'S *translation.*

SCHLEGEL, KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH VON, a German historian and critic; born at Hanover, March 10, 1772; died at Dresden, January 12, 1829. He studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1797 published *The Greeks and Romans,* followed the next year by his *History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans.* He afterward went to Jena, became a private teacher, lectured upon philosophy, and edited the *Athenæum.* From Jena he went to

Dresden, and thence to Paris, where he edited *Europa,* a monthly journal, and studied Sanskrit and the languages of Southern Europe. In 1808 he became a Roman Catholic and went to Vienna. Here he lectured and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include *Lucinda,* an early novel; *Alareos,* a tragedy, and numerous *Essays* and *Poems.* Most of his writings have been translated into English; among these are *Lectures on Modern History* (1811), translated by Purcell; *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern* (1815), translated by Lockhart; *Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language* (1828), translated by Morrison; *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* (1829), translated by Robertson; *Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works,* translated by Millington.

BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The sixteenth century was the age of ferment and of strife, and it was not until the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the revival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture — nay,

the social organization of modern Europe generally — assumed new shape and complexion.

The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess — namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope, while they rejected with cool contempt as fanaticism every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

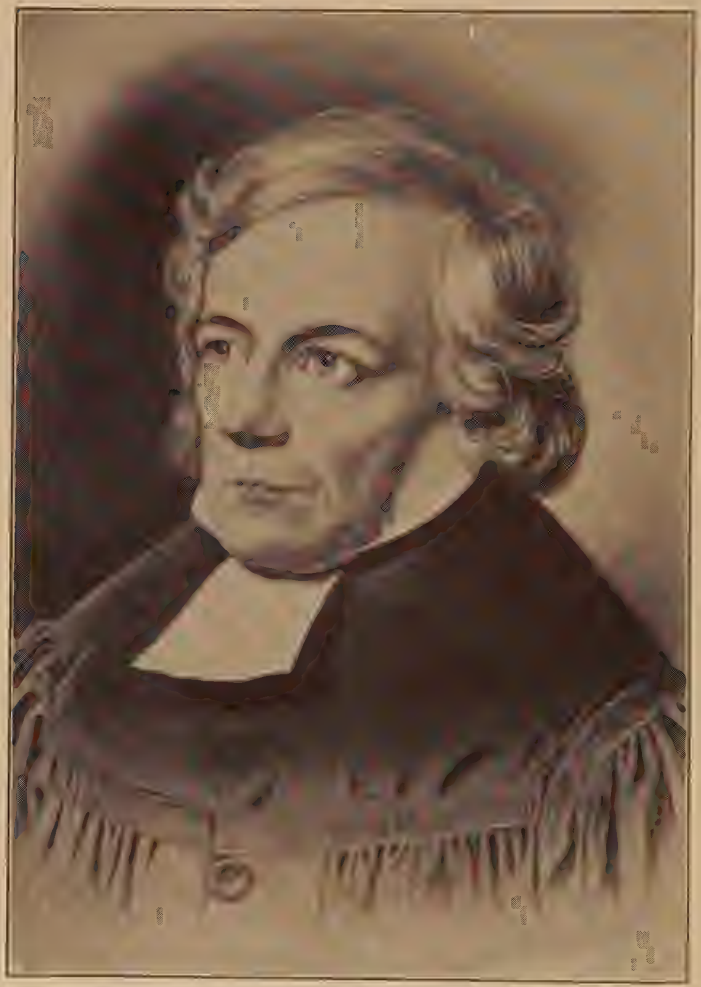
Both in religion and in natural philosophy this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world are, most of all, stamped with the characteristics of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling, as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature which, during the eighteenth century, was transported from France to Germany, like some dark offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system.

The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure: "They held nature to constitute an image

of Divinity, whereas it is in conformity with truth, as well as Christianity, to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as His handiwork."

In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes — as may be seen from the general results attributed to it — no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to the Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions; but, in the literal sense of the Bible, that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork — if comprehended in all its profundity — will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relation of the sensible and supersensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word — Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other — to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity.

But a right appreciation of the difference between nature and God is the most important point, both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above; the reprehensible nature-worship of some, who do not distinguish between the Creator and His works — God



F. D. E. SCHLEIERMACHER.

and the world; or, on the other hand, the hatred and blindness of these despisers of nature whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between the opposite errors — that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature — is that involved in a sense of intimate connection, of our immeasurable superiority morally, and to a proper awe of those of her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent awe, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them and the purpose they are designed to accomplish.— *Lectures on the History of Literature.*

SCHLEIERMACHER, Friedrich Ernst Daniel, a German theologian; born at Breslau, November 21, 1768; died at Berlin, February 12, 1834. His father was a Reformed minister and chaplain of a Prussian regiment in Silesia. He was educated in Moravian institutions and at the University of Halle. In 1794 he took orders, and from 1796 to 1802 was chaplain at the Charité Hospital in Berlin. From 1804–6 he was Professor of Theology in Halle, and when the University of Berlin was founded in 1810 he was made Professor of Theology and pastor of Trinity Church in that city. He retained these posts until his death. His influence was strong, and he stirred all classes to patriotism, and effected a union between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia. He was a close student of Spinoza and Fichte, whose influence is seen in his writings. His productions include lectures and essays on church history, philosophy, psychology, politics, and theology. His books are *Reden über die Religion an die Gebildeten*

unter ihren Verächtern (1799; new edition, 1867); *Monologen* (1800); *Translation of Plato* (6 vols., 1804–28), and *Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre* (1803). His MSS. were given to his pupil, Dr. Jonas, who published them in three divisions: *Zur Theologie, Predigten, und zur Philosophie* (1862). His complete works embrace thirty-one volumes (1835–64). His autobiography, extending to 1794, was published in Nieder's *Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie* (1851). His biography has been written by Auberlen (1859), by K. Schwartz (1861), by Elisa Maier (1863), by Dilthey (1867), and by Schenkel (1868).

GORGIAS.

The intuition of the true and perfectly existent, in other words, of the eternal and unalterable, with which, as we have seen, every exposition of Plato's philosophy commenced, has its opposite pole in the equally general, and, to common thought and being, no less original and underived, intuition of the imperfectly existent, ever flowing and mutable, which yet holds bound under its form all action and thought as they can be apprehended in actual, tangible reality. Therefore the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this — to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos, to display it as the essential and good therein, and so, drawing forth to the full light of consciousness the apparent contradiction between those two intuitions, to reconcile it at the same time. This harmonizing process necessarily resolves itself into two factors, upon whose different relation to each other rests the difference of the methods. Setting out from the intuition of the perfectly existent to advance in the exposition up to the semblance, and thus, simultaneously with its solution, for the first time to awaken and explain the consciousness of this contradiction; this is, in relation to philosophy, the immediate way of proceeding. On the other hand, starting from the consciousness of the contradiction as a thing

given to advance to the primary intuition as the means of its solution, and to lead up by force of the very necessity of such a mean toward it, this is the method which we have named the indirect or mediate, and which, being for many reasons especially suited to one who commences on ethical ground, is here placed by Plato in the centre, as the true mean of connection and progressive formation from the original intuition, his elementary starting-post, to the constructive exposition, the goal of his systematic conclusion.

Now the relation which, in the sphere of nature, being and semblance or sensation bear to one another in this antithesis, is the same as that which in ethics exists between good and pleasure or feeling. Therefore the principal object for the second part of Plato's works, and their common problem, will be to show, that science and art cannot be discovered, but only a deceitful semblance of both must be ever predominant, so long as these two are exchanged with each other — being with appearance, and good with pleasure. And advances are made to the solution of this problem naturally in a twofold way, yet without holding each course entirely apart in different writings: on the one hand, namely, that which hitherto had passed for science and art is laid bare in its utter worthlessness; on the other, attempts are made, from the very position of knowing and acknowledging that antithesis to develop rightly the essence of science and art and their fundamental outlines. The Gorgias stands at the head of this class, because it rather limits itself as preparatory to the former task, then ventures upon the latter; and starting entirely from the ethical side, attacks at both ends the confusion existing herein, fixing on its inmost spirit, as the root, and its openly displayed, as the fruits. The remaining dialogues observe this general distinction: they partly go farther back in the observation of the scientific in mere seeming, partly farther forward in the idea of true science, and partly contain other later consequences of what is here first advanced in preparation.

From this point, then, we observe a natural connection between the two main positions demonstrated to the

interlocutors with Socrates in this dialogue. The first, that their pretensions to this possession of an art properly so called in their art of speaking are entirely unfounded; and the second, that they are involved in a profound mistake in their confusion of the good with the pleasant. And, from the same point likewise, the particular manner in which each is proved, and the arrangement of the whole, may be explained. For when it is the good that is under consideration, and the ethical object is predominant, Truth must be considered more in reference to art than science, if, that is, unity is to be preserved in the work generally. And, moreover, it is art in its most general and comprehensive form that is here discussed, for the dialogue embraces everything connected with it, from its greatest object, the state, to its least, the embellishment of sensuous existence. Only, as his custom is, Plato is most fond of using the greater form as the scheme and representation of the general, and the less, on the other hand, as an example and illustration of the greater; that no one may lose himself, contrary to Plato's purpose, in the object of the latter, which can never be anything but a particular.— *Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato; translation of* WILLIAM DOBSON.

SCHLIEMANN, HEINRICH, a German archæologist; born at Neubuchow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, January 6, 1822; died at Naples, December 27, 1890. His father was poor, and placed him at an early age in a grocer's shop. He afterward became a clerk for a mercantile house in Amsterdam, devoting his leisure to languages. In 1846 he went to St. Petersburg, where he engaged in business which brought him wealth. He then traveled around the world, and spent much time in Greece. In 1869 he

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN.

settled in Paris, where he wrote accounts of his travels and explorations in Greece, and in 1870 he returned to the Troad, accompanied by his wife, a Greek, who greatly assisted him in examining the plateau of Hissarlik, which he regards as the site of Troy. Subsequently the Archæological Society of Athens aided him in his excavations. In the autumn of 1889 Dr. Schliemann set out upon another expedition into Asia Minor. His books are *Ithaque, le Péloponnèse et Troie* (1869); *Trojanische Alterthümer* (1874), translated into English by Dr. Philip Smith, under the title *Troy and its Remains; Atlas Trojanische Alterthümer* (1876); *Mycenæ* (1877); *Orchomenos* (1881); *Troja* (1883); *Tiryns* (1886). To Schliemann is due the honor of some of the most remarkable discoveries of the remains of early civilization.

EXTENT OF TROY.

But Troy was not large. I have altogether made twenty borings down to the rock, on the west, southwest, south, southeast, and east of the Pergamus, directly at its foot, or at some distance from it, on the plateau of the Ilium of the Greek colony. As I find in these borings no trace either of fragments of Trojan pottery or of Trojan house-walls, and nothing but fragments of Hellenic pottery and Hellenic house-walls, and as, moreover, the hill of the Pergamus has a very steep slope toward the northeast and the northwest, facing the Hellespont, and is also very steep toward the Plain, the city could not possibly have extended in any one of these directions. I now most emphatically declare that the city of Priam cannot have extended on any one side beyond the primeval plateau of this fortress, the circumference of which is indicated to the south and southwest by the Great Tower and the Scæan Gate, and to the northwest, northeast, and east by the surrounding wall of Troy. The city was so strongly

fortified by nature on the north side, that the wall there consisted only of those large blocks of stone, loosely piled one upon another in the form of a wall, which, last year, gave me such immense trouble to remove. This wall can be recognized at once, immediately to the right, in the northern entrance of my large cutting which runs through the entire hill.

I am extremely disappointed at being obliged to make so small a plan of Troy; nay, I had wished to be able to make it a thousand times larger, but I value truth above everything, and I rejoice that my three years' excavations have laid open the Homeric Troy, even though on a diminished scale, and thus I have proved the Iliad to be based on real facts.

Homer is an epic poet, and not an historian: so it is quite natural that he should have exaggerated everything with poetic license. Moreover, the events which he describes are so marvellous that many scholars have long doubted the very existence of Troy, and have considered the city to be a mere invention of the poet's fancy. I venture to hope that the civilized world will not only be disappointed that the city of Priam has shown itself to be scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but that, on the contrary, it will accept with delight and enthusiasm the certainty that Ilium did really exist, that a large portion of it has now been brought to light, and that Homer, even although he exaggerates, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened. Besides, it ought to be remembered that the area of Troy, now reduced to this small hill, is still as large as, or even larger than, the royal city of Athens, which was confined to the Acropolis, and did not extend beyond it, till the time when Theseus added the twelve villages, and the city was consequently named in the plural Ἀθῆναι. It is very likely that the same happened to the town of Mycenæ (Μυκῆναι), which Homer describes as being rich in gold, and which is also spoken of in the singular εὐρυάγια Μυκήνη.

But this little Troy was immensely rich for the circumstances of those times, since I find here a treasure of gold and silver articles, such as is now scarcely to be

found in an emperor's palace; and, as the town was wealthy, so was it also powerful, and ruled over a large territory.— *Troy and its Remains; translation of* Dr. Philip Smith.

Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe, an American traveler and ethnologist; born at Watervliet, N. Y., March 28, 1793; died at Washington, D. C., December 10, 1864. He commenced writing for newspapers at the age of fifteen. In 1818 he made a journey to the lead-mines of Missouri, and published an account of his observations. In 1820 he accompanied General Cass upon a survey of the copper region of the Upper Mississippi. In 1822 he was appointed Agent of Indian Affairs on the Northwest frontier. He took up his residence at Michilimackinack, where he remained for nearly twenty years, occupying himself in studying the language and history of the Indian tribes. One result of these investigations was his *Algic Researches,* published in 1839. In 1832 he was appointed to conduct a second expedition into the region of the Upper Mississippi. He published an account of this journey under the title *Narrative of an Expedition to Itasca Lake, the Actual Source of the Mississippi River* (1834). In 1841 he removed to New York, and in 1848 put forth a collection of Indian tales and legends, under the title *The Indian in His Wigwam.* In 1851 he published *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers.* Under a resolution of Congress he was subsequently appointed to prepare a series of five quarto volumes, printed in magnificent

style, with numerous illustrations by Lieutenant Eastman, who also furnished a small portion of the text. This work was entitled *Ethnological Researches Respecting the Red Men of America.* In addition to the foregoing and several volumes of poetry, among them *The Rise of the West; Geehale, an Indian Lament,* and *Indian Melodies,* Mr. Schoolcraft wrote numerous papers in periodicals, mostly upon his favorite class of subjects.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAND OF SOULS.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, as was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the Land of Souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds; and, before he was

aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe.

At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. The young Chippewayan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words.

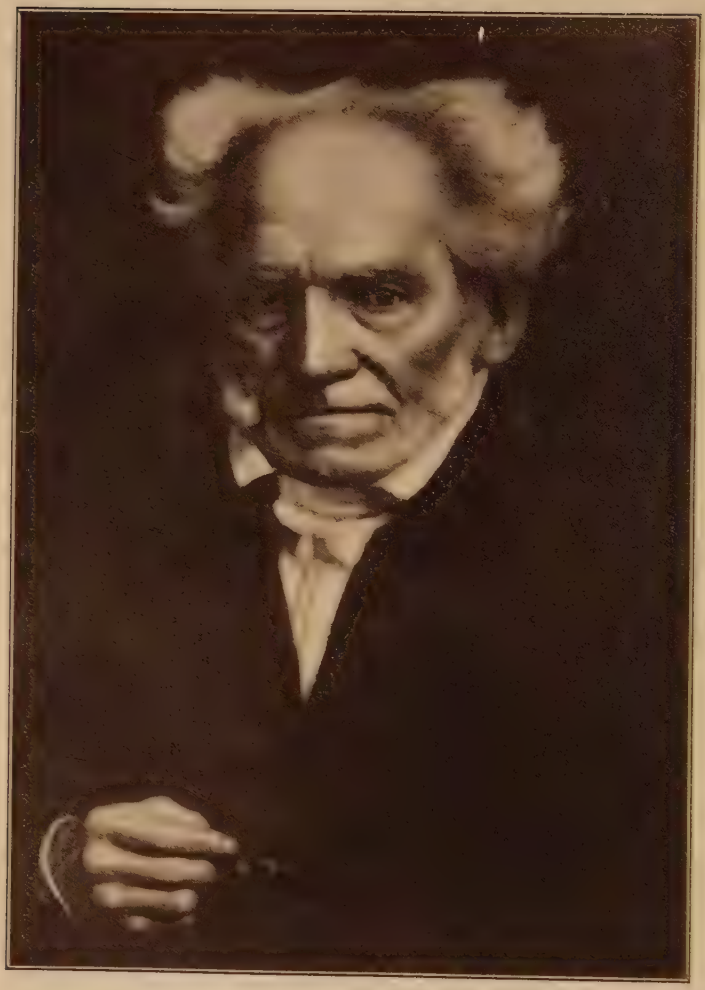
"I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the Land of Souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here, with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves and streams and lakes were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and confidence which seemed to tell him there was no bloodshed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage

was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

When he had traveled half a day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come to the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from the shore, and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there; some passed, and some sank; it was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the Happy Island. They felt that the very air was food; it strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, no chilly wind; no one shivered for the want of warm



SCHOPENHAUER.

clothes; no one suffered from hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves; they heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever; but he was obliged to go back for his body.

He did not see the Master of Life; but he heard his voice in a soft breeze — "Go back," said the voice, "to the land whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your people for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterward rejoin the Spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When his voice ceased the narrator awoke. It was the fancy-work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.— *The Indian in His Wigwam.*

SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR, a German philosopher; born at Dantzic, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort, September 21, 1860. While a youth he spent some months at an English school; then studied at Göttingen and Berlin; resided awhile at Weimar, where he is described by Goethe as "a young man not understood." His first work was *On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* (1813). After traveling in Italy he returned to Berlin; then, about 1831, he took up his residence at

Frankfort, where for his last thirty years he led the life of a gloomy recluse. His principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (The World Considered as Will, 1819), was written before he was thirty. He published nothing more for sixteen years, after which he wrote *The Will in Nature* (1836); *The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics* (1841); *Parerga and Paralipomena* (1851), and other treatises.

Schopenhauer is a pronounced type of the pessimistic school of philosophy. He held, among other absurd theories, that the world is essentially and radically wrong.

THE EGOISTIC WILL.

Our inductive science ends with the questions, "Whence?" "Wherefore?" We observe facts and classify them, but then follows a question respecting the Substance that lies behind the Facts. What do they express? What is the Will of which they are the Representation? If we were isolated from the world around us, we could not answer the question. But we are not so isolated. We belong to Nature, and Nature is included in ourselves. We have in ourselves the law of the world around us. We find in our own bodies the mechanical laws and those of the organic life manifested in plants and animals. We have the same understanding which we find working around us in the system of Nature. If we consisted only of Body and Understanding, we could not distinguish ourselves from Nature. If we know ourselves, we know what is in Nature.

Now what do we find the facts controlling our own natural life? An impulse which we may call the Will to live. We often use the word Will in a complex sense as implying both Thought and Choice; but in its purest, simplest sense, as the word is used here it means the impulse or force which is the cause of a phenomenon. In this sense there is a Will from which the movements within the earth or upon its surface derive their origin.

It works continuously upward from the form of crystals, through the forms of zoöphytes, mollusca, anelids, insecta, arachnoids, crustacea, pisces, reptilia, aves, and mammalia. There is one Will manifested in the growth of all plants and animals. That which we call a purpose when viewed as associated with intellect, is, when regarded most simply, or in itself, a force of impulse — the natural Will of which we are now speaking. It is the Will to live — the mighty impulse by which every creature is impelled to maintain its own existence, and without any care for the existence of others. It is an unconscious Egoism. Nature is apparently a collection of many wills; but all are reducible to one — the will to live. Its whole life is a never-ending warfare. It is forever at strife *with itself;* for it asserts itself in one form to deny itself as asserted in other forms. It is everywhere furnished with means for working out its purpose. Where the Will of the lion is found, we find the powerful limbs, the claws, the teeth, necessary for supporting the life to which the animal is urged by his Will. The will is found in man united with an Understanding, but it is not subservient to that Understanding. On the contrary, the Understanding, or Intellect, is subservient. The Will is the moving power; the Understanding is the instrument.

This one Will in Nature and in ourselves serves to explain a great part of all the movements of human society. Hence arise the collisions of interests that excite envy, strife, and hatred between individuals or classes. Society differs from an unsocial state of life in the forms imposed by Intelligence on the egoistic Will, but not in any radical change made in that Will. Thus, etiquette is the convenience of egoism, and the law is a fixing of boundaries within which egoism may conveniently pursue its objects. The world around us — including what its called the social or civilized world — may seem fair, when it is viewed only as a stage, and without any reference to the tragedy that is enacted upon it. But, viewed in its reality, it is an arena for gladiators, or an amphitheatre where all who would be at peace have to defend themselves. As Voltaire says, it is with the sword in hand that we must live and die. The man

who expects to find peace and safety here is like the traveller, told of in one of Gracian's stories, who, entering a district where he hoped to meet his fellow-men, found it peopled only by wolves and bears, while men had escaped to caves in a neighboring forest.

The same egoistic Will that manifests itself dimly in the lowest stages of life, and becomes more and more clearly pronounced, as we ascend to creatures of higher organization, attains its highest energy in man, and is here modified, but not essentially changed, by a superior intelligence. The insect world is full of slaughter; the sea hides from us frightful scenes of cruel rapacity; the tyrannical and destructive instinct marks the so-called king of birds, and rages in the feline tribes. In human society some mitigation of this strife takes place as the results of experience and culture. By the use of the Understanding, the Will makes laws for itself, so that the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* is modified, and leaves to the few victors some opportunities of enjoying the results of their victory. Law is a means of reducing the evils of social strife to their most convenient form, and politics must be regarded in the same way. The strength of all law and government lies in our dread of the anarch Will that lies couched behind the barriers of society, and is ready to spring forth when they are broken down.— *The Will in Nature.*

SOCIETY AND MORAL CULTURE.

Society is nothing more than a continuation of the conflict of Nature under the guidance of Intelligence. It is vain to hope for any amelioration of society from the prevalence of an intellectual education. Culture of the intellect supplies new weapons for use in the conflict, and may render it less rude in appearance, but cannot change its nature. Therefore no change of human nature can ever be affected by the spread of moral doctrines. A man at rest will argue with you by way of pastime, just as he would play at draughts; but let his Will be roused; then appeal to his logical notions, and you will find how much he really cares for them. Tell the

OLIVE SCHREINER.

theoretical Democrat or Leveller, when he acts as a tyrant, that his conduct is "inconsequent." He will laugh at you. He always was at heart a tyrant; he now can show it, and does so. Doctrines and creeds are forms; the Will supplies their contents. Just as a vehicle may convey substances having wholesome or injurious or indifferent properties, so any system of thinking — theological, social, or political — may be made to bear any purport, good or bad. To try to shape opinions so that they may not be made subservient to any evil purpose is all labor in vain.— *The Will in Nature.*

SCHREINER, Olive ("Ralph Iron"), an English novelist; born in South Africa about 1863. Her father was a German, who went to Africa as a missionary, and her mother was English. She early began to write stories, among which was *The Story of an African Farm.* She went to England in 1882 and published this book, under the pseudonym "Ralph Iron." Owing to its originality, the book met with much success. Her more recent works include *Dreams* (1890); *Dream Life and Real Life* (1893); *Trooper Peter Halket* (1897); and *An English South African's View of the Situation* (1899).

IN THE AFRICAN MOONLIGHT.

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long, finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain

broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon the other, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly-pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad, fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house — a square, red-brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare, red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which enclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great, open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great, wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep. She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich-camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side, and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to

the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed; but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow and, pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.—*The Story of an African Farm.*

SCHURZ, CARL, a German-American statesman and journalist; born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia, March 22, 1829. He entered the University of Bonn in 1846, but at the beginning of the revolution of 1848 became associated in the publication of a Liberal newspaper, and in 1849 entered the revolutionary army. On the surrender of Rastadt he fled to Switzerland. He lived for a while in Paris and London, acting as correspondent for German journals, and teaching. In 1852 he arrived in Philadelphia. In 1854 he removed to Watertown, Wis. During the contest between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln for the office of United States Senator from Illinois he delivered his first speech in the English language, which was published. Subsequently he practiced law in Milwaukee, lectured in New England, supported Lincoln in the Republican National Convention of 1860, and was appointed Minister to Spain in 1861. He resigned to serve in the Union army, was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers in 1862, and major-general of volunteers in 1863. In 1865–66 he was Washington correspondent of the New York

Tribune, and in 1866 founded the *Post* in Detroit. In 1867 he became editor of the *Westliche Post* in St. Louis, and in 1869 was chosen United States Senator from Missouri, serving till 1875. In 1877 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior. He introduced competitive examinations for appointments in the Interior, made reforms in the Indian service, and adopted measures to protect forests on public lands. From 1880 to 1884 he was editor of the New York *Evening Post.* Among his celebrated speeches are *The Irrepressible Conflict* (1858); *The Doom of Slavery* (1860); *The Abolition of Slavery as a War Measure* (1862), and *Eulogy on Charles Sumner* (1874). His speeches were published collectively in 1865. He is the author of a *Life of Henry Clay* (2 vols., 1887), in the *American Statesmen Series,* and *Abraham Lincoln,* an essay (1891); and *Autobiography* (1906).

CLAY AS ORATOR AND AS LEADER.

His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator and one of the greatest popular speakers America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament — that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries, excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself, without an effort, so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect and his fertile fancy served, indeed, to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind was not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether, if put into practice, it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and, with his imperious temper, and ardent combativeness, he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party, save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. . . .

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British

tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong — there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If anyone desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."—*Life of Henry Clay.*

THE DOOM OF SLAVERY.

Let us for a moment judge the people of the Free States by the meanest criterion we can think of; let us apply a supposition to them, which, if applied to ourselves, we would consider an insult. If the people of the Free States were so devoid of moral sense as not to distinguish between right and wrong; so devoid of generous impulses as not to sympathize with the downtrodden and degraded; so devoid of manly pride as to be naturally inclined to submit to everybody who is impudent enough to assume the command; tell me, even in this worst, this most disgusting of all contingencies, could free labor quietly submit to the demands of the slave power so long as it has a just appreciation of its own interests? If we cared neither for other people's rights nor for our own dignity, could we submit as long as we cared for our own pockets?

Surrender the privilege of discussing our social problems without restraint? Be narrowed down to a given circle of ideas, which we shall not transgress! Do we not owe our growth and prosperity and power to that free-

dom of inquiry which is the source of all progress and improvement? Surrender the national Territories to Slavery! Do we not owe growth and prosperity to the successful labor of our neighbors, just as well as to our own? Shall we consent to be surrounded and hemmed in with thriftless communities whose institutions retard their growth, and thereby retard our own? Abandon all laws, like the Homestead Bill, tending to establish free labor on our national domain! Shall we thus give up the rights of labor, and destroy the inheritance of our children? Give up our opposition to the extension of slavery by the conquest of foreign countries! Shall we squander the blood of our sons and the marrow of the land in destructive wars for the profit of the enemies of free labor, while it is a peaceful development to which we owe our power in the world? Adopt the exclusive economical policy of the planting interest! Shall our mineral wealth sleep undeveloped in the soil? Shall our water-powers run idle, and the bustle of our factories cease? Shall the immense laboring force in our increasing population be deprived of the advantage of a harmonious development of all the branches of human labor? Shall we give up our industrial and commercial independence of the world abroad?

And what price do they offer to pay us for all our sacrifices, if we submit? Why, slavery can then be preserved! How can we hesitate? Impossible! It cannot be thought of! Even the most debased and submissive of our dough-faces cannot submit to it, as soon as the matter comes to a practical test; and, therefore, the success of the Southern programme will never bring about a final decision of the conflict. Suppose we were beaten in the present electoral contest, would that decide the conflict of interests forever? No! Thanks to the nobler impulses of human nature, our consciences would not let us sleep; thanks to the good sense of the people, their progressive interests would not suffer them to give up the struggle. The power of resistance, the elasticity of free society, cannot be exhausted by one, cannot be annihilated by a hundred, defeats. Why? Because it

receives new impulses, new inspirations, from every day's work; it marches on in harmony with the spirit of the age.—*Speeches.*

SCHUYLER, EUGENE, an American traveler and diplomat; born at Ithaca, N. Y., February 26, 1840; died at Cairo, Egypt, July 18, 1890. He was graduated from Yale in 1859, at Columbia Law School in 1863, and practiced his profession for several years, devoting his leisure to literature. In 1867–69 he was United States Consul at Moscow, in 1869–70 at Revel, and in 1870–76 at St. Petersburg. In 1876 he became Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, and was sent to investigate the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria. He was Consul at Birmingham in 1878; at Rome in 1879; at Bucharest in 1880, and in 1881 signed treaties with Roumania and Servia. From 1882 to 1884 he was Minister and Consul-General to Greece, Servia and Roumania, and in 1889 was appointed Consul-General at Cairo, after which he returned to the United States. He contributed to English and American reviews and magazines, and edited John A. Porter's *Selections from the Kalevala* (1867); and translated Ivan Turgénieff's *Fathers and Sons* (1867), and Tolstoï's *The Cossacks* (1878). His books include *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara and Kuldja* (1876); *Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer* (2 vols., 1884), and *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce* (1886).

THE WAR IN LITHUANIA.

In the spring of 1707, four months before Charles actually left Saxony, there was a rumor that he was about to march through Poland and invade Russia. Peter immediately sent detachments into Great Poland, toward the Silesian frontier, in order to devastate the country, and thus render the Swedish march more difficult. Towns like Rawicz and Lissa were burned and destroyed, bridges were broken down, and wells filled up. Colonel Schultz, with his band of Tartars and Kalmuks, was most active in this kind of work.

The danger seemed so pressing that the engineer Iván Kortchmin was sent to Moscow, to put the fortifications of that city, and especially of the Kremlin, into thorough repair. He arrived there in the middle of June, and in ten days the work began. But even before his arrival, the report of Charles's march had reached Moscow, and according to Pleyer, "the Moscovites were greatly terrified. Nobody spoke of anything except of flight or death. Many of the merchants, under pretext of going to the fair, took their wives and children to Archangel, where they had usually gone alone. The great foreign merchants and capitalists hastened to go to Hamburg with their families and their properties, while the mechanics and artisans went into their service." The foreigners, not only of Moscow, but of all the neighboring towns, applied to their Ministers for protection, "as they feared not only the harshness and rapacity of the Swedes, but, even more, a general rising and massacre in Moscow, where people were already embittered by the immeasurable increase of the taxes." "The terror here has still more increased," he wrote, in a subsequent despatch, "since the order has arrived to repair all the walls around the town and fortify the Kremlin. An engineer has come here who studied fortifications for two years in Berlin, and has drawn up a plan of the works. The beautiful old church of Jerusalem, or the Trinity, is to be pulled down. The Hospital row of shops, famous from old times, the Foundry Court, the Red and White walls, with all the churches, houses, mon-

asteries — all he proposes to pull down, otherwise it will be impossible to shoot. Five thousand men are at work every day. The people are so enraged that the engineer does not dare to show himself without a guard." The Jerusalem Church referred to by Pleyer is just outside of the Kremlin, and is that commonly known by the name of the Church of St. Basil the Beatified, with its eleven domes, each of different color and design. Fortunately for the beauty of Moscow, this plan of wholesale destruction was not carried out, and this church, the towers and walls of the Kremlin, and the other antiquities, were preserved. The news of the disorders at Moscow reached the army, and an official proclamation was sent back, deriding the fears of the Moscovites when the enemy was not as near as he had been previously, but saying that precaution was better than negligence, and quoting the old Roman proverb: "A wild beast cannot harm a cautious horse." Meanwhile, two men were taken from every house, to work on the fortifications, or three rubles had to be paid every month; and so strict were the demands that children were taken from the houses as pledges for the appearance of the workmen. In November, the fortifications were inspected by the Tsarévitch Alexis, who had just returned from the army, and Pleyer writes: "In the last six months the fortifications have made great progress. Guns will soon be placed on many of them, and fire can be opened. The engineer demands 10,000 cannon." The Tróïtsa Monastery and the towns of Mozháisk, Sérpukhóf, Tver, and others were fortified in the same way.—*Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer.*

SCHWATKA, Frederick, an American explorer; born at Galena, Ill., September 29, 1849; died at Portland, Ore., November 2, 1892. After graduation from the United States Military Academy, in 1871, he served on garrison and frontier duty until 1877. He also studied medicine and law, receiving his medical degree at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1876, and being admitted to the bar of Nebraska in 1875. He determined to search for traces of Sir John Franklin's party, and accompanied William H. Gilder as second in command of the *Eothen,* which sailed for King William's Land on June 19, 1878. The party returned in 1880, having found and buried many of the skeletons of Sir John Franklin's party, and discovered much of the mystery which had so long enveloped it. Lieutenant Schwatka found many interesting relics, among which was a paper containing the record of Sir John Franklin's death on June 7, 1847. This expedition was marked by the longest sledge-journey on record — 3,251 statute miles, during which a branch of Back's River was discovered, which Lieutenant Schwatka named for President Hayes. He explored the Yukon River in Alaska, and rejoined his regiment in 1884, but resigned in that year the commission of first lieutenant of the Third Cavalry, to which he had been assigned in 1879. In 1886 he commanded the Alaskan exploring expedition of the New York *Times.* Lieutenant Schwatka received the Roquette Arctic Medal from the Geographical Society of Paris, and a medal from the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia. He was the author of *Along Alaska's Great River* (1885); *Nimrod in the*

North (1885), and *The Children of the Cold,* contributed to the *St. Nicholas Magazine,* and published in book-form (1886).

LITTLE ESKIMO AT PLAY.

There is one kind of play in which the Eskimo boys seem always ready to indulge — a roll downhill. They select a small but steep hill, or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair, and then away they go on a rolling race downhill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill. Every now and then, when a playful mood strikes a boy, he will double himself up and roll downhill without waiting for the rivalry of a race, but it is violent exercise, and it bumps the little urchin severely.

Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible, and under no circumstances must they bend either the elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a couple of inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snowdrifts. Then they become exhausted, for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement; so that by the time a boy has played quite energetically in this way, if only for a minute, he feels very tired, and is willing to take a breathing-spell. It is not a very graceful game, and if you were to take a carpen-

ter's wooden horse and to jog it along by sharp jerks over the floor, you would have a tolerably fair representation of this awkward game of the Eskimo children. The best part of it all is the exercise it gives them, and often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion as if he were practising for a race, a slight downhill grade being preferred.

Another method of racing, somewhat similar to the above, is also practised; folding the arms across the breast, and holding the knees rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet, and one cannot go very far in so awkward a way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in jerks and gasps as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favor us with a short version of this stiff-jumping, spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball-game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common base-ball, and then filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone, and the singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game is a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, and consists simply in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly in the air. This is a favorite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, it is a signal for a rest. Simple as is the game, the little Eskimo manage to gain much fun and excitement from it, and whenever you hear

an unusual amount of shouting and loud and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, you may be almost certain of finding, when you go to your tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag-ball."

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small, round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These are kicked and knocked about the lake with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

It takes a long time to grind one of these irregular pieces of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work, and with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence whatever. The number of years that they will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world. —*Children of the Cold.*

SCOLLARD, CLINTON, an American poet and novelist; born at Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., September 18, 1860. After graduation from Hamilton College, in 1881, he studied for two years in Harvard, and traveled in Europe in 1886–87, spending several months at Cambridge University, before visiting Egypt, Greece, and Palestine. In 1888 he became Assistant Professor of Rhetoric at Hamilton College. He has published *Pictures in Songs* (1884); *With Reed and Lyre* (1886); *Old and New Lyrics* (1888); *Giovio and Giulia* (1891); *Songs of Sunrise Lands* (1892); an edition of Ford's *Broken Heart* (1895); *A Man at Arms,* a novel (1898); *The*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Son of a Tory, a novel (1900); *Lyrics of the Dawn* (1900); *The Lutes of Morn* (1901); *The Cloistering of Ursula* (1902); and *Count Falcon of the Eyrie,* a novel (1903).

GRASS.

It trembles round me like a sea
  O'er which the south wind softly blows,
Deep green and dense and billowy,
  And odorous with the wild primrose.

From its dim aisles the crickets cry,
  In jocund measure, long and loud,
To swift-winged swallows soaring high
  To gain the opal-hearted cloud.

Deep in its hollows, dusky sweet,
  The bee his honeyed plunder hides;
Above it, saffron Psyches meet,
  Borne down the air in perfumed tides.

A potent power, subtly strong,
  Controls my senses as I lie;
The morn is eloquent with song,
  And earth seems yearning to the sky.

My heart is glad with life, and yet
  These emerald spears that gently wave
(Alas! why can I not forget?)
  Will one day nod above my grave.

THE DRYAD.

Within these dells
  A Dryad dwells
Amid the wind-blown pimpernels;
  Yet none have seen
  Her trip between
The glimmering vistas, silvery green,
Though many feel her mystic spells.

May it be mine
Some morn divine
To see her fluttering garments shine!
And hear the beat
Of hurrying feet
Upon the ferns and grasses sweet,
And catch her laughter, airy fine.

For whoso sees
Amid the trees
Her form that like a phantom flees,
To him alone
There shall be shown
Deep secrets to no mortal known,
All nature's subtle mysteries.

What rushes say
At dusk of day,
The perfect prayer that lilies pray,
The amorous art
To win a heart
Unfolding rose-buds might impart,
Where hides the will-o'-the-wisp away;

Why fire-flies light
Their lanterns bright
On each serene midsummer night,
The words that float
On every note
That wells out from a feathered throat,
Where insect armies take their flight.

All this and more
Shall be his store
Who sees her foot the forest floor:
Then be it mine
Some morn divine
To meet her 'neath a hoary pine,
And learn the symbols of her lore.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering, slowly down
Through mountain-passes, bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was wellnigh done.
The city like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards, far below,
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar
In mosque and square and gay bazaar
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwelt in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,

Outbloomed in glories manifold;
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

OVER A FIRST EDITION OF LOVELACE.

(British Museum Reading-Room.)

The yellow half-light shines within
On many a bulky quire;
Without the pavements roar with din,
And reek with ooze and mire.

Sold at a bookshop called "The Gun"
That stood in Ivie Lane,
The page before me, soiled and dun,
Exhales both joy and pain.

Brooding upon those troublous times,
In most bewitching wise
I see from out the courtly rhymes
The sweet Lucasta rise.

The brow no grief has writ upon,
The Saxon eyes sincere,
And all the winsome grace that won
The poet-cavalier.

The voice — but hold! what voice is that?
'Tis Sylvia's, I aver!
A beauty in a Bond Street hat
Who begs me go with her.

Who could withstand that tender touch,
Those glances that implore?
Dick Lovelace, though I love thee much,
Forsooth, I love *her* more!

IN THE LIBRARY.

From the oriels one by one
Slowly fades the setting sun;
On the marge of afternoon
Stands the new-born crescent moon;
In the twilight's crimson glow
Dim the quiet alcoves grow.
Drowsy-lidded Silence smiles
On the long, deserted aisles;
Out of every shadowy nook
Spirit faces seem to look,
Some with smiling eyes, and some,
With a sad entreaty dumb;
He who shepherded his sheep
On the wild Sicilian steep;
He above whose grave are set
Sprays of Roman violet;
Poet, sages — all who wrought
In the crucible of thought
Day by day as seasons glide
On the great, eternal tide,
Noiselessly they gather thus
In the twilight beauteous,
Hold communion each with each
Closer than our earthly speech,
Till within the East are born
Premonitions of the morn.

—*With Reed and Lyre.*

SCOTT, HUGH STOWELL ("HENRY SETON MERRIMAN"), an English novelist; born at London in 1866; died there November 19, 1903. He entered upon a business career, but in 1889 determined to devote himself wholly to literature. His novels in-

clude *The Phantom Future* (1889); *Suspense* (1900); *From One Generation to Another* (1892); *The Slave of the Lamp* (1892); *With Edged Tools* (1894); *The Grey Lady* (1895); *Flotsam* and *The Sowers* (1896); *The Money Spinner* and *In Kedar's Tents* (1897); *Roden's Corner* (1898); *The Isle of Unrest* (which has been dramatized), (1900); *The Velvet Glove* (1901); *The Vultures* (1902), and *Barlasch of the Guard* (1903).

AT SEA.

One fine day late in the autumn of eighteen hundred and seventy-six, a steamer emerged from the haze that lay over the Atlantic and the northern waters of the Bay of Biscay. Those who were working in the fields behind the lighthouse of the Pointe de Raz saw her approach the land, sight the lighthouse, and then steer outward again on a course due north through the channel dividing the Ile de Sein from the rocky headland jutting out from this most western point of Europe into the Atlantic.

Those on board the steamer, looking across the blue waters, saw the faint outline of a high, broken coast, and all round them a sea divided into races and smooth, deep pools large enough to anchor a whole fleet had there been bottom within reach. Islands, islets, and mere rocks; some jutting high up, some nestling low. A dangerous coast, and a splendid fishing-ground.

There were further points of interest on the waters; namely, a whole fleet of sardine-boats from Douarnenez and Audierne, scudding here and there with their bright brown sails, sometimes glowing in the sun, sometimes brooding darkly in the shadow. It was a beautiful picture, because the colors were brilliant; the blue sea gradually merged into bright green, and finished off in the distance with yellow sand or deep-brown cliff. The hills toward Breste, to the north, were faintly outlined in a shadowy haze of blue, while close at hand the long

Atlantic sweep came bounding in and broke into dazzling white over the rocks.

On the deck of the steamer the passengers paused in their afternoon promenade, and, leaning their arms on the high rail, contemplated the bright scene with evident satisfaction. The small fishing-boats were of a more British build than most of them had seen for some years. The brown lug-sails were like the sails of an English fishing-boat, and many of these swarthy-faced wanderers had recollections of childhood which came surging into their minds at the sight of a blue sea with a brown sail on it. The high rocky land might well be England, with its neat, yellow lighthouse and low-roofed cottages nestling among the scanty foliage and careful cultivation. It was so very different from Madras, so unlike Bombay, so infinitely superior to Hong Kong. The breeze even was different from any that had touched their faces for many a day, and some of them actually felt cold — a sensation almost forgotten.— *Suspense.*

SCOTT, MICHAEL, a Scottish novelist and scientist; born at Glasgow, October 30, 1789; died there, November 7, 1835. He was educated at the high school and at the university of his native city. In 1806, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to Jamaica, where he was employed in the management of several estates until 1810, when he joined a mercantile house in Kingston. With the exception of a visit to his native country in 1817–18, when he married, he remained in Jamaica until 1822, when he finally returned home and became permanently resident in his native city, where he died at the age of forty-six. He is known to the literary world as the author of *Tom Cringle's Log,* a series of clever fugitive pa-

pers commenced in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820, and afterward published as a separate work in two volumes. This work was published *incognito* "by a native of Glasgow;" and it was not until after his death that the secret was fully made known even to his publishers. During his residence in Jamaica his business had led him often to visit the adjacent islands and the Spanish Main; and it was in this way that he had acquired that knowledge of West Indian scenery and character, as well as sea-life, which are so powerfully delineated in the brilliant tale with which his name is identified. It seems needless to say — though it has been said — that Michael Scott of *Tom Cringle's Log* is not to be confounded with Sir Michael Scott, or Scot, the schoolman and reputed wizard of the thirteenth century, who, according to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is buried in Melrose Abbey.

THE SINKING OF THE SLAVE-SHIP.

"Let fall the foresail, men — down with the foretack — cheerily now — get way on the brig, and overhaul the *Wave* promptly, or we are lost," cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore-hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they had become from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was quicker than they. The smouldering smoke, that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant the fire

spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the canonnade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill-stream. The fire increased — she gave a sudden heel — and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went, with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick, dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose, and the circling eddies created by her sinking no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light, and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark-blue ripple — a puff of fat, black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged, with a loud, gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upward, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said, "Thou shalt not kill."

Soon all was quiet: a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling before he sank into his watery grave; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, shattered hull, and torn sails and rigging of the *Wave,* and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while some heavy, scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from

a passing cloud, as if nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day — by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity.—*From Tom Cringle's Log.*

SCOTT, Sir Walter, a Scottish poet, novelist and historian; born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. After studying at the Edinburgh High School and the University, he entered his father's office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. In 1799 he was made Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire. He had already made his appearance as an author in several translations from the German, among which were Bürger's *Lenore* and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen.* He now abandoned strictly professional practice and devoted himself to poetical composition. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802; this was followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805); *Marmion* (1808); *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), all of which were received with favor hitherto without example. Less meritorious were *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1813); *Rokeby,* and *The Bridal of Triermain* (1814), but *The Lord of the Isles* (1815) deserves to rank with the earlier poems. Scattered through the "Waverley Novels," the first of which appeared in 1814, are songs and mottoes, some of which are of great beauty.

In 1812 Scott came into possession of the emoluments of the position of Clerk of the Court of Sessions,

the reversion of which had previously been settled upon him. Soon, however, the income from his works became enormous, and to him and those about him the source from which they flowed seemed inexhaustible. He bought a hundred acres of wild moorland some thirty miles from Edinburgh; purchase after purchase followed, amounting in all to more than £40,000. Here he proceeded to erect a mansion of Gothic architecture, at an expense of £30,000. The original name of the place, "Clarty Hole," was changed to Abbotsford, the designation for a portion of the Tweed hard by. Here he kept open house, and poured forth the constant stream of the "Waverley Novels." Perhaps the one proudest day of Scott's life was that on which, in 1820, he was made a baronet by George IV., who had just come to the throne, and was on a visit to Scotland.

In the meanwhile, Scott had entered into a partnership with his old school-fellows, the Ballantynes, who were apparently flourishing as printers. This led to a kind of partnership with Archibald Constable, the great bookseller, who became his publisher. Constable was apparently a most prosperous man when the financial crisis of 1825 overtook him. He went down, dragging the Ballantynes; and, what with partnership debts and paper which he had endorsed, Scott was found a debtor to the amount of nearly £150,000. This he undertook to pay off with his pen. Abbotsford was closed up; Scott retired to lodgings at Edinburgh, and set himself resolutely to work with such zeal that in four years he had paid off nearly a half of what he owed. He wrote the *Life of Napoleon,* the *Tales of a Grandfather,* being scenes from Scot-

tish history, *Letters on Demonology,* two or three novels, and several dramatic pieces.

Under this stress of work he broke down. In February, 1830, he had a slight stroke of paralysis, but he still kept on working. A severer attack in the following April gave warning that he must have rest. A visit to Italy was resolved upon, and the British Government sent him out in a man-of-war. This visit lasted fifteen months. On his return he had scarcely reached London when he had an apoplectic attack, combined with almost total paralysis. He was conveyed to Abbotsford, where he lingered for six weeks, and died on September 21, 1832.

THE PENITENTIAL PROCESSION.

Naught of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell.
More meet it were to mark the day
  Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
  Sought Melrose's holy shrine:
With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
  Did every pilgrim go.
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
  Through all the lengthened row.
No lordly look nor martial stride;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
  Forgotten their renown.
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
  And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers, dead;

For many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
  In long procession, came;
Taper and Host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourished fair
  With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
  And blessed them as they kneeled.
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
  And fortunate in field.
Then the mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirits' weal.
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong,
The awful burthen of the song:

Dies Iræ, Dies illa.
Solvet sæclum in favilla.

While the pealing organ rung,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

"That Day of Wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:
Oh! on that day, that dreadful day,

When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away."
—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey has flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And —"This to me!" he said —
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword!)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! — What, warder; ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchèd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride.
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls. —*Marmion.*

FIZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain-air;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.
Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand:
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words! but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts: yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy?"
"They do! By Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest!"
"If by the light I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens thou may'st know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe!"
"Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer
The hardened flesh of mountain-deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addresst:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, hand to hand,
Worn as thou are, to bid thee stand;
But not for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws:
To assail a weary man were shame,

And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and guards
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

—*The Lady of the Lake.*

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way.
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him wave a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's 'hest obey.
De Argentine attends his side
With stout De Valence — Pembroke's pride —
Selected champions from the train

To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed;
At once before his sight amazed
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled."
"Ay! but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours.
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.
Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die, or win the field."
"Then prove we, if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."
Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring;
At once ten thousand bowstrings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly.
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and sing
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe, to Scotland's bannered pride,
If the fell shower may last.
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed, dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,

Until the archers gained the plain;
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in its rest.
And loud shouts Edward Bruce —
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow
And cut the bowstrings loose!"

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks
They rushed among the archer ranks;
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set;
And how shall yeoman's armor light
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbèd horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons sprung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout.
Awhile with stubborn hardihood
Their English hearts the fight made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to fight, they scatter wīde.
Let Stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood sing no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain
They cumber Brannock's bloody plain.

The king with scorn beheld their flight:
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark:
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight."
But in mid-space the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit
With turf and brushwood hidden yet.
That formed a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock.
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet clang and clamor dread,
The wide plain thunders to their tread,
As far as Stirling Rock.
Down, down, in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foemen go,
Wild floundering on the field.
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony.
They came like mountain torrent red
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cave,
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of its own.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here,
Names that to fear were never known:
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere;
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere;
Ross, Montague, and Mattley came,
And Courteney's pride, and Percy's fame —
Names too well known in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar;
Blazed broader yet in after years
At Cressy red and fell Poictiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And — closing dark on every side
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race.
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And slaughter revelled round. . . .

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow.
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight
From morn till mid-day in the fight.

Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere;
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard —
"My merry men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy;
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe.
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known —
"Carrick, press on! — They fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisfail!
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife;
For Scotland, liberty, and life;
The battle cannot last!"

—*The Lord of the Isles.*

DEATH CHANT.

Viewless essence, thin and bare,
Wellnigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near,
The earthly form thou once didst wear:

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doomed to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force shalt thou retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye —
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrilled upon thy dying ear —

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake,
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry — "Blood for blood!"
— *The Fair Maid of Perth.*

MADGE WILDFIRE'S DYING SNATCHES.

I.

Our work is over — over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.
The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done;
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

II.

When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage-vest is wrought,
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay —
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere —
Doff thy robe of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

III.

Proud Maisie is in the wood, walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush, singing so rarely.
"Tell me, thou bonny bird, when shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen, kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed, birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton that delves the grave duly;
The glow-worm o'er grave and stone shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady!'"

—*The Heart of Midlothian.*

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow—
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no to-morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.
Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever!

—*The Lady of the Lake.*

Scott's career as a poet lasted from his thirty-second year to his forty-fourth; his career as a novelist, from his forty-third to his fifty-fourth. *Waverley,* his first novel, had been commenced as early as 1805; a few chapters were written and then thrown aside. In 1813, by accident, he came across the discarded manuscript, completed it, and sent it to the press, in the same year (1814) in which *The Lord of the Isles,* the last of his great poems, appeared. It was published anonymously, and gave rise to much conjecture as to its authorship. The "Waverley Novels," as the whole series came to be called, are *Waverley* (1814); *Guy Mannering* (1815); *The Antiquary; The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* (1816); *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818); *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose* (1819); *Ivanhoe; The Monastery* and *The Abbot* (1820); *Kenilworth* and *The Pirate* (1821); *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822); *Peveril of the Peak; Quentin Durward,* and *St. Ronan's Well* (1823); *Red Gauntlet* (1824); *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825); *Woodstock* (1826); *The Two Drovers; The Highland Widow* and *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827); *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828); *Anne of Geierstein, or the Maid of the Mist* (1829); *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* (1831).

A BOUT AT LUCKIE MACLEARY'S.

In full expectation of her distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp house even at midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped up its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sides which best suited

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty roof of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a Tappit Hen,* and which, in the language of the hostess, "reamed" with excellent claret, just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favored Edward Waverley's resolution to evade the gayly circling glass. The others began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbor. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-à-boire,* and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady, unalterable, dull key, of top-dressing and bottom-dressing, and year-olds and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a gray hound called Whistler.

In the middle of this din the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military ariette which was a particular favorite of the Marechal de Berwick;" then, imitating as well as he could the manner and tone of a French mousquetaire, he immediately commenced —

"Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

"Qui port chapeau à plume,
Soulier à rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called "a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar;" and, without wasting more time, struck up—

"It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the muir-fowl's tail."

The Baron, whose voice was drowned by the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum "Lon, Lon, Laridon," and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded—

"If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing
And strap him on to my lunzie string
Right seldom would I fail."

After an ineffective attempt to recover the second verse, he sang the first over again, and in prosecution of his triumph declared there was "mair sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France and Fifeshire to the boot of it." The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young Laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit,* and demanded brandy, with great vociferation. It was brought. And now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from the Dutch conceits, merely because there was not a wrathful note in

the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple — now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion — demanded a bumper, with the lungs of a Stentor, "to the little gentleman in black velvet, who did such service in 1702; and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his raising!"

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling over a mole-hill; yet he felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government which he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bardwardine had taken up the quarrel.

"Sir," said he, "whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus,* may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying anything which may impinge upon the honorable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath — the *sacramentum militare* — by which every officer is bound to the standard under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy, as *exuere sacramentum* — to renounce their legionary oath. But you are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

"Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. "I ken weel that you mean the Solemn Oath and Covenant; but if a' the Whigs in hell had taken the —"

Here the Baron and Waverley both spoke at once, the former calling out, "Be silent, sir. Ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley entreating Bardwardine, at the same moment, to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him

personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sublunary considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui generis* — forisfamiliated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant-at-will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless. And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye, let me see no more aberrations from the path of good manners."

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan," retorted the sportsman in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared Whig wi' a black riband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favor wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes interchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Soby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants; but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool to prevent mischief by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed.

But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the *hallan,* or earthen partition of the cottage, with her eyes employed on Boston's *Crook in the Lot,* while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill ex-

clamation: "Wad their honors slay one another here, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?"— a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants.

The servants by this time rushed in; and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling; but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which there was not a word intelligible except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.— *Waverley.*

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Oldbuck soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets at the door. A few of the neighbors — some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected — stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

Inside the cottage the body was laid within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that stony feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without any possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolutely mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next was to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a braw fellow an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never — never can be — what he was to me! He has sailed his coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there was na the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try." And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer necessary questions.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which she had flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unwonted display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to his guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look toward her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appeared struck at the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. There she sat among the funeral assembly like a link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed — a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner received the mute and melancholy salutation of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was as yet incapable of receiving either. He nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions; but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply. The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he was afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech —

"Yes, sir, yes — Ye're very gude — ye're very gude! — nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, Oh, dear! My poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely; and a help to his family and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him. Oh, my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there? and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whispered, and the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relatives of the family made a sign to the carpenter — who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker — to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mor-

tality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. . . .

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only awaited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment the friends, who considered this an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency toward the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, landlord and master to the deceased, would "carry his head to the grave." . . .

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by beadles or saulies, with their batons, miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of the grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with dusty crape. The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. The body was consigned to its parent earth; and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.— *The Antiquary.*

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca

again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush on — they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed — "Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!"

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed —"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness —"But no — but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have — they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulder of each other. . . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold

champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows; they rush in — the out-work is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat! O men — if indeed ye be men — spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."— *Ivanhoe.*

SCRIBE, Augustin Eugène, a French dramatist; born at Paris, December 24, 1791; died there, February 20, 1861. After studying law, which he abandoned, he devoted himself to literature. His early plays were unsuccessful, but in collaboration with Delestre Poirson he wrote *Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale,* which succeeded. In 1816 he brought out *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac* and *Le Solliciteur,* which brought him fame; and in 1820 he was engaged by Poirson to write exclusively for his theatre. Here Scribe's masterpieces were produced, including *Le Mariage Enfantin; La Loge du Portier; La Reine de Seize Ans; La Marraine; Le Mar-*

iage de Raison, etc. In 1822 he brought out the drama of *Valérie,* in which Mlle. Mars appeared. Scribe wrote many plays with Legouvé, including *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (1849); *La Battaille de Dames* (1851); *Mon Étoile* (1853), and *Les Doigts de Fee* (1858). He wrote in collaboration with several other authors, composed the libretti of a great number of operas, among which were *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* for Verdi; *Les Huguenots; Le Prophéte; L'Étoile du Nord,* and *L'Africaine* for Meyerbeer; wrote several novels, including *Carlo Broschi; Une Maitresse Anonyme,* and *Piquillo Alliaga.* He was elected to the Académie Française in 1836. The whole number of his plays is estimated at four hundred.

LAST MOMENTS.

[ADRIENNE'S *apartments. Enter* MAURICE.]

Mau. [*Heard outside.*] — She will be at home for me, I tell you. [*Runs to* ADR.] Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adr.— Maurice! Ah! What have I done! Leave me! Leave me!

Mau.— No! I come to throw myself at your feet! I come to implore your pardon! If I did not follow you when you bade me to — it was because my duty — my honor — compelled me to remain; because of an act of kindness, whereof the weight bore me down: I thought so at least! and I could not suffer the day to end without saying to the Princess, I cannot accept your gold, because I love you not, because my heart is another's! But judge of my surprise when at the first words I address to her, crying out: "I know all! I know all!" trembling, wild, she who never trembles, falls at my feet, and with tears, real or feigned, confesses that love and jealousy have turned her brain; and that she herself has been the cause of my imprisonment! She dared confess this — and to me, who fondly deemed I owed to her my liberation! —

Adr.— O heavens!

Mau.— To me she confessed this — to me, who, downcast and ashamed of having received her benefits, came only to implore of her a few days' delay, that I might repay her, were it at the sacrifice of my blood and my life! And I was free! — free to despise, to hate, to abandon her! — free to hasten to you and seek a refuge at your feet. My protectress! my guardian angel! behold me here. Ah! spurn me not!

Adr.— Can I believe you?

Mau.— By Heaven! — by mine honor, I swear I have told you the truth — difficult though it be to explain. Hurled from the pinnacle of my hopes, arrested, thrown into prison, I still am ignorant as to whose hand set me free. Search as I may, I cannot discover who has returned to me my liberty, my sword, and, perhaps, a glorious future! Do you know? Can you help me discover this?

Adr.— I know not; I cannot tell. . . .

Mau.— Then, Adrienne, it was you?

Adr.— And he, my best friend, who assisted me; but we will talk no more of this. You have accepted.

Mau.— On one condition: that on your part you will refuse naught from me! I know not the future that awaits me; I know not whether I am to win or to lose on the battle-field the ducal crown which the states of Courland have bestowed upon me; but should I prove victorious, I swear to share with you the dukedom which you have aided me to obtain, and confer upon you the name which you have helped me to immortalize!

Adr.— Your wife? I!

Mau.— Yes, you! You are a queen at heart, and worthy to reign over all! Who was it enlarged my intellect? — You! Who purified my thoughts? — You! Who breathed into my soul the spirit of the great men whose interpreter you are? — You, ever you! But heaven! you turn pale!

Adr.— Fear not! So much joy after so much grief has exhausted my strength.

Mau.— You totter!

Adr.— In truth, a strange uneasiness, an unknown

pain has taken possession of me — for a few minutes past — since I pressed that bouquet to my lips.

Mau.— What bouquet?

Adr.— Ungrateful woman that I am! I took it for a token of farewell, and it was a message of return.

Mau.— What do you mean?

Adr.— The flowers sent by you in yonder casket —

Mau.— I sent you naught. Where is the bouquet?

Adr.— I burned it! I thought you had disdained and spurned us both. The flowers were like myself — they could not live longer.

Mau.— Adrienne! But your hand trembles — you are in great pain!

Adr.— No — no! the pain is no longer here — but here. It is strange! very strange! a thousand wild, fantastic objects pass before my eyes, succeeding each other in confusion and without order! [*To* MAU.] What were we saying? What did I tell you? I know not. It seems to me that my imagination wanders, and that my reason, which I seek to retain, is about to abandon me. It shall not be, for, if I lose it, I lose my happiness. No! no! I will not suffer it; for Maurice, first of all, and then for this evening. They have just opened the doors and the theatre is full. I understand their curiosity and their impatience: the *Psyche* of the great Corneille has so long been promised them; oh! ever since the first days when I first saw Maurice. They would not revise the piece; they said it was too old; but I desired it — an idea possessed me. Maurice has not yet said to me, I love you! Nor have I said it to him — I dare not. And in the piece are verses which I should be so happy to address to him, before them all, and none of them would suspect!

Mau.— Beloved, be yourself once more!

Adr.— Hush! Here is my entrance. Oh! what a numerous, what a brilliant audience! How they all bend their looks on me and follow my every movement! How kind they are to love me so well! Ah! he is in his box. It is he! He smiles on me. *Psyche,* it is your cue.

"Turn not away those eyes which rend my heart —
Those tender, piercing eyes, so full of love!
They seem to share th' uneasiness I feel.
Alas! the more dangerous they are,
The more delight I have their gaze to meet.
By what decree of Heaven, which fathom I cannot,
Do I say more than meet it is to say,
I, from whom modesty should await
Till love explains your much perturb'd condition?
You sigh, my lord, e'en as I sigh myself;
Like mine, your senses much confused are.
I should silent be, and you should speak,
And yet 'tis I that speak."

Mau.— Adrienne! Adrienne! She sees me not — hears me not. Oh, heavens! fear chills my blood! What is to be done? [*Rings: enter Maid.*] Your mistress is in danger — run for help. I will not leave her. [*Exit Maid.*] My presence and care may restore her to tranquillity. [*Taking her hand.*] Hear me; in pity, hear me!

Adr.—[*Wildly.*] — See! see! who is it enters his box? — who seats herself at his side? I recognize her, although she conceals her features. It is she! he speaks to her. [*Despairingly.*] Maurice! he will not look at me! Maurice!

Mau.— He is at your side.

Adr.— Ah! their eyes meet, their hands are clasped! She tells him. Stay! And he forgets me! he spurns me! — alas! he sees not that I am dying.

Mau.— Adrienne! for pity's sake!

Adr.— Pity!

Mau.— Has then my voice no power over your heart?

Adr.— What would you of me?

Mau.— That you would hear me, for an instant — that you would look upon me, your Maurice!

Adr.— Maurice — no — he is at her side — he forgets me — Go! get ye hence. [*Recognizes* MAURICE.] Ah! Maurice. [*Falls into his arms.*]

Mau.— Oh! heavens grant me aid! And no help near — not a friend! [*Perceives* MICHONNET.] Ah! I am wrong, here comes one.

Enter MICHONNET.

Mic.— Is what they tell me true? Is Adrienne in danger?

Mau.— Adrienne is dying!

Mic.— No — no; she breathes still. All hope is not lost.

Mau.— She opens her eyes!

Adr.— Ah! what torture is this! who is near? — Maurice. [*Sees* MIC.] And you, too! So soon as I was suffering, you were to be here. It is no longer my head, but my chest that burns — there is here a furnace, a devouring flame, that consumes me.

Mic.— Everything proves it. See you not, as I do, the effects of a poison — of a poison active and terrible?

Mau.— What do you suspect?

Mic.—I suspect everybody — and that rival — that noble lady.

Mau.— Hush! hush!

Adr.— Ah! the pain increases. You who love me dearly, save me, help me! I will not die! Just now I should have welcomed death as a benefactor; but now — no! I will not die! He loves me; he called me his wife!

Mic.— His wife!

Adr.— Oh, Heaven! grant my prayer! Oh, Heaven! let me but live a few days more — a few days at his side. I am so young; and life opened so fair for me!

Mau.— Ah, horrible!

Adr.— Life! life! Vain are my efforts! vain my prayers! My days are numbered! My strength, my life, are ebbing fast! [*To* MAU.] Do not leave me! Soon my eyes will no longer see you. Soon my hand will no longer grasp yours!

Mau.— Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adr.— Oh! triumphs of the stage, my heart will throb no more with your ardent emotions! And ye, long studies of an art I loved so well, nothing will remain of you, after me — nothing save memories. [*To those around her.*] In your memories they will live, will they

not? Farewell, Maurice, farewell, my two friends! [*Dies.*]

Mic.— Dead! dead!

— *Adrienne Lecouvreur; translation of* FREDERICK A. SCHWAB.

SCUDDER, HORACE ELISHA, an American editor and biographer; born at Boston, Mass., October 16, 1838; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 11, 1902. After graduation from Williams College, Mass., in 1858, he went to New York City, where he taught until 1861. On the death of his father, David Coit Scudder, a missionary of some note, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to literature. He was the editor of *The Riverside Magazine for Young People* during the four years of its existence (1867–70), and afterward became connected with the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for whom he edited the *American Commonwealth Series*, *American Poems* (1879), and *American Prose* (1880). He contributed to Justin Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston* (1880–81), and was joint author with Mrs. Bayard Taylor of the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor* (1884). In 1890 he succeeded Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His books are *Seven Little People and Their Friends* (1862); *Dream Children* (1863); *The Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder* (1864); *Stories from My Attic* (1869); *The Bodley Books*, a series of books for children (8 vols., 1875–87); *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court* (1876); *Men and Manners in America* (1876); *Stories and Romances* (1880); *The Children's Book*

(1881); *Boston Town* (1881); *Noah Webster* in the American Men of Letters series (1882); *History of the United States* (1884); *Men and Letters* (1885); *Life of James Russell Lowell* (1901).

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft, pearly tint, which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep flush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshippers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said: "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave, and stood in knots by the meeting-house watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road

and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

The vision which he had had this Sunday morning came, like many such, to shatter a fabric which he had long been constructing. The solitary life which he had led, with its fancies made solid and its careful foundation of possibilities, was suddenly invaded by an enemy which disclosed its shining metal as only fool's gold after all. When he turned the key in his door and entered what had hitherto seemed his castle, he could think of nothing but opening the gate of a tomb and locking himself within. The unreality of his life stared him in the face. "For what have I been building this house of cards?" he cried to himself, as he looked about upon all the contrivances and decoration which his ingenuity and art had devised. "What a mockery is this! How complacently I have been setting my house in order, with all its frippery of earthly taste, when so near me move pepole who have shattered all these walls that separate us from the divine! I have deluded myself with the notion that I had but to build my nest, and the bird would fly to it, when I find the bird to be a bird-of-paradise, that makes its nest in the clouds, if anywhere."

There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Holcroft, amid the ruins of his fancies, was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. Every Sunday found him at Shaker meeting, fascinated by the spell which the worship cast over him, and still, as at first, seeing in the graceful girl the very spirit of the society and its aims. He began, also, to listen attentively to expositions of the Shaker life which fell from the lips of the speakers.—*Stories and Romances.*

THE GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCE.

The ease with which Webster walked about the Jericho of English lexicography, blowing his trumpet of destruction, was an American ease, born of a sense that America was a continent and not a province. He transferred

the capital of literature from London to Boston, or New York, or Hartford — he was indifferent so long as it was in the United States. He thought Washington as good an authority on spelling as Dr. Johnson, and much better than King George. He took the Bible as the book to be used, not as a piece of antiquity to be sheltered in a museum, and with an American practicality set about making it more serviceable in his own way. He foresaw the vast crowds of American children; he knew that the integrity of the country was conditioned on the intelligibility of their votes, and he turned on England less with indifference to her than with an absorption in his own country. He made a Speller which has sown votes and muskets; he made alone a Dictionary, which has grown, under the impulse he gave it, into a national encyclopædia, possessing an irresistible momentum. Indeed, is not the very existence of that book in its current form a witness to the same Americanism which Webster displayed, only now in a firmer, finer, and more complex form?

In the high walks of scholarship, where Nationality would seem to be effaced, we have had very recently a capital illustration of the inevitable tendency of national traits to seek expression. The Appendix to the "Revised Version of the New Testament" contains the variations proposed by the American company from the text as otherwise determined. There were in the English company men of radical temperament and of conservative, there were in the American company like distinctions; nevertheless the final separation between the two companies is largely on this line; and one can easily see how much sympathy Webster, for example, would have expressed with the position which the American company took, a position not of dissent but of independent assertion.

The separation between England and America, which was so effectual in Webster's conception, and thus determined much of his thought, was really incipient and not complete. The two countries are more widely separate to-day than they were then, while the outward signs of separation are in many ways less conspicuous. The

forces of national life have been diverging, and the resultant in character and literature is more sure and ineffaceable.

It should be observed that the individualism which characterizes American life was more marked in the first years of the republic than it is now. After we have reasoned away all we will of a revolutionary cataclysmal element in the separation of the United States from the British Empire, there still remains a sharp determination of individual life, historically evident, and very influential in the formation of national character. In the earliest years the centrifugal force for union was barely superior to the centrifugal force for state independence; but the political thought which justified state sovereignty had its logical issue in an isolated individuality. Common-sense and prudence, to be sure, are always defeating logic; but the logical conception helps us to understand tendencies, and it is not difficult to see that the word independence, which was on every one's lips at the close of the last century, was not the sign of a political thought only, but expressed the habit of mind with which persons everywhere regarded life in its varied relations. The breaking up of old political connections not only unsettled the social fabric, it affected necessarily all the relations which the persons held to society; and it was only as a profounder political unity disclosed itself in the nation that each man put forth more confidently his hand to his fellow. The historian of the Union will not fail to observe how with the growth of that Union there began to spring up societies and corporations of every kind, the interdependence of the States extending itself to the interdependence of all interests involved in the State, and the whole fabric of society feeling its web and woof grow firmer and denser.— *Noah Webster.*

SEALSFIELD, CHARLES, whose real name was Karl Anton Postel, a German novelist; born at Poppitz, Moravia, March 3, 1793; died at Solothurn, Switzerland, May 26, 1864. He entered the Church at an early age, but fled in 1823 from the monastery at Prague, Bohemia, of whose community he was a member. All traces of him vanished, and it was not known until the death of Charles Sealsfield, traveler and man of letters, forty-one years later, that he and Karl Postel, the refugee monk, were identical. Sealsfield traveled extensively in the United States, Mexico, and Central America, finally settling in Solothurn, Switzerland, where he embodied the fruits of his observations of men and countries in several books, the more important of which are *The United States of North America as They Are; Transatlantic Traveling Sketches; Pictures of Life in Both Hemispheres; North and South; The Viceroy and the Aristocracy.* In 1829–30 he was editor of the *Courrier des États Unis* in New York. English translations of his works were once widely read, but are now almost forgotten. But the man and his writings deserve a renaissance of reputation and popularity in America as thorough as the posthumous fame that has come to George Borrow and his *Lavengro* in England.

PICTURES OF HENRY CLAY AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

Clay has a nervous, a natural, and a practical eloquence — *ad hominem.* A quick penetration and a self-possession which scarcely anything can disturb, procures him influence, and a daring presumption, common to the Kentuckians, gives him preponderance. . . . Clay has in his person very little that is attractive; a disagreeable

face, gray, piercing eyes, full of a wild, impetuous fire, distinguish the shrewd and impetuous politician, who knows no delicacy in the choice of his means. To the nation Mr. Randolph is truly a valuable citizen. . . . His eloquence is full of sarcasm, combined with good humor, with occasional flashes of genius, and he excels in hitting a point. His characteristic descriptions are true, but exhibit neither delicacy nor forbearance. Like all old bachelors, he is rather fond of painting in shadows, which he enlivens with lighter hues, and in this he may be said to be an adept, being more than sufficiently versed in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the Union. His independent fortune and the character of eccentricity which he has acquired are circumstances of which he well knows how to avail himself. With a meagre figure six feet in height, with long arms, on which the best spectacles could hardly discern an ounce of flesh, an arched forehead, a squeaking voice, at the sound of which one is inclined to close the offended organ, he is animated with a certain life and spirit which amply compensate for these defects. As a Senator of the United States, he is very popular, and deservedly enjoys the regard paid to him by the unprejudiced majority of his fellow-citizens.

SEAWELL, MOLLY ELLIOT, an American novelist; born in Gloucester County, Va., October 23, 1860. In 1886 she began writing stories and sketches for the newspapers and periodicals. In 1890 her story *Little Jarvis* won a prize of $500 offered by the *Youth's Companion,* and in 1895, her story *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* won a prize of $3,000 offered by the New York *Herald.* Among her later novels are *Midshipman Paulding* (1891); *A Strange, Sad Comedy* (1895); *A Virginia Cavalier* (1896); *Children of Destiny* (1900); *Franceska*

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL.

(1901); *The House of Egremont* (1902); *Papa Bouchard* (1902); *The Great Scoop* (1903); and *The Fortunes of Fifi* (1904).

FIFI AND TOTO.

Fifi set forth gaily, feeling warm in spite of her thin black silk mantle.

It was near dusk and a great silver moon was smiling down at Fifi from the dark blue heavens. The streets were crowded and there was as much gaiety in them as in the finer faubourgs across the river. The chestnut venders were out in force, and on nearly every corner one of them had set up his temporary kitchen, whose ruddy glow lighted up the clear-obscure of the evening.

Around these centers of light and warmth people were gathered, sniffing the pungent odor of the roasting chestnuts, and spending five-centime pieces with a splendid generosity. The street hawkers did a rushing business; one could buy broken furniture, cheeses, toy balloons, cheap bon-bons and cakes tied with gay ribbons, within twenty feet of anywhere. Three organ-grinders were going at the same time in front of the brightly lighted shop where Fifi's cloak was — for she already reckoned it hers. But alas for Fifi! Directly in front of the shop a crowd had collected around an Italian, who was exhibiting the most entirely fascinating little black dog that Fifi had ever seen. He was about as big as a good-sized rabbit, and was trimmed like a lion. Around his neck was tied a card on which was written:

Toto is my name, and I am a dog of the most aristocratic lineage in France, and I can be bought for twenty francs. See me dance and you will believe that I would be cheap at a hundred francs.

Fifi edged her way to where this angel of a dog was being shown by his owner, the Italian, and opening her arms wide, cried out in Italian:

"Come here, my beauty. Come here, dear Toto."

The dog ran to her, and placing his paws on her gown, gazed up into her shining eyes with that look of con-

fiding friendship which only a dog's eyes can express. Fifi bent down, and Toto, putting out a sharp little red tongue, licked her delicate, cold cheek. Fifi was enraptured. Toto, with all his beauty, high descent and accomplishments, was not puffed up, but had a dog's true heart.

Fifi and Toto became intimate at once, to the delight of the crowd, as well as of Toto's master. The Italian saw, in this evidence of the dog's gentle disposition, a better chance to sell him. A stout, red-faced woman, showily dressed, immediately offered eighteen francs for the dog. The Italian held out stoutly for twenty, and to clinch the matter, brought out from his clothes somewhere a complete ballet dancer's outfit; and in the wink of an eye Toto was doing a beautiful ballet, his skirts of pink spangled tulle waving up and down around his slim, little black legs, a low-necked bodice showing a necklace around his throat, earrings jangling in his ears, and his head affectedly stuck on one side, while he ogled the gentlemen in true ballet-dancer's style.

Oh, it was delicious! Fifi almost wept with delight as Toto pirouetted, his tulle skirts waving and his earrings tinkling musically. And when at last he retired and sat down, fanning himself with his skirts, Fifi's heart, as well as her hard-earned money, was Toto's.

The stout, red-faced woman was obviously impressed with Toto's value, for she immediately said to the Italian:

"Nineteen francs, Monsieur."

The Italian shook his head; and then, scarcely knowing what she was doing, Fifi cried out in her musical, high-pitched voice:

"Twenty francs! Oh, Toto, you are mine!"

And holding her arms open, Toto jumped into them and was cuddled to her breast.

It was all over in a minute. The crowd had dispersed, and Fifi, with Toto in her arms, and his ballet dress in her pocket, was rather dumfounded at the success of her sudden venture.—(Used by special permission of the publishers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. From *The Fortunes of Fifi,* by Molly Elliot Seawell. Copyright 1903.)

SEDGWICK, Catharine Maria, an American novelist; born at Stockbridge, Mass., December 28, 1789; died near Roxbury, Mass., July 31, 1867. Her first publication was *The New England Tale* (1822). *Redwood* followed in 1824. It was received at once with a degree of favor that caused the author's name to be associated, and on equal terms, with that of Cooper, who was then at the height of his popularity, and, indeed, in a French translation of the book, which then appeared, Cooper is given on the title-page as the author. *Redwood* was also translated into the Italian, besides being reprinted in England. The reputation of the author was extended by the appearance, in 1827, of *Hope Leslie,* the most decided favorite of all her novels. *Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times,* was published in 1830; *Le Bossu,* one of the tales of the Glauber Spa, in 1832; *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America,* in 1835; and, lastly, after an interval of twenty-two years, *Married or Single,* in 1857.

In 1836 she commenced writing in quite a new vein, giving a series of illustrations of common life called *The Poor Rich Man* and *The Rich Poor Man.* These were followed, in 1837, by *Live and Let Live,* and afterward by *Means and Ends, a Love Token for Children,* and *Stories for Young Persons.* In 1839 Miss Sedgwick went to Europe, and while there wrote *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home,* published in two volumes. She wrote also a *Life of Lucretia M. Davidson,* and contributed numerous articles to the annuals and magazines. Most of her later publications were prepared expressly for children and young

persons. The titles of some of her small volumes are *Facts and Fancies; Morals and Manners; Wilton Harvey; Boy of Mount Rhigi,* etc.

A SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended: and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter as well as the spirit of the law, that — according to a vulgar tradition — in Connecticut no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to "work" on Sunday.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week: the good mothers, like Burn's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or "help," are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and mops, to make all tidy for the Sabbath. As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and after the sun is set perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who alleged that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings; and but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till at the bidding of the church-going bell the old and young issue from their habitations, and with solemn demeanor bend their measured steps to the "meeting-house;" the families of the

manner the doctor, the merchant — the modest gentry of the village — and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if perchance nature in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, "My dear, you forget it's Sunday!" is the ever-ready reproof. . . .

The farmer's ample wagon and the little one-horse vehicle bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance — that is to say, in our rural community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasant sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters — blooming, intelligent, well-bred — pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, leghorn hats, fans and parasols; and the spruce young men with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet, as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society — a luckless wight whose vagrant taste has never been subdued — he may be seen sneaking along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Toward the close of the day (or, to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it) when "the Sabbath begins to abate," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky; and though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disc does slowly sink behind the mountain; and while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summit, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding foot-steps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on "the green;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing-school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the

day had been a preparatory penance.— *A New England Tale.*

MAPLETON.

Mapleton is, or was — our to-days are very unlike our yesterdays — a secluded village in New England. It lies in a hill and lake country with the intervening valleys and meadows, that are enriched by the spring *freshets* with alluvial soil. A railroad now skirts the valley, but at the epoch of our story the simplicity of rural life was in no way invaded. There was no monster hotel; only a two-storied inn, with its traditions of "The Revolution," "Shays's War," and a flaming ghost that once haunted its precincts.

The "dollar" was not yet "almighty" in Mapleton, but such things as contentment, mental accomplishment, social respect, and self-respect were there held superior to it and independent of it. No city-earned fortunes ruffled its quiet surface, and — oh, blissful days! — no city bees broke the silence of its summer shades.

The village street runs parallel to Lily Pond, a bit of water some six or seven miles in circumference. Lily Pond may it remain, in spite of its ambitious rechristening as Lake *Bona Vista,* by Colonel Donalphonso Hart, a return-volunteer from the Mexican war, who illustrated Mapleton by his nativity. The indigenous name of this lovely bit of water indicates the lotus that profusely adorns its bosom in the month of August, shooting up its long, flexile stems, unfolding its white petals, with a pink tint as delicate as an infant's blush, and breathing out the rich odors it seems to have inhaled from the voluptuous sweets of summer.

Mapleton is the oldest village in the county. The beauty of its position was accidental, for its founders being true sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, like them eschewed the quality of beauty as if it were a device of the wicked one. Throughout New England the Puritans turned their backs upon the sweet South and its cheerful sunshine, facing their houses to the cold blasts of the North, as they did their tempers to the rigors of life. So it came, that the shores of Lily Pond that looked to the

east and south, with their charming variety of rock and woodland, and flowery turf, were abandoned to unseemly barns, and slovenly yards into which kitchens and sheds opened, and that the houses were built haphazard on either side of a wide street winding in parallel line with the winding shore; the west side being preferred for building, as highest and driest, and as commanding wider fields of pasture, grain, and woodland, intervening between it and the mountain barrier of the township. Civilization had, however, begun its work in Mapleton. The native taste of some of its people was cultivated; a few had traveled, and they were beginning to adorn their rural homes with filial love and reverence, the reverence attaching itself to old things, the love creating new beauties. Creeping roses sheltered and adorned the bared trunks of old trees, Virginia creepers shot over old barns, and honeysuckles and the native clematis perfumed and graced old porches. Fences were removed, yards became "lawns," shrubberies were set, patches of flowers bloomed out from the greensward, gravel-walks were laid out, piazzas erected, and the whole screened from the cold north and envious east wind by thick plantings of our native hemlock.

All honor be to the women of Mapleton, who, by their "Married Ladies' Cemetery Association," and their "Young Ladies' Flower Committee," hastened on this rural millennium.— *Married or Single.*

SEDLEY, Sir Charles, an English dramatist; born at Aylesford, Kent, about 1639; died August 20, 1701. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, repaired to Court at the Restoration, and sat in Parliament for New Romney. The earliest of Sedley's prose papers was entitled *Reflections Upon Our Late and Present Proceedings in Eng-*

land. This contribution to the pamphlet literature of the period furnishes a good example of Sedley's clear and facile prose style. The Parliamentary speeches attributed to him bear largely upon the advantages of retrenchment, and in general reflect the opinions of a moderate Tory. Notwithstanding the continued interest in public affairs exhibited in these speeches, the literary reputation of Sedley among his contemporaries equalled his notoriety in the world of fashion. Flatteries were lavished on him by Rochester, Buckingham, and Shadwell, and Dryden introduced him as one of the personages of the dialogue published in 1688 as *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy,* and dedicated to him *The Assignation* (1673). When the literary remains of Sedley are examined, they are found very imperfectly to warrant their contemporary reputation. His prose writings consist, besides the pieces already mentioned, of a commonplace *Essay on Entertainments,* and a prose version of Cicero's oration *Pro M. Marcello.* The burlesque *Speech and Last Will and Testament* of the Earl of Pembroke may be his or Butler's. Sedley's non-dramatic verse comprises little that is noticeable; he has, however, occasionally, very felicitous turns of diction, the effect of which is enhanced by the unstudied simplicity of his manner. The pretty song, *Phillis Is My Only Joy,* and its companion, *Song à la Mode,* survive chiefly because of their setting as madrigals. Another lyric of merit is *Love Still Has Something of the Sea.* He has also left a series of translations and adaptations, including versions in heroic couplets of *Virgil's Fourth Georgic,* and *Eclogues,* and an adaptation, under the sub-title of *Court Characters,* of a series of epigrams from Martial. His plays are *Antony and Cleopatra* (1677);

The Tyrant King of Crete, merely an adaptation of Henry Killigrew's *Conspiracy,* which was printed in 1638; *The Mulberry Garden* (1668); *Bellamira, or The Mistress* (1687), and *The Grumbler.* His poems were collected in 1701; and were published with his speeches in 1707.

The Mulberry Garden is an example, composed partly in easy prose and partly in rhymed couplets, of what may be called the "rambling" comedy of the age. It is partly founded on Molière's *École des Maris.* Its action is supposed to take place just about the time of Monk's declaration in favor of the Restoration.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
  As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
  No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
  And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
  Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
  Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away
  Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
  To their perfection pressed,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
  And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
  And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
  Threw a new, flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art —
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

— *From The Mulberry Garden.*

SENECA, LUCIUS ANNÆUS, a Roman philosopher and moralist; second son of the rhetorician, Marcus Annæus Seneca; born at Corduba, Spain, about the year 3 B.C.; died near Rome, in A.D. 65. He was taken by his parents to Rome to be educated, and became a devoted student of rhetoric, philosophy, and law, and soon gained distinction at the bar. His political career was suddenly interrupted in A.D. 41 by his banishment to Corsica, by Claudius. The eight years of his banishment were spent in study and writing. It was during this exile that he wrote his *Consolatio ad Helviam.* In A.D. 48 the Empress, Agrippina, had him recalled, and he was appointed prætor and tutor to her son, L. Domitius (Nero), then eleven years old. He became Agrippina's confidential adviser, and at the accession of Nero, A.D. 54, his influence increased. Under this in-

fluence and that of the prætorian prefect, the first five years of Nero's reign were wise and just. In A.D. 56 Seneca wrote a treatise on clemency addressed to Nero, *De Clementia ad Neronem.* When the rupture between Nero and his mother came, Seneca sided with Nero, consented to her death, and wrote the letter which Nero addressed to the Senate in its justification. He was finally supplanted in the favor of Nero by Tigellinus and Rufus, and when he was accused of being an accomplice of Piso, in a conspiracy against the Emperor, he was compelled to commit suicide. This he did by opening his veins while in a warm bath. Some of his works are *On Anger; A Book on Providence; On Tranquillity of Mind; On the Brevity of Life*; essays on natural science, and numerous letters.

"BE SLOW UNTO WRATH."

The greatest remedy for anger is delay; beg anger to grant you this at the first, not in order that it may pardon the offence, but that it may form a right judgment about it: if it delay, it will come to an end. Do not attempt to quell it all at once, for its first impulses are fierce; by plucking away its parts we shall remove the whole. We are made angry by some things which we learn at second-hand, and by some which we ourselves hear or see. Now, we ought to be slow to believe what is told us. Many tell lies in order to deceive us, and many because they are themselves deceived. Some seek to win our favor by false accusations, and invent wrongs in order that they may appear angry at our having suffered them. One man lies out of spite, that he may set trusting friends at variance; some because they are suspicious, and wish to see sport, and watch from a safe distance those whom they have set by the ears. If you were about to give sentence in court about ever so small a sum of money, you would take nothing as proved without a witness, and a witness

would count for nothing except on his oath. You would allow both sides to be heard: you would allow them time: you would not despatch the matter at one sitting, because the oftener it is handled the more distinctly the truth appears. And do you condemn your friend off-hand? Are you angry with him before you hear his story, before you have cross-examined him, before he can know either who is his accuser or with what he is charged?— *On Anger; translation of* AUBREY STEWART, M. A.

SERVISS, GARRETT PUTMAN; an American astronomer, and journalist; born at Sharon Springs, N. Y., March 24, 1851. He was graduated from Cornell University in 1872, and from the Columbia Law School in 1874. He was editorial writer on the New York *Sun* until 1892, and has since lectured on history and astronomy. His books include *Astronomy With an Opera Glass* (1888); *The Conquest of Mars* (1898); *Pleasures of the Telescope* (1900); and *Other Worlds* (1902).

THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

People generally have a very false idea about the difficulties and attractions of science. The truth is that the most wonderful things that science knows are not above or beyond the understanding of boys and girls, as well as of older people, if only they are looked at in the right way. We must not be afraid to use our imagination. That is the magic key that will open the door for us.

"Where is the door to fairyland?" do you ask. Why, it is anywhere that you happen to look, and if once you put your imagination to work, and set your mind in the proper way to understand things, you will find yourself

inside the magic door as suddenly as Alice got through the Looking-Glass.

I have a young friend who got in with the aid of a snowflake that happened to alight on the end of her nose. It was a big flake, and it startled her so much with its sudden coming and cold touch that she cried out: "Mama! Mama! What is it?" before she discovered that it was snow. Then she laughed at her fright, but her mother turned her merriment to wonder by telling her that it was one of the children of the fairies whose touch had so startled her. And when she had listened to the story of how the snowflake had once been a little particle of invisible mist lifted by a sunbeam from the face of the sea, how the fairies of the air had borne it high up into the sky and far over the land, how suddenly it had felt itself frozen to the heart and would have become a solid bit of ice, and have been precipitated straight down from its awful height to the earth, if the Fairy "Crystallization" had not met it, and shaped its chilled atoms into a beautiful six-rayed star of pure white snow all bespangled with little gems, and so light that it floated gently down, playing with the winds, until it melted on the little girl's nose — she had had her introduction to the Fairyland of Science, and thereafter the world seemed twice as beautiful to her as it was before.

The title that stands at the head of this page was suggested by Arabella Buckley's famous little classic of popular science which has fascinated so many thousands of readers whose mother-tongue is English. But Miss Buckley did not pretend to exhaust, in her delightful book, the almost infinite store of the fairy-tales of science. A hundred volumes, or a thousand, could not contain them all. And they are growing in number and becoming more interesting every day, because all the time men are getting wiser, and learning more of the secrets of nature. These fairy-tales, for such they truly are, need to be told again and again, because there are always new ones to be added, while the old ones are made fresh by new discoveries.

By opening the eyes and minds of her readers to things that before they had not thought much about, Miss Buckley showed them a gateway into this fairyland, which, like the natural door in the side of the Hill of the Fairies near Sligo, that is pointed out to travelers in Ireland, connects the every-day world which everybody sees and understands with a deeper and more wonderful world which all can see and enjoy, if they only will.

We propose to follow Miss Buckley's example, and get through the thick hedge that surrounds the fairyland of science, and to see the fairies at their work and in their play, because the few that she introduced us to have awakened our desire to meet more of them; for more we know there are, and some of them, the most marvelous of all, have but just been discovered, so that we cannot yet tell exactly how many wonders they can work. But at the same time, we shall not neglect our old acquaintances.

In this introductory article we mean to show only what a wonder-world there is awaiting our inspection even in the simplest things and appearances about us, without, at present, telling any of its fairy-tales in full. And we can give in advance but the slightest indication of the number and the nature of these stories. There is a very surprising tale, for instance, to be told about the Fairy of the Footpath — for I do not know how better to describe her — who makes people walk in curves and sometimes in circles, instead of straight ahead. She is closely related to the Giant Gravitation, of whom Miss Buckley has told, and about whom we shall have many things to relate.

Then there is the Fairy Color, who does the most exquisitely delightful things, often in the most unexpected and curious ways. She dwells in the sunbeams, but she has other dwelling-places also. Perhaps I should say rather that there are several sisters who all bear this name, but who are not all equally brilliant and beautiful. But they set off one another's charms to perfection.

In telling some of these stories, we shall incidentally

answer questions which your friends are always asking you, or which perhaps you are always asking yourelf, and which seem so absurdly simple that you are rather provoked to find that you don't know all about them. The story of the forces that make dewdrops, for example, is extremely interesting, and full of instruction that is very pleasant and profitable to have. A great many hard questions are often asked about extremely common and simple things, and the person who can answer such questions is sure to be very popular, to say nothing of the pleasure derived from an acquaintance with the fairies of science.

I do not know any of the Fairy-Tales of Science that is more wonderful or captivating than that which relates to starlight. It tells how the beams of the tiniest star that twinkles in the sky bring down to the earth little written messages, written generally in black but sometimes in bright, or even in colored, lines, and which we can actually read, making out their meaning as clearly as we can that of a page of print in a book. But the meaning which we find in these messages from the stars is even more marvelous than the manner in which they are brought to us. However, I have no space to go into that matter now. It must be reserved for a future article.

So, too, must the stories of those strange fairies whose mission seems to be to deceive people's eyes, and to make them think they see what they do not see. Even dumb animals and insects are the sport of these days, who work with light and colors and shapes, and play an astonishingly great part in the life of the world. Although they practise deception, they apparently do more good than harm, and some of the creatures inhabiting the earth could hardly continue to exist without their aid. Even such powerful brutes as tigers and leopards are greatly indebted to them for safety.— *The Twentieth Century Home.*

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON, an Anglo-American artist and naturalist; formerly known as Ernest Seton Thompson; born at South Shields, Durham, England, August 14, 1860. He studied at the Royal Academy, and later was made government naturalist of the Canadian province of Manitoba. In 1890 he went to Paris to study art, returning to New York in 1895. His works include *Wild Animals I Have Known* (1898); *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag* (1899); *The Biography of a Grizzly* (1900); *Lives of the Hunted* (1901); *Two Little Savages* (1903); *Monarch, the Big Bear of Tullac* (1904); and *Animal Heroes* (1905).

THE FATE OF THE KITTENS.

The little Slum Kitten was not six weeks old yet, but she was alone in the old junk-yard. Her mother had gone to seek food among the garbage-boxes the night before, and had never returned, so when the second evening came she was very hungry. A deep-laid instinct drove her forth from the old cracker-box to seek something to eat. Feeling her way silently among the rubbish she smelt everything that seemed eatable, but without finding food. At length she reached the wooden steps leading down into Jap Malee's bird-store underground at the far end of the yard. The door was open a little, and she walked in. A negro sitting idly on a box in a corner watched her curiously. She wandered past some Rabbits; they paid no heed. She came to a wide-barred cage in which was a Fox. He crouched low; his eyes glowed. The Kitten wandered, sniffing, up to the bars, put her head in, sniffed again, then made straight toward the feed-pan, to be seized in a flash by the crouching Fox. She gave a frightened "mew," and the negro also sprang forward, spitting with such copi-

THE LONE WOLF.

ous vigor in the Fox's face that he dropped the Kitten and returned to the corner, there to sit blinking his eyes in sullen fear.

The negro pulled the Kitten out. She tottered in a circle a few times, then revived, and a few minutes later, when Jap Malee came back, she was purring in the negro's lap, apparently none the worse.

Jap was not an Oriental; he was a full-blooded Cockney; but his eyes were such little accidental slits aslant in his round, flat face that his first name was forgotten in the highly descriptive title of "Jap." He was not especially unkind to the birds and beasts which furnished his living, but he did not want the Slum Kitten.

The negro gave her all the food she could eat, and then carried her to a distant block and dropped her in an iron-yard. Here she lived and somehow found food enough to grow till, weeks later, an extended exploration brought her back to her old quarters in the junk-yard, and glad to be at home she at once settled down.

Kitty was now fully grown. She was a striking-looking Cat of the Tiger type. Her marks were black on a pale gray, and the four beauty spots of white, on nose, ears and tail-tip, lent a certain distinction. She was expert now at getting a living, yet she had some days of starvation, and had so far failed in her ambition to catch a Sparrow. She was quite alone, but a new force was coming into her life.

She was lying in the sun one September day when a large black Cat came walking along the top of a wall in her direction. By his torn ear she recognized him at once as an old enemy. She slunk into her box and hid. He picked his way gingerly, bounded lightly to a shed that was at the end of the yard, and was crossing the roof when a yellow Cat rose up. The black Tom glared and growled; so did the yellow Tom. Their tails lashed from side to side. Strong throats growled and yowled. They approached with ears laid back, with muscles a-tense.

"Yow — yow — ow," said the Black one.

"Wow — w — w — " was the slightly deeper answer.

"Ya — wow — wow — wow —" said the Black one, edging up an inch nearer.

"Yow — w — w —" was the Yellow answer, as the blond Cat rose to full height and stepped with vast dignity a whole inch forward. "Yow — w," and he went another inch, while his tail went swish — thump — from one side to the other.

"Ya — wow — yow — w," screamed the Black in a rising tone, and he backed the eighth of an inch as he marked the broad, unshrinking breast before him.

Windows opened all around, human voices were heard, but the Cat scene went on.

"You — yow — ow," rumbled the Yellow peril, his voice deepening as the other's rose. "Yow," and he advanced another step.

Now their noses were but three inches apart; they stood sidewise, both ready to clinch, but each waiting for the other. They glared at each other for three minutes in silence, and like statues, except that each tail-tip was twisting.

The Yellow began again. "Yow — ow — ow," in deep tone.

"Ya-a-a-a-a," screamed the Black with intent to strike terror by his yell, but he retreated one-sixteenth of an inch. The Yellow walked up a whole long inch; their whiskers were mixing now; another advance, and their noses almost touched.

"Yo — w — w," said Yellow, like a deep moan.

"Ya-a-a-a-a," screamed Black, but he retreated a thirty-second of an inch, and the yellow warrior closed and clinched like a demon.

Oh, how they rolled and bit and tore — especially the Yellow one!

How they pitched and gripped and hugged — but especially the Yellow one!

Over and over, sometimes one on top, sometimes the other, but usually the Yellow one, and over they rolled till off the roof, amid cheers from all the windows. They lost not a second in that fall into the junk-yard; they tore and clawed all the way down, but especially the

Yellow one; and when they struck the ground, still fighting, the one on top was chiefly the Yellow one; and before they separated both had had as much as they wanted, especially the Black one! He scaled the wall, and, bleeding and growling, disappeared, while the news was passed from window to window that Cayley's "Nig" had been licked by "Orange Billy."

Either the yellow Cat was a very clever seeker, or else Slum Kitty did not hide very hard, for he discovered her among the boxes and she made no attempt to get away, probably because she had witnessed the fight. There is nothing like success in warfare to win the female heart, and thereafter the yellow Tom and Kitty became very good friends, not sharing each other's lives or food — Cats do not do that much — but recognizing each other as entitled to special friendly privileges.

When October's shortening days were on an event took place in the old cracker-box. If "Orange Billy" had come he would have seen five little Kittens curled up in the embrace of their mother, the little Slum Kitty. It was a wonderful thing for her. She felt all the elation an animal mother can feel — all the delight — as she tenderly loved them and licked them.

She had added a joy to her joyless life, but she had also added a heavy burden. All her strength was taken now to find food. And one day, led by a tempting smell, she wandered into the bird cellar and into an open cage. Everything was still, there was meat ahead, and she reached forward to seize it; the cage door fell with a snap, and she was a prisoner. That night the negro put an end to the Kittens and was about to do the same with the mother when her unusual markings attracted the attention of the bird man, who decided to keep her. — *From The Slum Cat, in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

SÉVIGNÉ, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal de, a French letter writer; born at Paris, February 6, 1626; died at Grignan, April 18, 1696. Left an orphan in early childhood, she was tenderly reared by her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, was carefully educated, and at the age of eighteen was married to the Marquis Henri de Sévigné. This marriage was terminated, at the end of seven years, by the death of her husband, and Madame de Sévigné devoted herself to the education of her young son and daughter. On her return to Paris, in 1654, she became, in virtue of her wit, her beauty, her tact, and her sweet disposition, the centre of a brilliant society. The marriage of her daughter to the Count de Grignan, Governor of Provence, and the consequent separation from her, was the grief of Madame de Sévigné's life. She took refuge in long letters, in which she described all of the persons she met, and detailed all the events of the life around her. These *Letters*, scarcely equalled in their combination of wit, sympathy, and graceful expression, form, with letters to other friends, the foundation of Madame de Sévigné's fame.

TO HER DAUGHTER.

Paris, March 3, 1671.

If you were here, my dear child, you would certainly laugh at me. I am set down to write beforehand, but from a very different reason to that which I once gave you, for writing to a person two days before I could send my letter: it was a matter of indifference to me, when I wrote, as I knew I should have no more to say to him at the two days' end than I had then. But here the case is otherwise. I do it now from the regard I

have for you, and to satisfy the pleasure I take in writing to you every moment, which is the sole comfort I have now left. To-day I am shut up by myself in my room, through excess of ill-humor. I am weary of everything. . . .

I assure you, my dear child, I am continually thinking of you: and I experience every day the truth of what you once told me, that there are certain thoughts which are not to be dwelt upon, but passed over as lightly as possible, unless we would be forever in tears. This is my case; for there is not a place in the house which does not give a stab to my heart when I see it; but your room especially deals a deadly blow from every part of it. I have placed a screen in the middle of it, that I may at least take something from the prospect. As for the window from which I saw you get into D'Hacqueville's coach, and then called you back again, I shudder every time I think how near I was throwing myself out of it after you. I was likely enough to have done it, for at times I am not in my senses. The closet where I held you last in my arms without knowing what I did; the Capuchins, where I used to go to mass; the tears that fell so fast from my eyes that they wetted the ground, as if water had been thrown on it; Saint Mary's, Madame de la Fayette, my return to the house, your room, that night, the next morning, your first letter, and every one since, and still every day, and every conversation of those who feel with me, are so many remembrancers of my loss. Poor D'Hacqueville holds the first rank; I shall never forget the compassion he showed me. These are the thoughts incessantly uppermost; yet these are to be passed over, it seems; we are not to abandon ourselves to our thoughts, and the emotions of our heart. I had rather, however, continue my reveries on the kind of life you are leading. It occasions a sort of diversion, without making me abandon my principal, my beloved object. I do then think of you. I am always wishing for letters from you. One wish of this nature, when gratified, is followed by another continually. I am in this state of expectation now, and shall go on with my letter when I have received one from you.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Dec. 15, 1670.

I am going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable; in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one either; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris; how, then, will it gain credit at Lyons? A thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will not be finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you; guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well, then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to — pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, "It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière." Indeed, madame, it is not. "It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then." No, nor she, neither; you are extremely provincial. "Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while." Nay, now you are still farther from the mark. "Why then it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy." You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — guess, pray guess, her name; he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late

Monsieur [Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII.]; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henri IV.; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, Dec. 19, 1670.

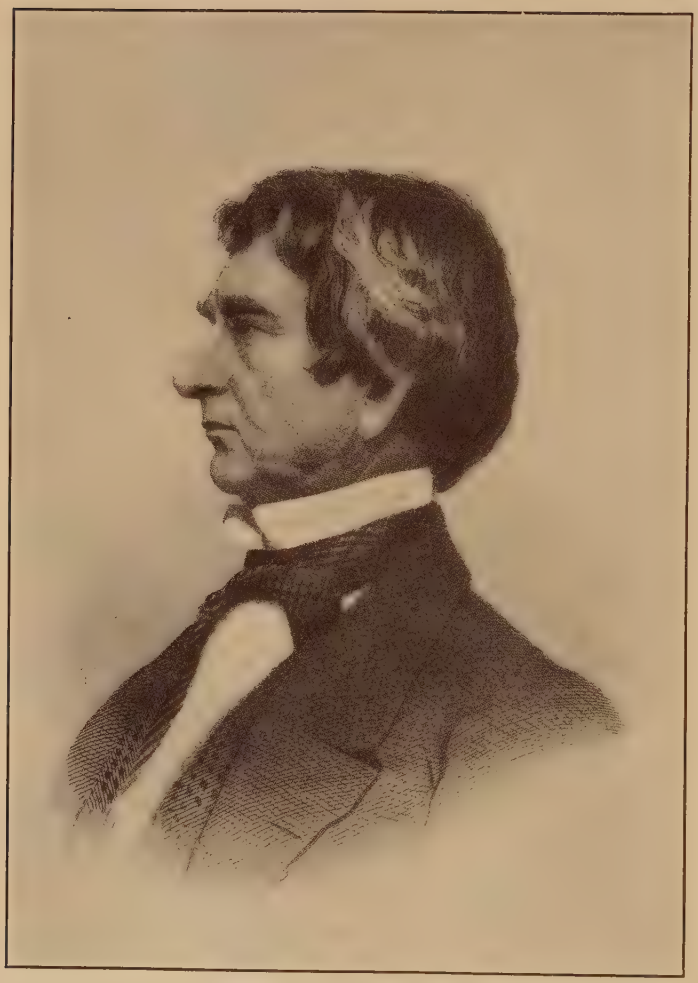
What is called "falling from the clouds," happened last night at the Tuileries; but I must go farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you, the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to Monsieur de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities, necessary to be inserted in the marriage-contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him them, till she could give him something better, four duchies; the first was that of Count d'Eu, which entitles him to rank as first peer of France; the Dukedom of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the Dukedom de Saint Fargeau; and the Dukedom de Châtelrault, the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said that he would do; but, about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him, had so persuaded his majesty that his reputation would

suffer in this affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lauzun, he announced to them before the prince that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. Monsieur de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time despair, that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave a loose to her feelings, and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long, and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end, and without intermission; we hope you do the same, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani;* "and with this I kiss your hand."

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, Dec. 24, 1670.

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of Monsieur de Lauzun. It is a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theatre; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time; never was there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless great, but then the king's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great; so that, upon the whole, his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle, too, has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of everyone there; so the affair is over.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY, an American statesman; born at Florida, N. Y., May 16, 1801; died at Auburn, N. Y., October 10, 1872. He entered Union College at fifteen, and after his graduation went to the South, and was for several months teacher of an academy in Georgia. Returning to the North, he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1822, and soon after entered upon practice at Auburn, N. Y., which was thereafter his residence. He soon began to take an active part in politics. About 1828 the "anti-Masonic" excitement reached its height, and Mr. Seward was elected to the State Senate as an "Anti-Mason." In 1834 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Governor of New York. In 1838 he was elected Governor by the "Whig" party. He was re-elected in 1840, but declining a renomination in 1842, he resumed his large legal practice at Auburn. In 1849 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was re-elected in 1855. He soon became a recognized leader of the political party opposed to the extension of slavery which finally assumed the name of "Republican." In a speech, in 1849, on the admission of California as a State of the Union, he formulated what is known as "The Higher Law Doctrine." "There is," said he, "a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates the authority of Congress — the law of God, and the interests of humanity."

In the Republican National Convention of 1860 Mr. Seward was apparently the foremost candidate for the presidency; but it being found impossible to concentrate upon him the votes of a majority of the

delegates, the nomination was given to Abraham Lincoln, who was elected. President Lincoln invited to his Cabinet the men who had been prominent competitors for the Presidential nomination — Mr. Seward accepting the position of Secretary of State, fulfilling its duties during Mr. Lincoln's administration.

In 1870 he set out upon a journey round the world, which occupied fourteen months. Crossing the continent to the Pacific Ocean, he visited China, Japan, portions of British India, Egypt, and Palestine, returning by way of Europe. He had already published four volumes of his *Works* containing public speeches, diplomatic correspondence, several biographical sketches, and various literary addresses. He now set himself down to record the results of his observations during his recent journey. This work, entitled *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World,* edited by his niece, Olive Risley Seward, was published soon after his death. He was also engaged upon a *History of Our Own Times,* which he left incomplete.

THE MORAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Reasoning *a priori,* it is only just to infer in favor of the United States an improvement of morals from their established progress in knowledge and power; otherwise the philosophy of society is misunderstood, and we must change all our courses, and henceforth seek safety in imbecility, and virtue in superstition and ignorance. What shall be the test of national morals? Shall it be the eccentricity of crimes? Certainly not; for then we must compare the criminal eccentricity of to-day with that of yesterday. The result of the comparison would be only this — that the crimes of society change with changing circumstances.

Loyalty to the State is a public virtue. Was it ever

deeper-toned or more universal than now? I know there are ebullitions of passion and discontent, sometimes breaking out into disorder and violence; but was ever faction more disarmed and harmless than it is now? There is a loyalty which springs from affection that we bear to our native soil. This we have as strong as any people. But it is not the soil alone nor yet the soil beneath our feet and the skies over our heads, that constitute our country. It is its freedom, equality, justice, greatness, and glory. Who among us is so low as to be insensible of an interest in them? Four hundred thousand natives of other lands every year voluntarily renounce their own sovereigns, and swear fealty to our own. Who has ever known an American to transfer his allegiance permanently to a foreign power?

The spirit of the laws, in any country, is a true inflex to the morals of a people, just in proportion to the power they exercise in making them. Who complains, here or elsewhere, that crime or immorality blots our statute-books with licentious enactments? The character of a country's magistrates, legislators, and captains, chosen by its people, reflects their own. It is true that in the earnest canvassing which so frequently recurring elections require suspicion often follows the magistrate, and scandal follows in the footsteps of the statesman. Yet when his course has been finished, what magistrate has left a name tarnished by corruption, or what statesman has left an act or an opinion so erroneous that decent charity cannot excuse, though it may disapprove? What chieftain ever tempered military triumph with so much moderation as he who, when he had placed our standard on the battlements of the capital of Mexico, not only received an offer of supreme authority from the conquered nation, but declined it?

The manners of a nation are the outward form of its inner life. Where is woman held in so chivalrous respect, and where does she deserve that eminence better? Where is property more safe, commercial honor better sustained, or human life more sacred? Moderation is a virtue in public and private life. Has not the great increase of private wealth manifested itself chiefly in

widening the circle of education and elevating the standard of popular intelligence? With forces which, if combined and directed by ambition, would subjugate this continent at once, we have only made two very short wars: the one confessedly a war of defence, and the other ended by paying for peace, and for a domain already conquered.

Where lies the secret of the increase of virtue which has thus been established? I think it will be found in the entire emancipation of the consciences of men from either direct or indirect control by established ecclesiastical or political systems. Religious classes, like political parties, have been left to compete in the great work of moral education, and to entitle themselves to the confidence and affection of society by the purity of their faith and of their morals.— *Address at Yale College, 1854.*

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CHINESE RACE.

The Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, social, and moral capabilities. Long ago they reached a higher place of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand that while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. . . .

The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and inde-

pendent, as she was when found by the European states, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations; without the science of political economy, the Government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the Government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable, nor can the Government repress them without the aid of the Western Powers. Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. . . .

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be well to define intelligently the present political position of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire; nor has it become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the constant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces, backed by the menace of military intervention.

In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: First, absolute subjection by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present forms of government, and and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age.

The Chinese people, inflated with national pride and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, render

it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is therefore out of the question. We have already expressed the opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire, and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack ever dreamed of.

The exercise of sovereignty in China by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country, and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers; but how long the four hundred millions of people within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present government [1871] favors, and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Sang are progressive and renovating statesmen; but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati,* now less bigoted than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people; and, for aught anyone can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it then be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practice in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy. — *Travels Around the World.*

LOYALTY TO THE UNION.

The Union is, not because merely that men choose that it shall be, but because some government must exist here, and no other government than this can. If it could be dashed to atoms by the whirlwind, the lightning or the earthquake, to-day, it would rise again in all its just and magnificent proportions to-morrow. This nation is a globe, still accumulating upon accumulation, not a dissolving sphere.

I have heard somewhat here, and almost for the first time in my life, of divided allegiance — of allegiance to the South and to the Union — of allegiance to States severally and to the Union. . . .

But for all this I know only one country and one sovereign — the United States of America and the American people. And such as my allegiance is, is the loyalty of every other citizen of the United States. As I speak he will speak when his time arrives. He knows no other country and no other sovereign.— *Speech on the Admission of California, 1850.*

THE VISION OF A GREAT AMERICAN.

"Among geniuses so lofty as these (Webster, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Monroe, Madison, and Jefferson), Henry Clay bore a part in regulating the constitutional freedom of political debate, establishing that long-contested and most important line which divided the sovereignty of the several States from that of the States confederated; asserting the right of neutrality, and vindicating it by a war against Great Britain, when that just, but extreme, measure became necessary; adjusting the terms on which that perilous, yet honorable contest, was brought to a peaceful close; perfecting the army, and the navy, and national fortifications; settling the fiscal and financial policy of the Government in more than one crisis of apparently threatened revolution, asserting and calling into exercise the powers of the Government for making and improving internal communications between the States; arousing and encouraging the Spanish-American colonies on this continent to throw off the foreign yoke, and to organize governments on principles congenial to our own, and thus creating external bulwarks for our own national defence; establishing equal and impartial peace and amity with all existing maritime powers; and extending the constitutional organization of Government over vast regions, all secured in his lifetime by purchase or by conquest, whereby the pillars of the republic have been removed from the banks of the St.

Mary's to the borders of the Rio Grande, and from the margin of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast.

. . . "The Union exists in absolute integrity, and the republic in complete and triumphant development. Without having relinquished any part of their individuality, the States have more than doubled already, and are increasing in numbers and growing in political strength and expansion more rapidly than ever before. Without having absorbed any State, or having even encroached on any State, the confederation has opened itself so as to embrace all the new members who have come; and now, with capacity for further and indefinite enlargement, has become fixed, enduring and perpetual. Although it was doubted only half a century ago whether our political system could be guaranty for the peace and happiness of society, it stands now confessed by the world the form of government not only most adapted to empire, but also most congenial with the constitution of human nature.

"When we consider that the nation has been conducted to this haven, not only through stormy seas, but altogether also without a course and without a star; and when we consider, moreover, the sum of happiness that has already been enjoyed by the American people, and still more the influence which the great achievement is exerting on the advancement and amelioration of the condition of mankind, we see at once that it might have satisfied the highest ambition to have been, no matter how humbly, concerned in so great a transaction.

"Certainly, sir, no one will assert that Henry Clay in that transaction performed an obscure, or even a common part. On the contrary, from the day in which he entered the public service until that on which he passed the gates of death he was never a follower, but always a leader.

. . . "We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress — that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement.

"Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico,

reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened.

"Expansion seems to be regulated not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield? Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions — perhaps connections or colonies there — and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes the fires of freedom in foreign lands. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading domain of hostile despotism."— *From Mr. Seward's speech in the Senate upon the death of Henry Clay.*

SEWELL, ANNA, an English philanthropist and humanitarian; born at London in 1860. Her literary reputation rests upon *Black Beauty: The Story of a Horse,* first published in 1889. Over 100,000 copies of this work were sold in England, and American reprints have circulated to the extent of

500,000 copies. The book has been called "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse."

MY EARLY HOME.

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a ploughed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said,—

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest

temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a ploughboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw

Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.—*Black Beauty.*

THE HUNT.

Before I was two years old, a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "There are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse; "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know *what* hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;" and before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came altogether at full speed, mak-

ing straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leapt the stream, and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg torn and bleeding, *and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.*

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook; but when I did look, there was a sad sight; two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

"His neck is broke," said my mother.

"And serve him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

"Well, no," she said, "you must not say that; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare, or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way; but we are only horses, and don't know."

Whilst my mother was saying this, we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. *There was no noise now; even the dogs were*

quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house. I heard afterwards that it was young George Gordon, the Squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor's, to the farrier's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master's house and came back with a gun; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name was "Rob Roy"; he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterwards.

Not many days after, we heard the church-bell tolling for a long time; and looking over the gate we saw a long strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew; but 'twas all for one little hare.—*Black Beauty.*

MY BREAKING IN.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my

legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a head-stall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth, and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice

oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time, then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that too was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers, and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next, there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper,—to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training,

which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came,— with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke,— a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the further side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master; "but," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; and there are bad, cruel

men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Beside, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."—*Black Beauty.*

SEWELL, ELIZABETH MISSING, an English novelist; born on the Isle of Wight in 1815; died in 1894. She is best known by her religious novels and sketches, the special aim of which is to set forth the distinctive teachings of the Anglican Church. Among these are *Amy Herbert* (1844); *Gertrude* (1847); *Katherine Ashton* (1854); *Ursula* (1857); *Margaret Percival* (1858). At a later date she wrote many books of devotion, sketches of foreign travel, and histories, among which are *Readings for a Month Preparatory to Communion* (1859); *Grammar Made Easy* (1872); *Catechism of Grecian History* (1874); *Popular History of France* (1876); *Private Devotions for Young Persons* (1881).

HELPS TO BEING GOOD.

"As for that," said Dora, "everyone is vain."

"But then," said Amy, "we promised at our baptism that we would not be so; and Mamma says that persons who are vain soon become envious, and that envy leads to very great crimes; and that if we indulge in

vanity we can never tell how wicked we shall become by and by."

"I cannot understand why you are always talking about baptism, Amy," said Dora; "it seems as if it had something to do with everything, according to your notions."

"According to Mamma's notions, you mean; she reminds me of it so often that I cannot possibly forget it."

"But there is no one in the world who has kept the promise," said Dora; "and then they say we have such a wicked nature. What is the use of thinking of being good when we have no power to be so?"

"I do not think I understand it quite," replied Amy; "and I am sure, Dora, I cannot teach you; but I could tell what Mamma tells me."

"And what is that?" asked Dora.

"Mamma says," answered Amy, "that when we are born we all have very wicked natures; but that when we are baptized God gives us a new nature which is good; and that when we grow up we can do right if we really wish to do it, because we have the Holy Spirit always to help us. And once, when I made an excuse for something I had done wrong, by saying that it was natural, and I could not help it, she told me that it might have been an excuse if I had not been baptized; but that now it was no excuse at all."

"Then what are we to do?" asked Dora. "No persons really keep their promises. How wicked we must all be."

"Mamma says we are," replied Amy, "and that we ought to be so very careful about our smallest actions, and our words and thoughts, because it is so dangerous to do wrong now."

"But," said Dora, "I cannot see why people should be baptized, if it only makes them worse off than they were before."

"Oh! but indeed, Dora," exclaimed Amy, looking rather shocked, "it makes us better off; for you know the Service about Baptism says that we are made God's children — really his children; and that when we die

we shall go to heaven, if we try and do right now, and beg him to forgive us, when we do wrong, for our Saviour's sake."

"I don't understand it," said Dora; "and I never heard anyone talk about it till I came to Emmerton."

"I did not understand it half as well," replied Amy, "till Mamma told me a story about Uncle Harrington's birthday, and that when we were baptized we were made heirs of heaven, just as he was heir to this place and all the property. And even now it puzzles me very much; and very often I cannot believe that it is all true; but I try to do so because Mamma says it is, and shows me where it is written in the Bible."

"But how can we tell that we have a good nature given us at our baptism?" said Dora. "I never feel it; and I don't think I do anything that is right all day long. You may have a good nature, Amy — and I think you have; but I know I have not."

"Mamma says," answered Amy, "that being sorry for our faults, and wishing to do better, is a sign of it. And you know, Dora, you often tell me how much you wish to do right; and sometimes when I have had a great many wrong feelings — vain feelings, I mean — and angry and envious ones, the only thing that makes me at all happy again is because I feel sorry for it."

Dora sighed deeply. "I wish," she said, "that the bad nature would go all at once. I am so tired of wishing to do good, and always doing wrong; and then I begin to think there is no use in trying. It would be easier if I could believe that was true about baptism, because then it would appear as if there was something to help me. But I have always heard people talk about having such a wicked nature till at last it seemed foolish to hope to be good — as if it were impossible. Not but what I do try sometimes, Amy," she continued, with a sudden impulse to be unreserved; "I do try sometimes — though I dare say you would not believe it, because I am so cross. I meant to have tried this morning; only Lucy Cunningham made me so angry by the way she twisted her head about, and the nonsense she

talked at breakfast, that I could not help becoming out of humor with everyone; and when I am annoyed in the morning I go on so all day. But you cannot understand that, it is so unlike you."

"I can, though," replied Amy, "for I am very often provoked when I watch Miss Cunningham, and hear her talk. But I try not to look at her, and to think of something else." . . .

"But," said Dora, "I know very well that it is no use feeling properly only when everything goes as you like. What I wish is to have the power of being good always. There are some people who are never put out of humor — Aunt Herbert for one: I long to be like her."

"So do I!" exclaimed Amy, eagerly; "but then she is so very, *very* good; I don't think it is possible to be what she is. Mrs. Walton says she never met with anyone like her."

"That is what disheartens me. Good people are so set up in the clouds, where one can never get at them."

"I suppose, though," answered Amy, "they were not always so good. Mamma often says she did a great many naughty things when she was my age."

"I wish she would tell me what made her better, then," said Dora. "Did she ever tell you?"

"No," replied Amy; "all that she ever told me was what I ought to do myself to cure my faults; and she said that she would pray to God to help me."

"No one will ever promise that for me," observed Dora, sighing.

"But Mamma will, I am sure," exclaimed Amy, eagerly: "and I ——"

"Why do you stop?" said Dora.

"Mamma tells me to mention all your names in my prayers," replied Amy; "but I don't mean that *that* would be the same as her doing so, because she is so much better."

"I cannot see what difference that can make. I should like very much to think you did it always for me. But it must be such a trouble to remember."

"Oh, no, Dora; it would seem so unkind not to do it;

and if I thought you cared, I never could forget. But some day or other, when I am quite good, it will be of much more use."— *Amy Herbert.*

SHACKLETON, ROBERT, an American novelist; born in Wisconsin December 26, 1860. He studied law at the University of Michigan and was admitted to the bar in Ohio. He went to New York and followed journalism, and for two years was associate editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.* His books include *Toomey and Others* (1900); *Many Waters* (1902); *The Great Adventurer* (1904).

AN EPISODE.

It was in one of the New York police courts, and it was as if the little waif had dropped in from another world to look upon the city's sin and misery, which flowed through the court in a stream of wretched humanity. The boy was eight years old, and for three years had lived with the Shakers of Canaan Four Corners. His mother, who had left him there, had recently written, begging that he be returned to her, and the good Shakers had, with some misgivings, complied. The elders had bidden him a grave good-by, the sisters had cried over him a little, and the few children of the little settlement had looked on in round-eyed wonder, as their playmate in the solemn games of the quiet place set forth on his journey into the strange world of which they had heard the brethren and sisters speak with such awe and fear.

The boy's mother wrote that she would be at the Grand Central Station to meet him, but she was not there, and after some hours of futile waiting, he was taken in charge by a policeman, and delivered to the care of a

children's society, who in turn sent him to the court, for the formal orders of the magistrate. The little fellow sat between the officer of the society and a reporter, and from time to time he spoke of his life at the Shaker village, and told his companions how the scenes enacted before his eyes in the court appeared to him. His voice was soft, and his features were refined. He was dressed in a neat suit of gray, of Shaker cut.

"Eldress Marion made it for me," he said; and his eyes brightened as he spoke of her. "But everyone at the Shaker village is always well dressed," he added, looking in a puzzled way at the rags and filth of a couple of prisoners, who at that moment were led to the bar. "I — I think I don't quite understand it. Don't the sisters see to mending clothes here?"

His face again brightened as he spoke of the house in which he lived. "A house as big as this! But there aren't as many brethren and sisters there as there are in this one room. And the men and the women never walk away touching each other, as they do here. I never saw even an elder take hold of a sister's arm. And they never go down the same stairs," he added, as he watched a policeman lead a woman to the prison stairway.

A girl in tawdry finery walked to the bar, and wept, and hung her head, ringed in, as she was, by a row of pitiless eyes, that regarded her without a touch of sympathy. The boy looked on with pained wonder. The sharp voice of the judge, the clamor of frequent disputes between prisoners and witnesses, the buzzing, droning undertone of sound, the close, foul air, all troubled him. But he was happy again, as he told how, on the top of each great Shaker building, is a little tower with a big bell, and how the people gather when they hear the clanging strokes. His voice had a touch of awe as he spoke of the religious services, and described how, in swaying lines, the brethren and sisters moved about the room, gathering a blessing in their upturned palms, and how they sweetly sang together ——

But he quivered and stopped, as from the "pen," just

out of sight, came the drunken song of a woman. His eyes filled with tears, he stirred restlessly, and his voice faltered, as he asked, as he had asked before, where we thought his mother was, and why she had not come to meet him. We got him to talk about her and to tell us how she looked. She was pretty, he said, and did not dress at all like the sisters of the Shaker community. He remembered that she used to cry a good deal, and sometimes she would sing to him to get him to sleep; "and sometimes there were tears in her voice, and then I would cry; and then she would pick me up in her arms, and kiss me, and try to make me happy again. And once in a while there was singing or quarrelling in the next room, after mother had left me, thinking I was asleep, but I did not like that singing so much."

The drunken song stopped, to be succeeded by drunken yells; and the boy shuddered. But the cries soon ceased, and he was led to speak again of the pleasant life at the Shaker settlement. He told of the great fields of grain, and how he used to trudge after the reapers. "And there were eight calves, and a big black heifer, too!" He forgot the misery and sin about him, and his face was eagerly aglow. "And you just go to Bridge Hill, and you see a white gate; and it was at that gate that I saw mother for the last time, when she went away after leaving me with the good folks."

The drunken woman who had been singing was led into the court, and with shambling jauntiness stepped to the bar. Her dress, although of good quality, was draggly, and it was clear that she had been in the gutter. She leered knowingly at the judge. The boy's hand spasmodically clutched the reporter's arm. The little fellow was gasping convulsively.

"Mother!" he screamed.

The woman turned toward him. For a moment she was dazed, and then, like a flash, full comprehension came to her. Her face grew horribly white and drawn.

"My God!" she cried.— *Munsey's Magazine.*

SHADWELL, Thomas, an English dramatist and poet; born at Weeting, Norfolk, in 1640; died at London, November 19, 1692. Educated at Caius College, Cambridge, he entered the Middle Temple for the study of the law, which he neglected for poetry and other light literature. His address to the Prince of Orange on landing, and one to Queen Mary, are specimens of his heroic verse, which fully justify Dryden's severe satire. His plays, which are seventeen in number, are better than his poems. The characters are really dramatic, and the manners of the age are well drawn. His imitation of Ben Jonson and his coarseness have excited the remarks of later critcs. As a Whig he supported the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury, and was rewarded after the Revolution with the offices of laureate and historiographer, to the great disgust of Dryden. His death is said to have been hastened by an overdose of opium, to the use of which he was addicted. His first play, *The Sullen Lovers,* based on Molière's *Les Fâcheux,* was brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields May 5, 1668. In the preface he avows himself a disciple of Ben Jonson. His second play, *The Royal Shepherdess,* adapted from Fountain's *Rewards of Virtue,* was produced in February, 1669; *The Humorists* in 1670; *The Miser,* an adaptation from Molière, containing eight characters not to be found in the French play, in 1671; *Epsom Wells,* one of his best, in 1672. In 1673 he constructed an opera from Shakespeare's *Tempest,* with the title, *The Enchanted Island. Psyche,* an opera in rhymed verse, was based on Molière, and was played at Dorset Gar-

den in 1674. *The Libertine,* a tragedy with Don Juan as hero, and *The Virtuoso* were brought out in 1676, *Love and Revenge* in 1675, and *Timon of Athens* in 1678. *The True Widow* appeared in 1679; *The Woman Captain* in 1680; *The Lancashire Witches* in 1681. In 1674 he joined Crowne and Dryden in an attack on Settle's *Empress of Morocco.* In the preface to his first play (1668), Shadwell opposes views recently expressed by Dryden in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy.* In *The Virtuoso* (1676) he criticises unfavorably *Aureng-Zebe,* by Dryden, and other works by contemporary dramatists. In 1682 appeared Dryden's second satire on Shaftesbury, entitled *The Medal.* Shadwell replied with *The Medal of John Bayes: a Satire against Folly and Knavery,* and with a prose *Epistle to the Tories.* He also wrote a satire, *The Tory Poets,* in which he attacked Dryden, Otway, and others. Dryden took his revenge in *Mac Flecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet, T. S.,* published in October, 1682. Shadwell and Thomas Hunt attacked Dryden in *Some Reflections upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called the Duke of Guise* (1683), which attacks were promptly met in two bitter satires by the poet. In 1687 Shadwell, in a translation of the *Tenth Satire of Juvenal,* written as a counterblast to a translation by one of Dryden's friends, replied to the attacks upon him as given in *Mac Flecknoe.* In 1688 he produced one of his best plays, *The Squire of Alsatia,* the title first proposed being *The Alsatia Bully.*

THE DAWN OF THE MORNING.

The fringèd valance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your canopied and drowsy trance;

Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,
Each does his daily lease of life renew.

He darts his beams on the lark's mossy house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouse
The little, charming and harmonious fowl,
Which sings its lump of body to a soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
With warbling throat, and makes each note a stair.

This the solicitous lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumbered in his Celia's arms:
And now the swelling sponges of the night
With aching heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly tailors to their needles haste:
Already now the moving shops are placed
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those gems the ripening summer yields.

— *From Timon of Athens.*

LOVE IN YOUTH AND IN AGE.

The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
  But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise,
  It crackles, and to vapor turns,
And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins
It slowly burns, and long remains:
  And with a sullen heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows, and warms 'em long,
  And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.

— *From The Amorous Bigot.*

THE ROARERS.

The king's most faithful subjects we
  In's service are not dull,

We drink, to show our loyalty,
And make the rafters ring,
Would all his subjects drink like us,
We'd make him richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
Than all the Eastern monarchs are.
—*From The Women Captives.*

SHAFTESBURY, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of, an English statesman and moralist, born at London, February 26, 1671, died at Naples, February 15, 1713. He entered the House of Commons in 1695, and succeeded to the peerage six years later. He was prominent among the statesmen and literati of his time, until impaired health compelled him to take up his residence in Italy. A complete collection of his works was published in 1711, under the title, *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions and Times.*

BEAUTY AND GOOD THE SOURCE OF MORALS.

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you observed, and notwithstanding the humorous turn we were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love is doubtless at the bottom of it; but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire. Here, to me here I begin to raise my voice, and believe the schools will have been teaching me. Knowing as you are, well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and order of beauty in all the successive changes of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general, and, with a larger heart and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest

in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders the character chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general beauty is composed, and common weal established. Not satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that Reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilizes or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature — these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its love of order and perfection), it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part; but, extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a wise and just administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided — since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities — 'tis here the generous mind labors to discover the healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and **the universal order, happily sustained.**

This, Palemon, is the labor of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the Supreme Beauty it meets with darkening clouds which intercept the sight. Monsters arise — not those from the Libyan deserts but from the heart of man more fertile,

and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon Nature. She, helpless, as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, and the government of the world arraigned, and the Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer to show why Nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see the various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed to one another, and in their different operations submitted the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms a resignation is required — a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies, dissolved, enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who, in his turn, submits to other natures, and resigns his form — a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world.

Here are those laws which ought not nor can submit to anything below. The central powers, which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapors, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder,

therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require. . . . Nor is there aught in this besides what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant, and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

THE DEITY UNFOLDED IN HIS WORKS.

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent o'er the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked wood. Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for by art and prudence, the kind, compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For, at length, the sun, approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold. . . .

But leaving these dull climates, so little favored by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks

more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. O'ercome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favored by which, the men and beasts pursue their labors, and plants refreshed by dews and showers can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

And here the varying scene opens to new wonders. We see a country rich with gems, but richer with the fragrant spices it affords. How gravely move the largest of land-creatures on the banks of this fair river! How ponderous are their arms, and vast their strength, with courage, and a sense superior to the other beasts! . . . How tame and tractable, how patient of labor and of thirst, are those large creatures, who, lifting up their lofty heads, go led and laden, through those dry and barren places! Their shape and temper show them framed by nature to submit to man, and fitted for his service, who from hence ought to be more sensible of his wants, and of the Divine bounty thus supplying them.— *From The Moralists.*

SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL, a British critic and poet; born at Houston, Linlithgowshire, July 30, 1819; died at London, September 18, 1885. He was educated at the Glasgow University and at Oxford, was assistant master at Rugby, Professor of Humanity at the United College of St. Andrews in 1861, and became its principal in 1868. In 1877 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, which post

he held at the time of his death. He wrote *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral* (1864); *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* (1868); *Lectures on Culture and Religion* (1870); *Life of James Forbes* (1873); *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature* (1877), and *Aspects of Poetry* (1881).

THE LITERARY THEORY OF CULTURE.

Mr. Arnold sets before us a lofty aim — he has bid us seek our good in something unseen, in a spiritual energy. In doing this he has done well. But I must hold that he has erred in his estimate of what that spiritual energy is, and he has missed, I think, the true source from which it is to be mainly derived. For in his account of it he has placed that as primary which is secondary and subordinate, and made that secondary which by right ought to be supreme. You will remember that when describing his idea of perfection to be aimed at he makes religion one factor in it — an important and powerful factor no doubt, still but one element out of several, and that not necessarily the ruling element, but a means toward an end, higher, more supreme, more all-embracing than itself. The end was a many-sided, harmonious development of human nature, and to this end religion was an important means.

In thus assigning to religion a secondary, however, important, place, this theory as I conceive, if consistently acted on, would annihilate religion. There are things which are either ends in themselves or they are nothing; and such, I conceive, religion is. It either is supreme, a good in itself and for its own sake, or not at all. The first and great commandment must either be so set before us as to be obeyed, entered into, in and for itself, without any ulterior view, or it cannot be obeyed at all. It cannot be made subservient to any ulterior purpose. And herein is instanced "a remarkable law of ethics, which is well known to all who have given their minds to the subject." I shall give it in the words of one who has expressed it so well in his own

unequalled language that it has been proposed to name it, after him, Dr. Newman's law: "All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in the world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue." Again, "Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasures; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure-sake are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue."

Apply this to the present subject. They who seek religion for culture-sake are æsthetic, not religious, and will never gain that grace which religion adds to culture, because they never can have the religion. What do we see in actual life? There shall be two men, one of whom has started on the road of self-improvement from a mainly intellectual interest, from the love of art, literature, science, or from the delight these give, but has not been actuated by a sense of responsibility to a Higher than himself. The other has begun with some sense of God, and of his relation to Him, and, starting from this centre, has gone on to add to all the moral and mental improvement within his reach, feeling that, besides the pleasure these things give in themselves, he will thus best promote the good of his fellow-men, and attain the end of his own existence. Which of these two will be the highest man, in which will be gathered up the most excellent graces of character, the truest nobility of soul? You cannot doubt it. The sense that a man is serving a Higher than himself, with a service which will become ever more and more perfect freedom, evokes more profound, more humbling, more exalted emotions than anything else in the world can do. The spirit of man is an instrument which cannot give out its deepest, finest tones except under the immediate hand of the Divine Harmonist. That is, before it can educe the highest capacities of which human nature is susceptible culture must cease to be merely culture, and pass over to religion. And here we see another aspect of that great ethical law already noticed as compassing all human action, whereby "the abandoning of some lower object in obedience to a higher aim is made the very condition of securing the said lower object."

According to this law it comes that he will approach nearer to perfection, or (since to speak of perfection in such as we are sounds like presumption) rather let us say, he will reach farther, will attain to a truer, deeper, more lovely humanity who makes not culture, but oneness with the will of God, his ultimate aim. The ends of culture, truly conceived, are best attained by forgetting culture and aiming higher. And what is this but translating into modern and less forcible language the old words, whose meaning is often greatly misunderstood, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added unto you?"

Another objection to the theory we have been considering remains to be noted. Its starting-point is the idea of perfecting self; and though, as it gradually evolves, it tries to forget self, and to include quite other elements, yet it never succeeds in getting clear of the taint of self-reference with which it set out. While making this objection, I do not forget that Mr. Arnold, in drawing out his view, proposes as the end of culture to make reason and the kingdom of God prevail; that he sees clearly, and insists strongly, that an isolated self-culture is impossible, that we cannot make progress toward perfection ourselves unless we strive earnestly to carry our fellow-men along with us. Still, may it not with justice be said that these unselfish elements — the desire for others' good, the desire to advance God's kingdom on earth — are in this theory awakened, not simply for their own sakes, not chiefly because they are good in themselves, but because they are clearly discerned to be necessary to our self-perfection — elements apart from which this cannot exist? And so it comes that culture, though made our end never so earnestly, cannot shelter a man from thoughts about himself, cannot free him from that which all must feel to be fatal to high character — continual self-consciousness. The only forces strong enough to do this are great truths which carry him out of and beyond himself, the things of the spiritual world sought, not mainly because of their reflex action on us, but for their own sakes, because of their own inherent worthiness. There is perhaps no truer sign that a man

is really advancing than that he is learning to forget himself, that he is losing the natural thoughts about self in the thought of One higher than himself, to whose guidance he can commit himself and all men.— *Culture and Religion.*

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, an English dramatist and poet; born at Stratford-on-Avon, probably on April 23, 1564; died there, April 23, 1616. The precise day of his birth is not fixed with certainty, but as he was baptized on April 26th, the date traditionally assigned is at least approximately correct. The authenticated facts in the life of Shakespeare may be very briefly told. His father was an apparently well-to-do tradesman — a woolcomber or glover — but there is evidence that he fell into reduced circumstances while his son was yet a boy. William Shakespeare, the eldest son who survived childhood, was sent to the grammar-school at Stratford, where, according to Ben Jonson, he acquired "small Latin and less Greek." There is no evidence that he was ever able to read easily or speak any language except his own. Tradition says that he was for a time an assistant in his father's shop. But of the youth and early manhood of Shakespeare nothing is known except that six months before he had entered upon his nineteenth year he was hastily married to Anne Hathaway, a woman some seven years his senior; that a child was soon born to them and christened less than six months after the marriage; and that within eighteen months a boy and girl, twins, were born to them.

When about twenty-three Shakespeare left Stratford for London. Tradition says that this departure was somehow connected with his having been arrested for deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy. He soon became connected with the metropolitan theatre. One tradition has it that he got his living for a while by holding the horses of gentlemen at the door of the theatre; another has it that he was for a while stage-prompter. There is good reason to believe that these stories are entire fabrications; for within less than half-a-dozen years we find incidental mention made of him showing that he was already known as a man of parts, and of good social repute. His connection with the London theatre could hardly have been a merely accidental one. The London players were wont to visit Stratford: Thomas Green, one of the best of them, was a native of the town; and Richard Burbage, afterward the friend of Shakespeare — the original Richard III., Hamlet, and Othello — was from the same part of the country. We cannot doubt that Shakespeare had become favorably known to them, and that he went up to London upon no uncertain adventure. At all events it was not long before he was regularly installed as "playwright" to the company. A part of his duty was undoubtedly that of "touching up" the works of others; but it was not long before he began to produce original dramas. He also bore a part in the representation of his own plays; the part of "the Ghost" in *Hamlet* being especially mentioned as one of those which were enacted by him. That he throve in a pecuniary point of view is clear. As early as 1597, when he was thirty-three, we find him with money which he could afford to invest in landed property in his native place. In that

year he paid about $1,500 for the "New Place" at Stratford; in 1602 he paid $8,000 for one hundred and seven acres of land adjoining his place; in 1605 he paid $11,000 for the lease of the titles at Stratford. All these were permanent investments, from accumulations from his income; for he still retained his large proprietary interest in the London theatre. He was evidently a shrewd man of business, farming his own lands, disposing of their product, and looking to it that the purchasers paid for what they owed; for in 1604 we find him bringing action against one Philip Rogers for about $45 for "malt sold and delivered to him." Up to about 1612 he continued to reside mainly in London. Then having sold out his interest in the theatre, he retired, with an ample competence, to his native Stratford. Of the remaining four years of his life next to nothing is authentically recorded. It has been conjectured that he busied himself in the revisal of his plays, and preparing them for the press; but of this there is no positive proof. He died somewhat suddenly of a fever, and was buried in the parish church, where a contemporary bust of him still exists, which must be regarded as the best authenticated likeness of the poet. His wife survived him seven years. His only son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve; his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both married, and one of them had three sons, but they all died without issue, so that a quarter of a century after his death there was living no descendant of Shakespeare.

Apart from his dramas Shakespeare claims a high place — after Spenser perhaps the very highest — among the poets who were his contemporaries. His poems, besides their intrinsic merits, have much biographical interest. They are *Venus and Adonis,* first

printed in 1593, *The Rape of Lucrece,* in 1594, and the *Sonnets,* in 1609.

The *Venus and Adonis* is dedicated to "the right Honorable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield." Shakespeare styles it "the first heir of my invention," and promises—"if Your Honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honored you with some graver invention." The poem was printed when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year; and it is not probable that it was written much earlier. It displays a mastery of versification which one would not expect from a very young man. Here commendation must end; for the glowing pictures are inextricably interwoven with wanton lasciviousness.

The poem was immensely popular in the days of Elizabeth. The first edition of 1593 was followed by others in 1594, 1596, 1600, and 1602.

THE STEED OF ADONIS.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
  In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
  As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
  Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
  Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
  Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;

To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.
—*Venus and Adonis.*

The *Rape of Lucrece,* printed in 1594, is also dedicated to the Earl of Southampton and may be regarded as a fulfillment of his promise of "some graver invention." Shakespeare says, in the dedication: "The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater." The poem is a grave and solemn one, and the theme, which might have been loosely handled, is treated without pruriency. It is worth noting that this poem did not achieve the immediate popularity of *Venus and Adonis.* It was four years before a second edition was called for. We give the concluding stanzas:

BRUTUS, OVER THE BODY OF LUCRECE.

Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly, jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus's eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise!

Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentation;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations —
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced —
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country's rights in Rome maintain'd
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestations urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body through Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence.
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

The special biographical interest of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* lies in the proof they give of the high place which the young Shakespeare had already attained in the esteem of the Earl of Southampton, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the court of Elizabeth, and a munificent patron of men of genius. It is said, though not upon the best authority, that he once made Shakespeare a present of £1,000. It is certain that not long after the publication of *Venus and Adonis* he was the means of procuring for "William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne," an invitation to present before the Court "twoe severall comedies or enterludes," for which they received £20.

Of far higher import are the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare. These so-called "Sonnets" are really a love-poem, or rather an amatory correspondence, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four fourteen-line stanzas. Of these one hundred and twenty-six are clearly addressed to a man, twenty-six to a woman, and the concluding two form a sort of epilogue to those which had gone before. Commentators have made sad work in dealing with this poem. With almost unanimous consent they look upon it as a personal confession by Shakespeare, as penitential as the confessions of Augustine or Bunyan. "He laments," says one, "his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.'"

To all which, and much more of like purport, there is this adequate reply: These one hundred and twenty-six amatory Sonnets which purport to be addressed

to a man purport just as clearly to be addressed *by* a woman. They are such verses as Helen might have written to Paris, or Aspasia to Pericles. The briefer replies from Him to Her are of like tenor.

A word as to the bibliography of the *Sonnets* is in place. The volume was first published in 1609 — after Shakespeare had acquired fame and fortune — by Thomas Thorpe, a London printer. To it is prefixed this dedication, not by the author but by the printer: "To the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets Mr W H all Happinesse and that Eternitie promised by our ever-living Poet wisheth the well-wishing Adventurer in setting forth T T." There is not the slightest clew as to this "Onlie Begetter" of these Sonnets. It has been guessed that "Mr. W. H." was William Herbert, afterward Earl of Pembroke, who was certainly a patron of Shakespeare. It has also been suggested that by reversing the order of these initials we shall have those of that Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare, in his dedication of *Lucrece,* had wished "long life, still lengthened with all happiness."

The whole series of Sonnets is evidently a correspondence carried on for a considerable time, and it would not be difficult to arrange the epistles in their approximate chronological order.

Nothing surely could be farther from the truth than to consider these Sonnets to be in any sense an autobiography of Shakespeare. True, they were written by him; so were *Macbeth* and *Hamlet;* and it would be no more absurd to say that when Macbeth sets forth his own dishonored name and hopeless future, it is Shakespeare himself bewailing his own irremediable past and inevitable doom; or when Claudius

speaks of that rank offense of his that "smells to heaven," it is really Shakespeare confessing to the world that he has been guilty of incest and fratricide. The truth is — as is apparent on every page — the poem is a purely imaginative one, with which the personality of the poet had nothing more to do than that of Pope with the letters of Héloïse to Abelard. The poem was written during the very brightest years of Shakespeare's bright and joyous life, at the very summit of his powers; and in it he gives utterance to not a little of his deepest thought and brightest poesy. Not a few of these Sonnets are even finer when detached from their context and considered as independent poems. Thus read the following Sonnets, not as parts of a series of love-letters from an imaginary erring man and woman, but as so many separate poems, to which we have ventured to affix titles.

POETICAL IMMORTALITY.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretchèd metre of an antique song.
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice: in it and in my rhyme.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that face thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—*Sonnets XVII., XVIII.*

FORECAST AND RETROSPECT.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.
— *Sonnets XXV., XXX.*

TIME, THE DESTROYER.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich, proud cost of outworn, buried age;
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.
— *Sonnets LXIV., LXV.*

THE ENDURING MONUMENT.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
  Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
  Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
  And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Man's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
  The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
  Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
  That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.
  — *Sonnet LV.*

That Shakespeare had written more or less before he went up to London is altogether probable; that *Venus and Adonis* was "the first fruits of his invention" in any other sense than that of being the first to be printed is not probable. That he was certainly employed as playwright or adapter of dramas for the stage before this time is unquestionable, and it is most likely that as a poet he had attracted the notice of the author of the *Faerie Queene,* who was his senior by eleven years. In his pastoral of *Colin Clout,* published not long after Shakespeare's first poem, Spenser commemorates, under fictitious names, Raleigh, Sidney, and other contemporary poets, and adds:

And then — though last, not least — is Aëtion:
  "A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
  Doth, like his name, heroically sound."

We know of no other poet than Shakespeare who fits this description; his name does certainly heroically sound, and his muse was "full of high thoughts' invention." Astrophel is not more like Sidney than the "Gentle Shepherd." Aëtion is like Shakespeare. The productive literary life of Shakespeare, as far as we can date it, covers the twenty years preceding 1612, when at the age of forty-eight he retired to his native Stratford-upon-Avon, after which we have no proof that he wrote anything.

Shakespeare's dramas, according to the all but universally accepted canon, number thirty-seven. There is no good reason to suppose that any of his plays have been lost; or that he had any considerable share in the composition of any others. He undoubtedly availed himself somewhat of the works of earlier playwrights; and in his historical plays made large use of the chroniclers, from whom he took not merely the historical outlines, but page after page of their very words, only throwing into dramatic form the continuous narrative of his authorities. Scene after scene in *Macbeth* is to be found in the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, themselves a translation from the Latin of Hector Boece, which had been published only a few years; and some of the most dramatic scenes in *Richard III.* are reproductions from *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustr Families of Lancastre and Yorke,* by Edward Hall. In all of Shakespeare's dramas there are few passages so thoroughly Shakespearian as the delineation of Wolsey, in *Henry VIII.,* put into the mouths of Queen Katharine and her attendant Griffith; this passage is taken bodily from Holinshed, with only an occasional verbal change.

The dates of the production of the dramas are main-

ly conjectural; although it is pretty well settled that *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* was one of the earliest, and *The Tempest* one of the latest; that *Romeo and Juliet* was an early play, and *Cymbeline* a late one. In 1598 Francis Meres speaks of the great excellence of Shakespeare both in tragedy and comedy, making special mention of the following plays as already well known: *All's Well That Ends Well; Comedy of Errors; Henry IV.; King John; Love's Labor Lost; Merchant of Venice; Midsummer Night's Dream; Richard II.; Richard III.; Romeo and Juliet; Titus Andronicus; Two Gentlemen of Verona.* These twelve plays at least, and doubtless several others, had been produced before Shakespeare reached his thirty-fourth year. His greatest works are of later date. *Hamlet* was certainly produced as early as 1604, and *Macbeth* previous to 1610.

About a dozen of the plays of Shakespeare seem to have been printed during his lifetime, probably not by his procurement. The entire plays were first put forth in a folio volume in 1623, seven years after his death. It has a preface and dedication by his fellow-players Heminge and Condell, and was undoubtedly printed from the stage-copies, which could hardly have failed to have been sanctioned by Shakespeare. This "first folio" is the *textus receptus,* for the "second folio" of 1632 contains many palpable errors. Critical editions are numerous; but we hold that all the work of commentators, besides a glossary of words and phrases which time has rendered obsolete, is worse than useless. The best edition is that which is encumbered by the fewest "critical aids."

While the noblest and finest passages in the dramas of Shakespeare are far finer and nobler when taken

in their connection with the characters a part of whose utterances they are; still there is no other author in any language who presents anything like so many passages of every length which may well stand by themselves as quotations. There are phrases which have come to be proverbial; there are snatches of exquisite song; there are minute pictures of character; there are grave and extended musings on man, on nature, and on human life. Yet few men could ever have seen less of the world than Shakespeare saw. He never passed the boundaries of England. From Stratford to London is barely a hundred miles; and there is no evidence that he was ever fifty miles from the highway between these two points. A single moderate book-shelf would hold all the books which he ever read.

AT JULIET'S BALCONY.

Romeo. But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her main, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Juliet (*above*). Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. (*aside*). Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd.
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new-baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that dear tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

— *Romeo and Juliet, II., 2.*

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.
Shylock (*aside*). How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him! . . .

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. . . .

Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep. . . .

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did. . . .
This was the way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. . . .

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek —
A goodly apple rotten at the heart. . . .

Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys": you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months — that's a month before
This bond expires — I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him directions for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew,
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
—*Merchant of Venice, I., 3.*

In view of Shakespeare's pre-eminent position in literature it is thought wise to embody herein one complete tragedy. *Julius Cæsar* is selected because, first, of its representative character of the author, and second, because of its political importance in literature. The exact date of its production has been a matter of much discussion among Shakespearian scholars. William J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearian critic, after discussing in detail all possible sources of authority, concludes that it was written some time between 1603 and 1608.

From Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays:* "Shakespeare has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of every-day life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny render them unfit to cope

with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others because they are themselves sincere, and endeavor to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus.

"The truth of history in *Julius Cæsar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus is worthy of him: it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher."

From Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare:* "Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakespeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colors are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognize the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act, this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakespeare's mode of dramatizing a fact.'"

From Gervinus's' *Shakespeare Commentaries:* "In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the Senate allow themselves to be called *his* Senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues."

The play of *Julius Cæsar,* as well as the other ex-

cerpts printed in this article, follows the excellent edition of George Steevens.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnido.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet.
Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS
MESSALA,
YOUNG CATO,
VOLUMNIOUS, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterward at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Citizen.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Citizen.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's mat-

ters; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way toward the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you, too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession with Music, Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca, *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæsar. Calphurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæsar. Calphurnia!
Calphurnia. Here, my lord.
Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.— Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar, my lord!
Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Cæsar!
Cæsar. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.— Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.
Cæsar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cassius. Follow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.
Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: — pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brutus. Not I.
Cassius. I pray you, do.
Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [*Shout.*
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!
Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his train.*

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some Senators.
Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæsar. Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar?
Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Cæsar. Would he were fatter! — But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
That what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his train.* CASCA *remains.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery. I did mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of those coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the

third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"— and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's

images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so; — till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cicero. Good-even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cicero. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides — I have not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons — they are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cicero. Good-night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cassius. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus embraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breasts of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shows us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony towers, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But, life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the elements
Is favor'd, like the work we have in hand
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.— Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party!

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;

When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd; —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and, I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"—
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out
"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?"
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March has wasted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus. Is he alone?
Lucius. No, sir; there are more with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Brutus. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome, too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous
Old, feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion.

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urged.— I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterward;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I do fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar ——
Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him;
If he loves Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself — take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Brutus. Peace! count the clock.
Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.
Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassius. The morning comes upon us; we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.—
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS
Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!
Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.
Portia. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Portia. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Brutus. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Brutus. O ye Gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! —
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.— [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.–
Boy, stand aside.— Caius Ligarius! how?
Ligarius. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord?
Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.
Calphurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead;
Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calphurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you stir forth to-day
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calphurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar,
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.
Calphurnia. Say, he is sick.
Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth? —
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
Cæsar. The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings, portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word that you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say,
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early, too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.— Good-morrow, Antony.
Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæsar. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna.— Now, Metellus.— What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.— [*Aside.*] And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.
Cæsar. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Brutus. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Artemidorus. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Lucius. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Portia. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended toward him?
Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you.— Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.
Portia. I must go in.— Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thy enterprise! —
Sure, the boy heard me.— Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.— O, I grow faint! —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius Publius, *and others.*

Cæsar.—The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Aretemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What! is the fellow mad?
Publius. Sirrah, give place.
Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.
Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exit* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Brutus. He is addressed; press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæsar. Are we all ready?
What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his Senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*
Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools — I mean sweet words,
Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this —
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar! ——

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar.

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute! — Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!"

Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius, too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance ——

Brutus. Talk not of standing — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.— How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty.

Decius. What! shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.— Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Does thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
(As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, besides themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —
Now Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus; —
Yours Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me —
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bayed, braved hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!
Cassius. Mark Antony ——
Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Antony. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius. Brutus, a word with you —
[*Aside.*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Brutus. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming.
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth —
O Cæsar!—— [*Seeing the body.*

Antony. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shall discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here.
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.
2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*
3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence.
Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that

friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,— Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. (*Several speaking at once.*) None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen ——

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!
Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.— Noble Antony, go up.
Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here!
1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Citizen.* Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans——
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrongs.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Citizen.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar! I do fear it.

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors! Honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Citizen.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring; stand round.
1 *Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony!— most noble Antony!
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look; in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Citizen.* O piteous spectacle.
2 *Citizen.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Citizen.* O woful day!
4 *Citizen.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Citizen.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Citizen.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! About!
Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Antony. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Citizen.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
2 *Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friends; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizen. We'll mutiny.
1 *Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.
2 *Citizen.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak
Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Citizen.* Most noble Cæsar!— we'll revenge his death.
3 *Citizen.* O royal Cæsar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
1 *Citizen.* Never, never!— Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Citizen.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Citizen.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!— How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony. Where is he?
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

Cinna. I dreamed to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Citizen.* What is your name?
2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going?
3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say I am a bachelor.

2 *Citizen.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Citizen.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen.* For your dwelling — briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Citizen.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus's, to Cassius's; burn all. Some to Decius's house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius's: away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS *seated at a table.*

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Octavius. Your brother, too, must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations.
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property.— And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out:
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.
Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of* BRUTUS, *in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS *and* Soldiers; PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at a distance.*

Brutus. Stand, ho!
Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brutus. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you let me be resolved.
Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he had used of old.
Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Brutus. Hark, he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
1 *Soldier.* [*Within.*] Stand.
2 *Soldier.* [*Within.*] Stand.
3 *Soldier.* [*Within.*] Stand.
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Brutus. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly — I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of* BRUTUS. LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and note Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you're not Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth — yea, for my laughter —
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so. Make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not?
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What! durst not tempt him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.— I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.— Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than even thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood, ill-tempered vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart, too.
Cassius. O Brutus! —
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cassius. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean!
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools! —
Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. — Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing, when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came.— With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cassius. And died so?
Brutus. Even so.
Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her.— Give me a bowl of wine —
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?
Brutus. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here receivèd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Brutus. With what addition?
Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cassius. Cicero one?
Messala. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.
Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Brutus. Nothing, Messala.
Messala. That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Messala. No, my lord.
Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.— We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cassius. I do not think it good.
Brutus. Your reason?
Cassius. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cassius. Hear me, good brother.
Brutus. Under your pardon, you must note besides
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with you will, go on;
We'll on ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cassius. No more. Good-night!
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.— [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala.—
Good-night, Titinius! — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus. Everything is well.

Cassius. Good-night, my lord!

Brutus. Good-night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good-night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, everyone!

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Servants lie down.*
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.— [*Music and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune.— O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music! — Gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.—
Let me see, let me see — is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.— Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord!

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.— Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!

Claudius. My lord!

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay; saw you anything?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here.
Answering before we do demand of them.
Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.
Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.
Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.
Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on the charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Octavius. Stir not until the signal.
Brutus. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"
Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Antony. Not stingless, too.
Brutus. O, yes, and soundless, too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cassius. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Octavius. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cassius. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller.
Antony. Old Cassius still!
Octavius. Come, Antony; away! —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucilius. My lord!
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
Cassius. Messala!
Messala. What says my general?
Cassius. Messala.
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong.
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determinèd to do?
Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle.
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cassius. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why, then, lead one.— O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.— Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early.
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!
Cassius. This hill is far enough.— Look, look, Titinius.
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
Till he hath brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathèd first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.— Sirrah, what news?
Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord.
Cassius. What news?
Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.— Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!—
Now some light.— O, he lights, too.— He's ta'en;— and hark! [*Shout.*
They shout for joy.
Cassius. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
[*Enter* PINDARUS.
Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.— Cæsar, thou are revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*
Pindarius. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.— O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titinius. All disconsolate
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.— O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; — I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.— Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou are mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered and falls.*
Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why. now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honored, being Cato's son.
1 *Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest.
Lucilius. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.
1 *Soldier.* We must not. A noble prisoner!
2 *Soldier.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Soldier.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Antony. Where is he?
Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*
Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*
Dardanius. I do such a deed?
Clitus. O Dardanius!
Dardanius. O Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Volumnius. What says my lord?
Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Volumnius. Not so, my lord.
Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilt whilst I run on it.
Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there's no tarrying here.
Brutus. Farewell to you; and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence, I will follow thee.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou are a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.— Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man.— Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.— I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Messala. Octavius, then, take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general, honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

IN PRAISE OF ROSALIND.

Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil saying show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged:

Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

—*As You Like It, III. 2.*

DIRGE FOR IMOGEN.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!

Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!
— *Cymbeline, IV. 2.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Griffith. About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him.
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning; he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill-example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness,
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. The Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely: even witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then — and not till then — he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

— *Henry VIII., IV., 2.*

KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lear. Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.— Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy.
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters —
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state —
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Goneril. Sir, I do love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cordelia (*aside*). What shall Cordelia do? Love and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains 'rich'ed,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.— What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Regan. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. (*aside*). Then poor Cordelia —
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that confirmed on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: Speak again
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia; mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back, as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
The love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower.
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege —

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath;
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
[*To* CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call France: who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
—*King Lear, I., 1.*

MACBETH AT BAY.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.— What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of woman, my good lord. [*A cry within of women.*] [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter* SEYTON.
Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [*Enter a* Messenger.
Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story, quickly!
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave! [*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,

And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

— *Macbeth, V., 5.*

POLONIUS'S COUNSEL TO HIS SON.

Pol. There; my blessing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

— *Hamlet, I., 3.*

PROSPERO'S VALEDICTION.

Prospero. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though you be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, opèd and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. . . .
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself —
Yea, all which it inherit — shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — *Tempest, IV., 1.*

SHANKARA, SANKARA, or SANKARA ÁCHARYA, a Hindu reformer and commentator on the Sanscrit Scriptures, who lived about the middle of the ninth century A.D. He was probably a native of Malabar. Many works celebrating his character, learning, and skill in disputation have been written, but the story of his life is involved in the same mixture of legend, myth, and discord of opinion as every other remarkable incident among the Hindus. The persecution of an heretical sect, the Bauddhas, has been attributed to him, but, says Henry Hayman Wilson, "opposed to it we have the mild character of the reformer, who is described as uniformly gentle and tolerant." He was, however, a great controversialist, determined on refuting all doctrines but his own, and the establishment of a religious order vowed to worldly privation and abstract devotion. The Dashnamidandins is thought to be this order. He wrote many comments on the Upanishads, Vedanta-Sutras and Bhagavadgita. To him are ascribed divine powers and the commission of many miracles. He revived, to a great extent, the worship of Siva, which had fallen into disuse. Monier-Williams considers him the greatest philosopher and greatest commentator of the Hindus.

The *Atma-Bodha* (Knowledge of Soul), attributed to Sankara, is highly esteemed as an exposition of Vedantic doctrines. The following is a selection from it:

THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOUL

Knowledge alone effects emancipation.
As fire is indispensable to cooking,

So knowledge is essential to deliverance.
Knowledge alone disperses ignorance,
As sunlight scatters darkness — not so acts;
For ignorance originates in works.
The world and all the course of mundane things
Are like the vain creation of a dream,
In which Ambition, Hatred, Pride and Passion
Appear like phantoms mixing in confusion.
While the dream lasts the universe seems real,
But when 'tis past the world exists no longer.
Like the deceptive silver of a shell,
So at first sight the world deludes the man
Who takes mere semblance for reality.
As golden bracelets are in substance one
With gold, so are all visible appearances
And each distinct existence one with Brahma
By action of the fivefold elements
Through acts performed in former states of being,
Are formed corporeal bodies, which become
The dwelling-place of pleasure and of pain.
The soul inwrapped in five investing sheaths
Seems formed of these, and all its purity
Darkened, like crystal laid on colored cloth.
As winnowed rice is purified from husk
So is the soul disburdened of its sheaths
By force of meditation, as by threshing.
The soul is like a king whose ministers
Are body, senses, mind and understanding.
The soul is wholly separate from these,
Yet witnesses and overlooks their actions.
The foolish think the spirit acts, whereas
The senses are the actors; so the moon
Is thought to move when clouds are passing o'er it.
When intellect and mind are present, then
Afflictions, inclinations, pleasures, pains
Are active; in profound and dreamless sleep
When intellect is non-existent, these
Exist not; therefore they belong to mind.
As brightness is inherent in the sun,
Coolness in water, warmness in the fire,

E'en so existence, knowledge, perfect bliss,
And perfect purity inhere in soul.
The understanding cannot recognize
The soul, nor does the soul need other knowledge
To know itself, e'en as a shining light
Requires no light to make itself perceived.
The soul declares its own condition thus:
"I am distinct from body, I am free
From birth, old age, infirmity and death.
I have no senses; I have no connection
With sound or sight or objects of sensation.
I am distinct from mind, and so exempt
From passion, pride, aversion, fear and pain.
I have no qualities, I am without
Activity and destitute of option,
Changeless, eternal, formless, without taint,
Forever free, forever without stain.
I, like the boundless ether, permeate
The universe within, without, abiding
Always, forever similar in all,
Perfect, immovable, without affection,
Existence, knowledge, undivided bliss,
Without a second, One, Supreme am I."

. . . . . .

That which is through, above, below, complete,
Existence, wisdom, bliss, without a second,
Endless, eternal, one — know that as Brahma.
That which is neither coarse nor yet minute,
That which is neither short nor long, unborn,
Imperishable, without form, unbound
By qualities, without distinctive marks,
Without a name — know that indeed as Brahma.
Nothing exists but Brahma, when aught else
Appears to be, 'tis, like the mirage, false.

SHARP, WILLIAM, a British poet and critic; born at Paisley, September 12, 1856. He was educated, first at the Academy, and afterwards at the University of Glasgow. At college he studied French and German literature assiduously, and, in his spare hours, wrote long poems, and produced *Transcripts from Nature; Human Inheritance,* and his *Record and Study of Rossetti.* After undertaking a voyage to Australia for the benefit of his health, followed by a stay at the Gold Diggings and a journey through Gippsland across the Australian Alps into New South Wales, and a voyage in the Pacific, he became intimate with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and many other men. Prior to the commencement of his literary career, Mr. Sharp had been engaged for a short time in a colonial bank, and on the staff of the Fine Arts Society. Thereafter he spent some time in Rome, Florence, Venice, and elsewhere abroad. He has since become a distinguished art critic. He has published a memoir of his friend, the late Philip Bourke Marston, prefatory to a selection from the latter's poetical writings; *The Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare* and a *Study of Shelley.* As general editor of the *Canterbury Poets* series he has done much to serve the cause of popular culture. Mr. Sharp has edited the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, but it is by his *Sonnets of This Century* that he is best known in his critical capacity. His other works include *Children of Tomorrow* (1890); *Flower o' the Vine* (1894); *Wives in Exile* (1898); *Silence Farm* (1899); *Literary Essays* (1903); and *Literary Geography* (1904).

POETRY.

Remembered excitement may be as keen — as it may be more subtle, more rarefied — as at the "psychical moment." Poetry, as one of our own greatest poets has said, is "emotion remembered in tranquillity"; and if Wordsworth had written "poetry is emotion emotionally remembered," few, I presume, would have disagreed from the dictum.—

SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD, an Irish dramatist, essayist and critic; born at Dublin, July 26, 1856. He removed to London and in 1884 became one of the founders of the Fabian Society, and wrote articles on socialism. He contributed dramatic, musical and art criticisms to the *World, Truth, Star,* and *Saturday Review.* His first play, *Widower's Houses,* was produced in 1892. In 1898 he published two volumes of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant,* and in 1900 appeared *Three Plays for Puritans.* He also published two volumes of interpretative studies, *The Perfect Wagnerite* and *The Quintessence of Ibsenism.* His novels include *The Irrational Knot; Love Among the Artists; Cashel Byron's Profession,* and *An Unsocial Socialist.* In 1904 he published *Man and Superman.*

THE PRIZE FIGHT.

Lydia saw Cashel Byron approaching the ring with the indifferent air of a man going through some tedious public ceremony.

"A god coming down to compete with a gladiator," whispered Lord Worthington, eagerly. "Isn't it, Miss Carew? Apollo and the satyr! You must admit that our

mutual friend is a splendid-looking fellow. If he could go into society like that, by Jove, the women —"

"Hush," said Lydia, as if his words were intolerable.

Cashel did not vault over the ropes. He stepped through them languidly, and, rejecting the proffered assistance of a couple of officious friends, drew on a boxing-glove fastidiously, like an exquisite preparing for a fashionable parade. Having thus muffled his left hand, so as to make it useless for the same service to his right, he dipped his fingers into the other glove, gripped it between his teeth, and dragged it on with the action of a tiger tearing its prey. Lydia shuddered again.

"Bob Mellish," said Skene, "I'll lay you twenty to one he stops that rush that you think so much of. Come, twenty to one!"

Mellish shook his head. Then the master of the ceremonies, pointing to the men in succession, shouted, "Paradise: a professor. Cashel Byron: a professor. Time!"

Cashel now looked at Paradise, of whose existence he had not before seemed to be aware. The two men advanced toward the center of the ring, shook hands at arm's-length, cast off each other's grasp suddenly, fell back a step, and began to move warily round one another from left to right, like a pair of panthers.

"I think they might learn manners from the gentlemen, and shake hands cordially," said Alice, trying to appear unconcerned, but oppressed by a vague dread of Cashel.

"That's the traditional manner," said Lord Worthington. "It is done that way to prevent one from holding the other, pulling him over, and hitting him with the disengaged hand before he could get loose."

"What abominable treachery!" exclaimed Lydia.

"It's never done, you know," said Lord Worthington, apologetically. "Only it might be."

Lydia turned away from him, and gave all her attention to the boxers. Of the two, Paradise shocked her least. He was evidently nervous and conscious of a screwed-up condition as to his courage; but his sly grin implied a wild sort of good-humor, and seemed to promise the spectators that he would show them some fun pre-

sently. Cashel watched his movements with a relentless vigilance and a sidelong glance in which, to Lydia's apprehension, there was something infernal.

Suddenly the eyes of Paradise lighted up; he lowered his head, made a rush, balked himself purposely, and darted at Cashel. There was a sound like the pop of a champagne-cork, after which Cashel was seen undisturbed in the middle of the ring, and Paradise, flung against the ropes and trying to grin at his discomfiture, showed his white teeth through a mask of blood.

"Beautiful!" cried Skene, with emotion. "Beautiful! There ain't but me and my boy in the world can give the upper cut like that! I wish I could see my old missis's face now! This is nuts to her."

"Let us go away," said Alice.

"That was a very different blow to any that the gentlemen gave," said Lydia, without heeding her, to Lord Worthington. "The man is bleeding horribly."

"It's only his nose," said Lord Worthington. "He's used to it."

Meanwhile Cashel had followed Paradise to the ropes.

"Now he has him," chuckled Skene. "My boy's got him ag'in the ropes; and he means to keep him there. Let him rush now if he can. See what it is to have a good judgment."

Mellish shook his head again despondently. The remaining minutes of the round were unhappy ones for Paradise. He struck viciously at his opponent's ribs; but Cashel stepped back just out of his reach, and then returned with extraordinary swiftness and dealt him blows from which, with the ropes behind him, he had no room to retreat, and which he was too slow to stop or avoid. His attempts to reach his enemy's face were greatly to the disadvantage of his own; for Cashel's blows were never so tremendous as when he turned his head deftly out of harm's way, and met his advancing foe with a counter hit. He showed no chivalry and no mercy, and reveled in the hardness of his hitting; his gloves either resounding on Paradise's face or seeming to go almost through his body. There was little

semblance of a contest: to Lydia there was nothing discernible but a cruel assault by an irresistible athlete on a helpless victim. The better sort among the spectators were disgusted by the sight; for, as Paradise bled profusely, and as his blood besmeared the gloves, and the gloves besmeared the heads and bodies of both combatants, they were soon stained with it from their waists upward. The managers held a whispered consultation as to whether the sparring exhibition had not better be stopped; but they decided to let it proceed on seeing the African king, who had watched the whole entertainment up to the present without displaying the least interest, now raise his hands and clap them with delight.

"Billy don't look half pleased with hisself," observed Mellish, as the two boxers sat down. "He looks just like he did when he spiked Shepstone."

"What does spiking mean?" said Lydia.

"Treading on a man's foot with spiked boots," replied Lord Worthington. "Don't be alarmed; they have no spikes in their shoes to-day. It is not my fault that they do such things, Miss Carew. Really, you make me feel quite criminal when you look at me in that way."

Time was now called; and the pugilists, who had, by dint of sponging, been made somewhat cleaner, rose with mechanical promptitude at the sound. Cashel had hardly advanced two steps when, though his adversary seemed far out of his reach, he struck him on the forehead with such force as to stagger him, and then jumped back laughing. Paradise rushed forward; but Cashel eluded him, and fled round the ring, looking back derisively over his shoulder. Paradise now dropped all pretense of good-humor. With an expression of reckless ferocity, he dashed at Cashel; endured a startling blow without flinching, and engaged him at close quarters. For a moment the falling of their blows reminded Lydia of the rush of rain-drops against a pane in a sudden gust of wind. The next moment Cashel was away; and Paradise, whose blood was again flowing, was trying to repeat his maneuver, to be met this time by a blow that brought him upon one knee. He had scarcely risen when Cashel sprung at him;

dealt him four blows with dazzling rapidity; drove him once more against the ropes; but at this time, instead of keeping him there, ran away in the manner of a child at play. Paradise, with foam as well as blood at his lips, uttered a howl, and tore off his gloves. There was a shout of protest from the audience; and Cashel, warned by it, tried to get off his gloves in turn. But Paradise was upon him before he could accomplish this, and the two men laid hold of one another amid a great clamor. Lord Worthington and others rising and excitedly shouting, "Against rules! No wrestling!" followed by a roar of indignation as Paradise was seen to seize Cashel's shoulder in his teeth as they struggled for the throw. Lydia, for the first time in her life screamed. Then she saw Cashel, his face fully as fierce as Paradise's, get his arm about his neck; lift him as a coal-heaver lifts a sack, and fling him over his back, heels over head, to the ground, where he instantly dropped on him with his utmost weight and impetus. The two were at once separated by a crowd of managers, umpires, policemen, and others who had rushed toward the ring, when Paradise had taken off his gloves. A distracting wrangle followed. Skene had climbed over the palisade, and was hurling oaths, threats, and epithets at Paradise, who, unable to stand without assistance, was trying to lift his leaden eyelids and realize what had happened to him. A dozen others were trying to bring him to his senses, remonstrating with him on his conduct, or trying to pacify Skene. Cashel, on the other side, raged at the managers, who were reminding him that the rules of glove-fighting did not allow wrestling and throwing.

"Rules be d——d," Lydia heard his shouting. "He bit me; and I'll throw him to—" Then everybody spoke at once; and she could only conjecture where he would throw him to. He seemed to have no self-control. Paradise, when he came to himself, behaved better. Lord Worthington descended into the ring and tried to calm the hubbub, but Cashel shook his hand fiercely from his arm; menaced a manager who attempted to call him sternly to order; frantically pounded his wounded shoulder with

his clinched fist, and so outswore and outwrangled them all, that even Skene began to urge that there had been enough fuss made. Then Lord Worthington whispered a word more; and Cashel suddenly subsided, pale and ashamed, and sat down on a chair in his corner as if to hide himself. Five minutes afterward, he stepped out from the crowd with Paradise, and shook hands with him amid much cheering. Cashel was the humbler of the two. — *Cashel Byron's Profession.*

SHAW, HENRY WHEELER ("JOSH BILLINGS"), an American humorist; born at Lanesborough, Mass., April 21, 1818; died at Monterey, Cal., October 14, 1885. About 1832 he entered Hamilton College, but soon removed to the West. For a time he worked on steamboats on the Ohio River, then became a farmer and afterward an auctioneer. In 1858 he settled at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and began his humorous sketches for the newspapers. These did not, however, become popular until he adopted his method of spelling. His lectures, which he began in 1863, became as popular as his sketches. For many years before his death he was a regular contributor to the New York *Weekly.* His published works include *Josh Billings, His Sayings* (1866); *Josh Billings on Ice* (1875); *Every Body's Friend* (1876); *Josh Billings's Spice Box* (1881). In 1870 he began the publication of *Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax,* which appeared annually.

JOSH BILLINGS'S ADVERTISEMENT.

I kan sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art, into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dallianse ov moss-tufted medders: streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty, tew the low musik of the kricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in goldey buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun iz ov Parian marble, the porch iz a single diamond, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heavin. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in evry apartment and nothing is wanted that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy ov the steels ov Nimrod, or the stud ov Akilles, and its henery was bilt expressly for the birds of paradice; while sombre in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze — here skulptors hav cut, here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landskapes, and here the philosopher diskovered the stun, which made him the alkimist ov natur. Nex northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown, and the Duches, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches far away the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blu brest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night

dansing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B. This angel goes with the place.)—*Josh Billings, His Works.*

RATS.

Rats originally cum from Norway, and i wish they had originally staid thare.

They are about az uncalled for az a pain in the small ov the back.

They can be domestikated dredful eazy; that iz, as far as gitting in cupboards, and eating cheese, and knawing pie, iz concerned.

The best way to domestikate them that ever i saw is tew surround them gently with a steel trap; yu can reason with them then tu great advantage.

Rats are migratorious, they migrate wharever they hav a mind to.

Pizen iz also good for rats; it softens their whole moral naturs.

Cats hate rats, and rats hate cats, and — who don't?

I serpoze thare iz between 50 and 60 millions of rats in Amerika (i quote now entirely from memory), and i don't serpoze thare iz a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how menny waste rats thare is. Rats enhance in numbers faster than shoe-pegs do by machinery. One pair ov healthy rats iz awl that enny man wants ta start the rat bizziness with, and in ninety daze, without enny outlay, he will begin tew have rats tew turn oph.

Rats, viewed from enny platform yu kan bild, are unspeakibly cussed, and i would be willing tew make enny man who could destroy awl the rats in the United States, a valuable keepsake, say, for instance, either the life and sufferings of Andy Johnson, in one vollum calf bound, or a receipt tew kure the blind staggers.

REMARKS.

Fust appearances are ced tu be everything. I don't put all my fathe into this saying; i think oysters and klams, for instanse, will bear looking into.

If you want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wild oats.

Humin natur is the same all over the world, 'cept in New England, and thar it's akordin tu sarcumstances.

If i had a boy who didn't lie well enuff to sute me, i wud set him tu tendin a retale dri good store.

Man was created a little lower than the angells, and has bit gittin a little lower ever sinse.

When a feller gits a goin down hil, it dus seem as tho evry thing had been greased for the okashun.

It is dredful easy tew be a phool—a man kan be one and not know it.

Ignorance is ced to be bliss. This ma be so, I never tried it.

The man who kan wear a shirt a hole weak and keap it klean, ain't fit for enny thing else.

When a man's dog deserts him on akount ov his poverty, he kant git enny lower down in this world, not bi land.

Luv is like the measels, we kant alwas tell when we ketched it, and ain't apt tew hav it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted mutch unless it strikes inly.

A TABLOWS IN 4 ACKS.

Ack fust.— Enter a lap dorg, carrying a boarding-skool miss in his arms, about 16 hands high; it makes the dorg puff — the dorg lays down the boarding-skool miss, and orders mint juleks for 2, with the usual suckshun. The dorg begins tew loll, the boarding-skool miss tells him "tew git owt" (in French), and the dorg sez "he be hanged if he will" (in Dorg). [Grate sensashun among the awjence, with cries, "put him out!"] Finally a compromise is affected, the boarding-skool miss kisses the dorg, with tears in his eyes. Konlusion — Lap dorg diskovers a wicked flee at work on his tale — pursues him —round and round tha go — dorg a leetle ahead — somebody hollers out, "mad dorg!"— boarding-skool girl faints standing — the curtin drops.

Ack number 2.— Curtain highst — sevral blind men in the distanse, looking thru a key whole — one ov them

sez "he don't see it!" A shanghi ruseter cums out, with epaulets on, and crows Yankee Doodle — musik bi the band. Curtin falls agin.

Ack number 3.— Curtin rizes sloly — big bolona sarsage on a tabel — bolona sarsage lifts up her hed, and begins tew bark — band plays "Old Dorg Tray." Cat cums in — cat's tail begins to swell bad — bolona sarsage and cat haz a fite — tha fite 14 rounds — the stage iz covered with cats and dorgs. Konlusion — tha awl jine hands, and walk tew the foot lights — band plays — a bell rings, and the curtin drops.

Ack number 4.— A scene on the Eri kanall — a terribel storm rages — the kanall acks bad — several line botes go down hed fust, with awl their boarders on board — kant make a lee shore — tha drag their ankers — some ov the kaptins tri tew pra, but moste ov them hav the best luck at swareing — the water iz strewd with pots and kittles — sevral of the cook maids swim ashore, with their cook stoves in their teeth — tha hav tew draw oph the kanal tew stop the storm. Konlusion — men are seen along on the banks of the kanall — spearing ded hosses and eels — band plays "a life on the oshun wave." Amid tremduous applauze the curtin falls, and the awjence disperce, single file.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.

I kum to the conclusion, lately, that life was so onsartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks was to git my life insured, and so i kalled on the Agent of the "Garden Angel life insurance Co.," and answered the following questions, which waz put tu me over the top of a pair of goold specs, by a slik little fat old feller, with a little round grey head: —

QUESTIONS.

1st — Are yu mail or femail? If so, Pleze state how long you have been so.

2d — Are yu subjec tu fits, and if so, do yu hav more than one at a time?

3d — What is yure precise fiteing weight?

4th — Did yu ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th — Du yu ever have enny nite mares.

6th — Are you married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?

7th — What are yure private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

8th — Hav yu ever committed suicide? and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slik little fat old fellow, with goold specks on, ced I was insured for life, and proberly would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him, and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

SHEA, JOHN DAWSON GILMARY, an American philologist and historian; born at New York, July 22, 1824; died at Elizabeth, N. J., February 22, 1892. He was educated for the law, and was admitted to the bar, but preferred to devote himself to literature. From 1859 to 1865 he edited the *Historical Magazine,* and was for many years editor-in-chief for the Frank Leslie publishing house. He gave much time to the study of the history and languages of the North American Indians, and published a series of *Grammars* and *Dictionaries* of the Indian languages in fifteen volumes (1860–74). He was a member of many historical societies in the United States, and of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, Span. Besides contributing largely to periodicals and to publications of historical societies, he translated Charlevoix's *History and General Description of*

New France (1866–72); Le Clercq's *Establishment of the Faith;* Perralosa's *Expedition to Quivira,* and other works; edited the Cramoisy series of *Relations and Documents in French Bearing on the Early History of the French-American Colonies* (20 vols., 1857–68); *Washington's Private Diary* (1861); Colden's *History of Five Indian Nations,* edition of 1727 (1866); Alsop's *Maryland* (1869). Among his works are *The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley* (1853); *History of French and Spanish Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States* (1854); *The Fallen Brave* (1861); *Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi* and *Novum-Belgium: an Account of New Netherlands in 1643–44* (1862); *The Story of a Great Nation* (1886); *History of the Catholic Church in the United States* (1886–88), and a *Life of Archbishop Hughes* in the *American Religious Leaders* series (1889). *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints* was published posthumously (1894).

THE EXPEDITION OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

The French government in Canada at last resolved to send out an expedition of discovery. In November, 1672, Frontenac wrote to Colbert, the great prime minister of France: "I have deemed it expedient for the service to send the Sieur Jolliet to the country of the Maskoutens, to discover the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), and the great river called Mississippi, which is believed to empty into the Gulf of California." One single man with a bark canoe was all the Provincial Government could afford; but Jolliet had evidently planned his course. Like the Sulpitians he proceeded to a Jesuit mission, to that of Father James Marquette, who had so long been planning a visit to the country of the Illinois, and who, speaking no fewer than six Indian languages, was ad-

mirably fitted for such an exploration. That missionary received permission or direction from his superiors to join Jolliet on his proposed expedition, and there are indications that the venerable Bishop Laval, to accredit him to the Spanish authorities whom he might encounter, made him his Vicar-General for the lands into which they were to penetrate.

Jolliet reached Michilimackinac on the 8th of December, 1672, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the pious missionary with whom he was to make the exploration, thenceforward made the Immaculate Conception the title of his discovery and mission. They spent the winter studying their projected route by way of Green Bay, acquiring from intelligent Indians all possible knowledge of the rivers they should meet, and the tribes they would encounter. All this information they embodied on a sketch-map, both possessing no little topographical skill. On the 17th of May, 1673, Father Marquette and Jolliet, with five men in two canoes, set out, taking no provision but some Indian corn and some dried meat. Following the western shore of Lake Michigan, they entered Green Bay, and ascended Fox river undeterred by the stories of the Indians, who warned them of the peril of their undertaking. Guided by two Miamis whom they obtained at the Maskoutens' town, they made the portage to the Wisconsin, and then reciting a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin, they paddled down, amid awful solitudes, shores untenanted by any human dwellers. Just one month from their setting out their canoes glided into the Mississippi, and the hearts of all swelled with exultant joy. The dream of Father Marquette's life was accomplished; he was on the great river of the West, to which he gave the name of the Immaculate Conception. On and on their canoes kept while they admired the game and birds, the fish in the river, the changing character of the shores. More than a week passed before they met with the least indication of the presence of man. On the 25th they saw footprints on the western shore, and an Indian trail leading inland. The missionary and his fellow-explorer, leaving the canoes, followed it in silence. Three villages

at last came in sight. Their hail brought out a motley group, and two old men advanced with calumets. When near enough to be heard, Father Marquette asked who they were. The answer was: "We are Illinois." The missionary was at the towns of the nation he had for years yearned to visit. The friendly natives escorted them to a cabin, where another aged Indian welcomed them: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." These Illinois urged the missionary to stay and instruct them, warning him against the danger of descending the river, but they gave him a calumet and an Indian boy. He promised these Illinois of the Peoria and Moingona bands to return the next year and abide with them. Having announced the first Gospel tidings to the tribe, the missionary and his associate were escorted to their canoes by the warriors. Past the Piesa, the painted rock which Indian superstition invested with terror and awe; past the turbid Missouri, pouring its vast tide into Mississippi; past the unrecognized mouth of the Ohio coming down from the land of the Senecas, the explorers glided along, impelled by the current and their paddles. At last the character of the country changed, canebrakes replaced the forest and prairie, and swarms of mosquitoes hovered over land and water. After leaving the Illinois, they had encountered only one single Indian band, apparently stragglers from the East, who recognized the dress of the Catholic priest. To them he spoke of God and eternity. But as the canoes neared the Arkansas River, the Metchigameas on the western bank came out in battle array, a band of the Quappa confederation of Dakotas. Hemming in the French above and below, they filled the air with yells. This missionary held out his calumet of peace, and addressed them in every Indian language he knew. At last an old man answered him in Illinois. Then Father Marquette told of their desire to reach the sea and of his mission to teach the red men the ways of God. All hostile demonstrations ceased. The French were regaled and referred to the Arkansas, the next tribe below. This more friendly nation, then on the

eastern shore, was soon reached. The explorers had solved the great question and made it certain that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. The Jesuit Father had published the Gospel as well as he could to the nations he had met, and opened the way to future missions.—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

SHEDD, William Greenough Thayer, an American theologian; born at Acton, Mass., June 21, 1820; died November 17, 1894. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1839; at Andover Theological Seminary in 1843, and became pastor of a Congregational church at Brandon, Vt. In 1845 he was chosen Professor of English Literature in the University of Vermont, and prepared an excellent edition, with Introductory Essays, of the *Works of Samuel T. Coleridge.* In 1852 he became Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary; in 1854 Professor of Church History in Andover Theological Seminary; in 1863 Professor of Biblical Literature, and in 1874 Professor of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He prepared several works in Scriptural exegesis and commentary. Among his other works are *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* (1856); *Manual of Church History* (1857); *History of Christian Doctrine* (1863); *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology* (1867); *Sermons to the Natural Man* (1871); *Theological Essays* (1877); *Literary Essays* (1878); *Sermons to the Spiritual Man* (1884); *The Doctrine of Endless Punishment* (1885); *Dogmatic Theology* (1888-94).

Of his *Discourses and Essays,* the *New Englander* said: "The striking sincerity, vigor and learning of this volume will be admired even by those readers who cannot go with the author in all his opinions. Whatever debate the philosophical tendencies of the book may challenge, its literary ability and moral spirit will be commended everywhere. It is hard to criticise the style of these productions apart from the matter. This we hold to be the evidence of a rare merit. For we seldom find the form so related to the contents of an essay — so identical with the contents — that the two must be contemplated together, or not at all. The strength with which the author enunciates his views discovers the depth of his conviction that they are true and valuable. He marches, from beginning to end, with a straightforward, manly sense of power."

THE FOUNDATION OF LITERARY STYLE.

Having a distinctively clear apprehension of truth, the mind utters its convictions with all that simplicity and pertinence of language which characterizes the narrative of an honest eye-witness. Nothing intervenes between thought and expression. The clear, direct view instantly becomes the clear, direct statement. And when the clear conception is thus united with the profound intention, thought assumes its most perfect form. The form in which it appears is full and round with solid truth, and yet distinct and transparent. The immaterial principle is embodied in just the right amount of matter; the former does not overflow, nor does the latter overlay. The discourse exhibits the same opposite and counterbalancing excellences which we see in the forms of nature — the simplicity and richness, the negligence and the niceness, the solid opacity and the aërial transparence.

It is rare to find such a union of the two main ele-

ments of culture, and consequently rare to find them in style. A profoundly contemplative mind is often mystic and vague in its discourse, because it has not come to a clear as well as profound consciousness; because distinctness has not gone along with depth of apprehension. The discourse of such a man is thoughtful and suggestive, it may be, but is lacking in that scientific, logical power which penetrates and illumines. It has warmth and glow, it may be, but it is the warmth of the stove (to use the comparison of another) — warmth without light.

On the other hand, it often happens that the culture of the mind is clear but shallow. In this case, nothing but the merest commonplace is uttered; in a manner intelligible and plain enough, but without depth or weight, or even genuine force of style. Shallow waters show a very clear bottom, and but little intensity of light is needed in order to display the pebbles and clear sand. That must be a "purest ray serene" — a pencil of strongest light — which discloses the black, rich, wreck-strewn depths. For the clearness of depth is very different from the clearness of shallowness. The former is a positive quality. It is the positive irradiation of that which is solid and dark by that which is ethereal and light. The latter is a negative quality. It is the mere absence of darkness, because there is no substance to be dark — no *body* in which (if the expression be allowed) the darkness can inhere. Nothing is more luminous than solid fire; nothing is more flashing than an ignited void.

These two fundamental characteristics of mental culture lie at the foundation of style. Even if the secondary qualities of style could exist without the weightiness and clearness of manner that spring from the union of profound with distinct apprehension, they would exist in vain. The ornament is worthless if there is nothing to sustain it. The bas-relief is valueless without the slab to support it. But these secondary qualities of style — the beauty and the elegance, and the harmony — derive all their charm from springing out of the primary

qualities, and in this way, ultimately, out of the deep and clear culture of the mind itself — from being the white flower of the black root.

Style, when having this mental and natural origin, is to be put into the first class of fine forms. It is the form of thought, and, as a piece of art, is as worthy of study and admiration as those glorious material forms which embody the ideas of Phidias, Michelangelo, and Raphael. It is the form in which the human mind manifests its freest, purest, and most mysterious activity — its thinking. There is nothing mechanical in its origin, or stale in its nature. It is plastic and fresh as the immortal energy of which it is the air and bearing.— *Literary Essays.*

SHELDON, CHARLES MONROE, an American clergyman and novelist; born at Wellsville, N. Y., February 26, 1857. He was graduated from Brown University in 1883, and from the Andover Theological seminary in 1886. In the same year he was ordained to the Congregational ministry, and in 1889, became pastor of the Central Congregational church at Topeka, Kans. In 1896 he published *In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?* which reached a sale of over three million copies in America, Canada, and England and was translated into German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Italian, Armenian, Russian, and some dialects of Central and Western Africa. Other books by Mr. Sheldon include *Robert Hardy's Seven Days* (1892); *Malcolm Kirk* (1897); *The Wheels of the Machine* (1901); *The Narrow Gate* (1902); and *The Heart of the World* (1904).

"What is the test of Christian discipleship? Is it not the same as in Christ's own life-time? Have our surroundings modified or changed the test? If Jesus were here to-day, would He not call some of the members of this very church to do just what He commanded the young man, and ask him to give up his wealth and literally follow Him? I believe He would do that, if He felt certain that any church member thought more of his possessions than of his Saviour. The test would be the same to-day as then. I believe Jesus would demand, He does demand now, as close a following, as much suffering, as great self-denial, as when He lived in person on the earth and said, 'Except a man renounceth all that he hath, he can not be My disciple' — that is, unless he is willing to do it for My sake, he can not be My disciple.

What would be the result if in this city every church member should begin to do as Jesus would do? It is not easy to go into details of the result. But we all know that certain things would be impossible that are now practiced by church members. What would Jesus do in the matter of wealth? How would He spend it? What principle would regulate His use of money? Would he be likely to live in great luxury and spend ten times as much on personal adornment and entertainment as He spent to relieve the needs of suffering humanity? How would Jesus be governed in the making of money? Would He take rentals from saloon and other disreputable property, or even from tenement property that was so constructed that the inmates had no such thing as a home and no such possibility as privacy or cleanliness?

"What would Jesus do about the great army of unemployed and desperate who tramp the streets and curse the Church, or are indifferent to it, lost in the bitter struggle for the bread that tastes bitter when it is earned, on account of the desperate conflict to get it. Would Jesus care nothing for them? Would He go His way in comparative ease and comfort? Would He say it was none of

His business? Would He excuse Himself from all responsibility to remove the cause of such a condition?

"What would Jesus do in the center of a civilization that hurries so fast after money that the very girls employed in great business houses are not paid enough to keep soul and body together without fearful temptations, so great that scores of them fall and are swept over the great, boiling abyss; where the demands of trade sacrifice hundreds of lads in a business that ignores all Christian duties toward them in the way of education and moral training and personal affection? Would Jesus, if He were here to-day, as a part of our age and commercial industry, feel nothing, do nothing, say nothing, in the face of these facts which every business man knows?

"What would Jesus do? Is not that what the disciple ought to do? Is he not commanded to follow in His steps? How much is the Christianity of the age suffering for Him? Is it denying itself at the cost of ease, comfort, luxury, elegance of living? What does the age need more than personal sacrifice? Does the Church do its duty in following Jesus when it gives a little money to establish missions or relieve extreme cases of want? Is it any sacrifice for a man who is worth ten million dollars simply to give ten thousand dollars for some benevolent work? Is he not giving something that costs him practically nothing, so far as any personal pain or suffering goes? Is it true that the Christian disciples to-day in most of our churches are living soft, easy, selfish lives, very far from any sacrifice that can be called sacrifice? What would Jesus do?

"It is the personal element that Christian discipleship needs to emphasize. 'The gift, without the giver, is bare.' The Christianity that attempts to suffer by proxy is not the Christianity of Christ. Each individual Christian, business man, citizen, needs to follow in His steps along the path of personal sacrifice for Him. There is not a different path to-day from that of Jesus' own times. It is the same path. The call of this dying century and of the new one soon to be, is called for a new discipleship, a new following of Jesus, more like the early, simple, apostolic Christianity when the disciples left all and liter-

ally followed the Master. Nothing but a discipleship of this kind can face the destructive selfishness of the age with any hope of overcoming it. There is a great quantity of nominal Christianity to-day. There is need of more of the real kind. We need a revival of the Christianity of Christ. We have, unconsciously, lazily, selfishly, formally, grown into a discipleship that Jesus Himself would not acknowledge. He would say to many of us, when we cry, 'Lord, Lord,' 'I never knew you.' Are we ready to take up the cross? Is it possible for this church to sing with exact truth,

> "'Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave and follow Thee?'

If we can sing that truly, then we may claim discipleship. But if our definition of being a Christian is simply to enjoy the privileges of worship, be generous at no expense to ourselves, have a good, easy time, surrounded by pleasant friends and by comfortable things, live respectably and at the same time avoid the world's great stress of sin and trouble because it is too much pain to bear it — if this is our definition of Christianity, surely we are a long way from following the steps of Him who trod the way with groans and tears and sobs of anguish for a lost humanity, who sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, who cried out on the upreared cross, 'My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!'

"Are we ready to make and live a new discipleship? Are we ready to reconsider our definition of a Christian? What is it to be a Christian? It is to imitate Jesus. It is to do as He would do. It is to walk in His steps."

SHELDON, LURANA WATERHOUSE, an American novelist and poet; born at Hadlyme, Conn., April 11, 1862. She began to write at an early age and has published several hundred short stories and poems in current periodicals, as well as essays on scientific and sociological subjects. Some of her humorous poems have had wide circulation, as, for instance, *The Medical Student's Dream,* which was copied in the medical journals of Great Britain and Germany; (1883). Her published works include: *Too Progressive for Him,* a recitation, (1889); *Death to the Inquisitive,* a novel, (1891); *For Gold or Soul,* a novel, (1899); *For Humanity's Sake,* a novel, (1900); *As We Forgive,* a novel, (1900); *Caught in the Whirlpool,* a novel, (1901); *Marion Marlowe Stories,* a series of thirty novelettes for young girls (1900–1); *The Girl From Montana,* a novel (1901).

PSYCHE.

Bending low above the water
Psyche sees an image there —
She, fair beauty's fairest daughter
Gazing, knots her golden hair.
To the quiet pool below her
Heaven itself has lent its hue —
While the trees that nod and know her
Span their shade across the blue.
Nature's mirror tempts her glances —
Nature's music times her dream —
This, the purest of her fancies,
To be mirrored in the stream.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

I touch the faded, yellow sheet
  That, like a shadow from the past,
Brings back old memories, sad and sweet,
  And starts the teardrops thick and fast.
The words are dim — I only trace
  A half-formed sentence here and there
Yet once again I see his face
  And hear his voice upon the air.

That yellow message, how it wakes
  Long hushéd chords of love and bliss —
I press it softly — but it breaks
  Upon the lips he used to kiss.
I turn away with sudden fear —
  Weak — when I should be most brave —
But in that sound I seem to hear
  The dead leaves rustling on his grave.

THE PASSION OF DAY.

The dawn came sighing from the east and thrilled the azure sky
While all earth raised a trembling ear and listened to its cry —
"Love! Give me love!" The murmur bold swept through the realms of light,
"Lo, I am seeking everywhere! Give me thine arms, O, Night!"

The noon spread out o'er land and sea its fevered, burning rays;
It scorched the tender springing grass and set the fields ablaze —
"Love! Give me love!" It cried aloud, "I seek my lover's kiss;
Give me thine arms, O, gentle night, that I may die in bliss!"

The gloaming stole o'er hill and dale and on the horizon's
crest
The spirit of the day went down in glory to its rest,
And where the evening zephyrs bore its tidings of de-
light
It murmured how Day found its own upon the breast of
Night.

SHELLEY, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, an English novelist; born at London, August 30, 1797; died there, February 21, 1851. She inherited much of the genius of her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, and of her father, William Godwin. The circumstances of her marriage to Percy Bysshe Shelley will be found in the succeeding sketch of the poet. Her most distinctive work is the wild romance *Frankenstein,* written in her eighteenth year. After the death of Shelley she edited his works, and wrote several novels, among which are *Valpergo* (1823); *The Last Man* (1826); *Lodore* (1835); *Falkner* (1837); *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* (1840); and a volume of *Rambles in Italy and Germany* (1844). The plot of Frankenstein runs thus: Frankenstein, who tells the story, is a German student of the occult sciences. He succeeds in creating a living being in the human form, but having the most diabolical instincts. This monster becomes a torment to his own creator, whom he haunts like a spell for years; and finally extorts from him a promise to create a mate like unto himself.

THE MONSTER CREATED BY FRANKENSTEIN.

It was on a dreay night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed of almost the same color as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

I had worked hard for nearly two years for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room; and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of repose. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams.

I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead; my teeth chattered, and every limb

became convulsed, when by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch — the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes — if eyes they may be called — were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear. One hand was stretched out as if to detain me; but I escaped, and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the court-yard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life. Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished. He was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me: and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete.

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare to return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky. I continued

walking in this manner for some time, endeavoring by bodily exercise to ease the load which weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated with fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me.

LOVE.

It is said that in love we idolize the object, and placing him apart and selecting him from his fellows, look on him as superior in nature to all others. We do so; but even as we idolize the object of our affections, do we idolize ourselves: if we separate him from his fellow mortals, so do we separate ourselves; and glorying in belonging to him alone, feel lifted above all other sensations, all other joys and griefs, to one hallowed circle from which all but his idea is banished. We walk as if a mist or some more potent charm divided us from all but him; a sanctified victim, which none but the priest set apart for that office could touch and not pollute, enshrined in a cloud of glory, made glorious through beauties not our own.

SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe, an English poet; born at Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792; died at Spezzia, July 8, 1822. His great-grandfather, Timothy, lived for a number of years in America; and his grandfather, Bysshe, was born in Newark, N. J., of an American mother. The family was wealthy and of local distinction in Sussex. Timothy, the poet's father, succeeded in 1815 to the baronetcy given Bysshe in 1806. Shelley's schooling began at six. At ten he was sent to Sion House, near Brent-

P. B. SHELLEY.

ford, and at twelve to Eton. In the fall of 1810, having finished in good standing at Eton, he entered Oxford. He was an incessant reader, speculator, and writer from his early days at Eton, and, though he slighted the prescribed studies, he became greatly interested in chemistry and read deeply in the works of Locke, Hume, D'Holbach, Volney, Rousseau, and Voltaire. By March, 1811, he had produced two novels, a rhymed narrative, a play (now lost), a great quantity of verse of indifferent or wholly bad quality, and was joint author with his cousin Medwin of a romance. He had also already begun *Queen Mab.* On March 25, 1811, he, with his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg, was expelled from Oxford for having written, printed, and circulated a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism.* Shelley's father cut off the boy's allowance, and for a time he was reduced to want, living upon small sums sent him by his relatives. On August 28, he married Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper, and a school-mate of his sisters. In December Harriet's father allowed his daughter $1,000 a year, and in January, 1812, Shelley's father made an equal allowance. From this time until March, 1814, the youthful pair wandered about England, Wales, and Ireland, Shelley finishing *Queen Mab,* and producing some miscellaneous verse, and a number of pamphlets urging political reforms. The union had now become uncongenial, Harriet evincing a growing indifference to the subjects which were the life and soul of the reformer and poet, and concerning herself more and more regarding the possessions and attributes necessary for a "fine lady." Shelley, however, doubtful of the validity of the Scotch marriage, remarried Harriet on March 26. In April the

break came, and Harriet (whether intending a separation or only a long visit is not known) left him and joined her sister. It is not believed that the couple ever again lived together. The stanzas "To Harriet, May, 1814," appeal to her to return to him, and beg her to "pity if thou canst not love." Shelley had in the meantime met Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter of William Godwin, a political writer for whom he entertained the most extravagant admiration, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, the gifted author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.* By June the new friends had become very much attached to each other. Mary had grown up in an atmosphere wherein hostility to the marriage institution was a philosophic creed, and Shelley had given voice to this sentiment years before. Early in July the pair determined to unite. Shelley summoned Harriet to London, told her of his determination, made certain settlements with her regarding property, and on July 28 left England for the Continent with Mary, accompanied by Jane Clermont, the daughter of Mrs. Godwin by a former marriage. His grandfather dying in January, 1815, a settlement of Shelley's succession to the estate was made, the poet having been made to relinquish the greater part in favor of a younger brother. He now paid Harriet's debts and allowed her $1,000 a year. In August he took a house near Windsor Park, and in May, 1816, Shelley, Mary, Jane Clermont, and the child, William (born January 1816) made another trip to the Continent. Early in 1817 Shelley settled in Marlow, and on March 12, 1818, the household left England for Italy, reaching the Baths of Lucca in May. *Alastor* had appeared in the Autumn of 1816, and *The Revolt of Islam* in January, 1818. The great

volume of his poetical production came from him during the four remaining years of his life — a product which for amount, excellence, and range of power, is held by many to be unparalleled in the history of the world's literature. In August the household removed to Byron's villa of Este, near Venice, and Allegra was put under the care of her father. Clara (Shelley's youngest child) died in Venice, September 24, 1818; and William at Rome, June 7, 1819. At Florence his last child (Percy Florence) was born, November 12, 1819 (died, 1889). January 27, 1820, the household removed to Pisa, and henceforth until Shelley's death lived in that neighborhood. Between April 26 and May 1, 1822, the Shelleys and two friends, Edward and Jane Williams, moved into the house Casa Magni, on the Gulf of Spezzia, near Lerici. Shelley's friend, Leigh Hunt, was to arrive at Leghorn in July, and on July 1st, Shelley, Williams, and a sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, sailed for that city in Shelley's boat, the Ariel, to meet him. They arrived next day, Shelley met Hunt, and saw him settled, and on July 8th the three started to return. A terrific squall struck the water shortly after they set sail, and the boat was never seen again. Shelley's and Williams's bodies were cast ashore July 18th, and a few days later the body of the sailor-boy. The bodies of the two friends were cremated on the shore August 17th and 18th, Byron, Hunt, and Edward John Trelawny, and some natives alone being present. Trelawny snatched Shelley's unconsumed heart from the flames. The ashes of the poet were deposited in the English burying-ground at Rome, where Trelawny placed a slab, inscribed:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

COR CORDIUM.

Natus iv. Aug. MDCCXCII.
Obiit vii. Jul. MDCCCXXII.

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Shelley's principal poems are as follows: *Queen Mab* (1809–13); *Alastor* (1815); *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* (1816); *The Revolt of Islam* (1817); *Rosalind and Helen* (1817–18); *Julian and Maddalo* (1818); *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills* (1818); *Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples* (1818); *Prometheus Unbound,* (1818–19); *Masque of Anarchy* (1819); *The Cenci* (1819); *Ode to the West Wind* (1819); *The Sensitive Plant* (1820); *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (1820); *The Skylark* (1820); *The Cloud* (1818); *The Witch of Atlas* (1820); *Epipsychidion* (1821); *Adonais* (1821); *Hellas* (1821); *Charles the First* (1821); *The Triumph of Life* (1822).

A great change in the attitude of the literary world toward Shelley's genius and character has taken place since his death. The fierce assaults have, in a large measure, turned to extravagant eulogies, though of modern writers of distinction Principal Shairp has dismissed him with scant praise and much blame, and Matthew Arnold, in an essay rightly termed by Saintsbury "the most crochety of all his essays," has called Shelley "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." In the early

part of the century. Southey considered himself a benefactor of society in denouncing him. Hazlitt said that he had a "fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the philosophic fanatic;" Charles Lamb could see nothing of value in him; Coleridge was indifferent, and so for a long time was Wordsworth; the reviews, particularly the *Quarterly*, gave him no mercy. Later, a better view began to be taken. De Quincey, while regretting Shelley's tone, spoke in the highest terms of the qualities of his mind; Macaulay said that the words bard and inspiration, which appeared so cold and false when applied to most poets, were justly applied to Shelley, and that had he lived he would doubtless have given to the world a work of the very highest design and execution; Bagehot wrote of him with guarded, but yet high praise; Browning was an enthusiastic Shelleyan; so was Tennyson for a part of his life, though in his later period he fell away somewhat in his liking; and Swinburne has paid to the "Eternal Child" the highest tributes. The real Shelley comes to us through the work of William Michael Rossetti, Professor Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, H. Buxton Forman, H. S. Salt, and Professor George Edward Woodberry. The latter has given, perhaps, the best understanding of the poet's beliefs, the relation of those beliefs to his life, and his influence in the world's thought.

As a poet he is to be studied from two view-points — as a champion of democracy and social justice and as a lyrist of personal emotion. "No cause that he had greatly at heart," said Professor Woodberry, "has retreated since his day. There are thousands now, where there were hundreds then, who hold his be-

liefs. . . . His earliest and unripe poem, *Queen Mab,* was the first to be caught up by the spirit of the times, and was scattered broadcast; and wherever it fell it served, beyond doubt, to unsettle the minds that felt it. . . . Democracy, of which philanthropy is the shadow, has made enormous gains." . . .

Of Shelley the lyrist let us quote John Addington Symonds: "In none of Shelley's greatest contemporaries was the lyrical faculty so paramount, and whether we consider his minor songs, his odes, or his more complicated choral dramas, we acknowledge that he was the loftiest and most spontaneous singer of our language." In the singing quality of English verse the highest development is reached in him. A modern [Swinburne] has approached — some think surpassed — him in word-music; but lyric poetry is song "and thought and feeling interwound," and the greater intensity of passion, richness of imagery, compactness of thought, and simplicity and directness of diction in Shelley place him far beyond the modern, giving him the hardly disputed rank of transcendent lyrist of the English tongue.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

XXII.

There is a people mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the oceans of the west,
Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and Truth
Are worshipped. From a glorious mother's breast
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest,
Sat like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,
Turns to her chainless child for succor now,
It draws the milk of power in Wisdom's fullest flow.

XXIII.

That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
Great people! As the sands shalt thou become;
Thy growth is swift as morn when night must fade;
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

XXIV.

Yes, in the desert there is built a home
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new heaven; myriads assemble there
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes. . . .
Nay, start not at the name, America! . . .

— *The Revolt of Islam, Canto XI.*

ON THE PETERLOO MASSACRE.

XXXVII.

Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her and one another!

XXXVIII.

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
Ye are many, they are few.

XXXIX.

What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

XL.

'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants' use to dwell.

XLI.

So that ye for them are made
Loom and plough and sword and spade —
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak —
They are dying whilst I speak.

XLIII.

'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

XLVI.

'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong control
Over your own will, but be
All that others make of ye.

XLVII.

And at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you: —
Blood is on the grass like dew.

XLVIII.

Then it is to feel revenge
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood, and wrong for wrong;
Do not thus when ye are strong!
— *The Masque of Anarchy.*

LINES TO A CRITIC.

Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold
To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love —
How should I then hate thee?

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
The city's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown,
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown
I sit upon the sands alone —
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion; —
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame nor power nor love nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air

My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy, in memory yet.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver: hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy weeds which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision — I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need,
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My Spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under.
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone!
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and upbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,

That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rain-bow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass;
Rain-awakened flowers —
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh — thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,

Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

I.

I weep for Adonais — he is dead.
Oh, weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head;
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say, "With me
Died Adonais! Till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light into eternity."

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth the third among the sons of light.

VI.

But now thy youngest, dearest one, has perished —
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,

Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XLII.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale — his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou are become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song:
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given:
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

— *Adonais*

PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS.

Monarch of Gods and Demons, and all spirits
But one, who throng those bright and rolling worlds

Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes; regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs, of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope;
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair — these are mine empire,
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O Mighty God!
Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, forever! . . .
The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the brighest chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones,
Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me; and the earthquake fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind;
While from their loud abysses, howling, throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
And yet to me welcome is Day and Night,
Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn,
Or, starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-colored east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling Hours, one among whom
As some dark Priest hales the reluctant victim —

Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide Heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depths with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As then, ere misery made me wise.

— *Prometheus Unbound.*

THE LAW OF LIFE.

Demogorgon Speaks.

This is the day which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
  And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;
Love from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
  Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance —
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
  Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
  The serpent that would clasp her with his length
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
  To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
  Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent; —
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be

Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.
—*Prometheus Unbound, Act IV.*

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, an English poet; born at Hales Owens, Worcestershire, in November, 1714; died there, February 11, 1763. He studied at Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not take a degree. He is known almost wholly by his poem *The Schoolmistress,* consisting of nearly forty stanzas in the Spenserian measure. This poem was published in 1742, and so was written while he was a student at Oxford. The following selection contains some of the opening stanzas of the poem, which are better than the later portions. Shenstone also wrote *Pastoral Ballads* (1743). His complete works appeared in 1764.

THE DAME AND HER SCHOOL.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sorts and mischievous emprise.—
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chancèd to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with humble spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;

They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
  Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And ofttimes on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely spent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
  Which Learning near her little dome did show;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
  Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
  And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
  But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view. . . .

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
  Emblem right meet of decency doth yield;
Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
  As is the harebell that adorns the field;
  And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,
  With dark mistrust and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast hate and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind. . .

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
  To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
  And some entice with pittance small of praise;
  And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
  While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command:
  Eftsoons the urchins to their task repair;
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
  Which with pellucid horn securèd are
  To save from fingers wet the letters fair;

The work so gay that on their back is seen
  Saint George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod — unpleasing sight, I ween.

Ah, luckless he, and born beneath the beam
  Of evil star! It irks me while I write;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
  Oft as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,
  Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
  To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop: appears his dainty skin,
  Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermelin.

— *The Schoolmistress.*

MUCH TASTE AND LITTLE ESTATE.

See yonder hill, so green and round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crowned!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleased with the Nymphs thy zeal survey,
And Venus in their arms repay.
'Twas such a shade, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That famed Apollo chose to sing in.
  There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then near it scoop the vaulted cell,
Where Music's charming maids may dwell
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes);

There her calm dictates thou shalt hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear;
And who would shun the pleasing labor,
To have Minerva for his neighbor?
  But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structure shone complete —
Not much convenient, wondrous neat —
Adorned with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession),
Came Poverty, and took possession.
— *The Progress of Taste.*

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
  Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
  And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
  Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains are bordered with moss,
  Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
  But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
  But a sweetbrier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

. . . . . .

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bower I have labored to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
O, how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
  To prune the wild branches away.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;—
But let me such plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
  Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
  How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
  And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
  So much I her accent adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
  Methinks I should love her the more.

SHEPHERD, NATHANIEL GRAHAM, an American poet; born at New York in 1835; died there, May 23, 1869. He studied art in New York, and removed to Georgia, where he taught drawing a number of years. He then returned to New York and engaged in the insurance business, spending his leisure in study and writing, contributing to periodicals and journals. When the war broke out he became a war correspondent for the New York *Tribune.* He was the author of *The Dead Drummer Boy; The*

Roll-Call; A Summer Reminiscence and other poems. *The Dead Drummer Boy,* which appeared in *Harper's Magazine,* was one of the finest poems elicited by the war.

ROLL-CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he cannot tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed with it was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

There is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That someone has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drabbled—
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one —name or date? — none.
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover — who knows? him her heart chose;
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery;
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Someone or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees:
Then — will it be well?

SHERIDAN, PHILIP HENRY, an American soldier; born at Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831; died at Nonquitt, Mass., August 5, 1888. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1853. In the civil war he commanded a division at the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1861, and of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, his commission as major-general of volunteers dating from the battle of Murfreesboro. He distinguished himself at the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga. When Grant was promoted to lieutenant-general he asked for the transfer of Sheridan to the East, and appointed him Chief of Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. On November 8, 1864, he was appointed major-general in the regular army. In 1869 he was promoted to lieutenant-general, and assigned to the command of the Division of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1870 he went to Europe and witnessed the Franco-German War. On November 1, 1883, he succeeded General Sherman in command of the army, and was appointed general of the army, June 1, 1888. His *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan* were published just before his death.

THE FAMOUS STEED RIENZI.

Captain Archibald P. Campbell, of the Second Michigan Cavalry, presented me with the black horse called Rienzi, since made historical by having been ridden by me in battles, conspicuously in the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, which has been celebrated in the poem by T. Buchanan Read. This horse was of Morgan stock, and then about three years old. He was jet black, excepting three white feet, sixteen hands high,

and strongly built, with great powers of endurance. He was so active that he could cover with ease five miles an hour at his natural walking gait. The gelding had been ridden very seldom: in fact, Campbell had been unaccustomed to riding till the war broke out, and, I think, felt some disinclination to mount the fiery colt. Campbell had an affection for him, however, that never waned, and would often come to my headquarters to see his favorite, the colt being cared for there by the regimental farrier, an old man named John Ashley, who had taken him in charge when leaving Michigan, and had been his groom ever since. Seeing that I liked the horse — I had ridden him on several occasions — Campbell presented him to me on one of these visits, and from that time till the close of the war I rode him almost continuously, in every campaign and battle in which I took part, without once finding him overcome with fatigue, though on many occasions his strength was severely tested by long marches and short rations. I never observed in him any vicious habit; a nervousness and restlessness and switching of the tail, when everything about him was in repose, being the only indication that he might be untrustworthy. No one but a novice could be deceived by this, however, for the intelligence evinced in every feature, and his thoroughbred appearance, were so striking that any person accustomed to horses could not misunderstand such a noble animal. But Campbell thought otherwise, at least when the horse was to a certain degree yet untrained, and could not be persuaded to ride him; indeed for more than a year after he was given to me, Campbell still retained suspicions of his viciousness, though, along with this mistrust, an undiminished affection. Although he was several times wounded, this horse escaped death in action; and, living to a ripe old age, died in 1878, attended to the last with all the care and surrounded with every comfort due the faithful service he had rendered.— *Memoirs.*

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, a British statesman and dramatist; born at Dublin, September 30, 1751; died at London, July 7, 1816. He was educated at Harrow School, and in 1773 commenced the study of law at the Middle Temple, London. In 1780 he was returned to Parliament, and for many years took a prominent part in the political movements of the time. In 1787 he was chosen one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His opening speech on the articles committed to his charge was deemed a masterpiece of eloquence. Before twenty-four hours had passed, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself prepare it for the press; this was never done, and we have only an inadequate report of the great speech.

Sheridan's claim to a place in literature rests almost wholly on his comedies — the best of which are *The Rivals; The School for Scandal;* and *The Critic. The Life of Sheridan* has been written by Thomas Moore (1825). His *Dramatic Works,* with a *Memoir* by James Brown, were published in 1873, and a collection of his entire *Works and Remains,* edited by F. Stainbull, in 1874.

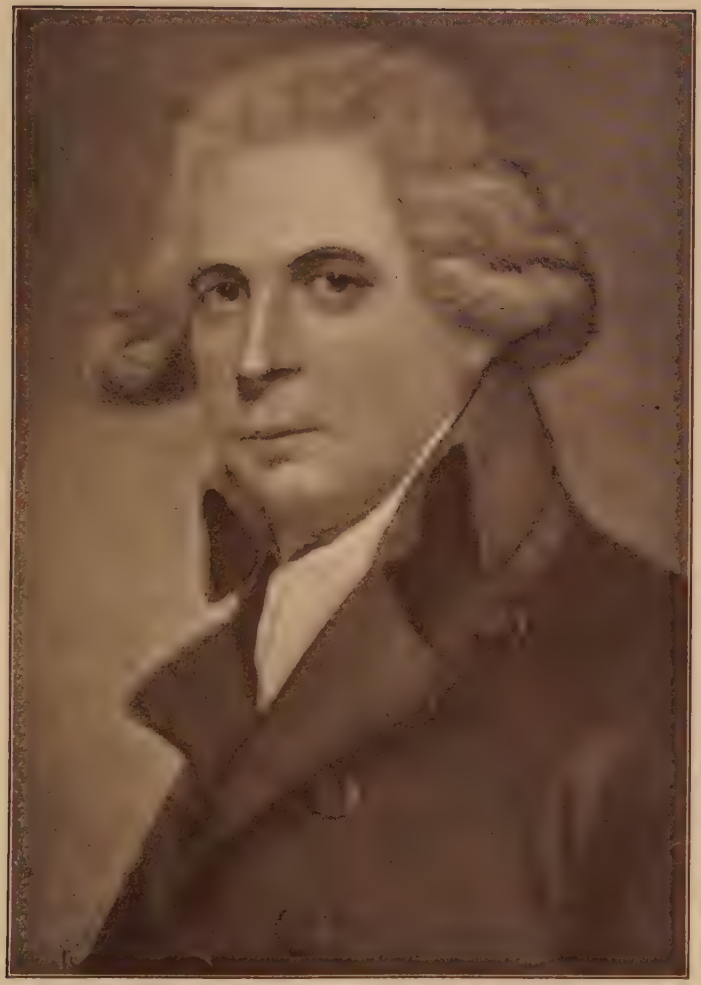
A SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC."

[*Enter* SERVANT *to* DANGLE, MRS. DANGLE, *and* SNEER.]

Servant.— Sir Fretful Plagiary, Sir.

Dangle.— Beg him to walk up. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dangle.— I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sneer.— Very much to the credit of your charity, Madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle.— But, egad! he allows no credit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't, though he is my friend.

Sneer.— Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan.— Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

Sneer.— Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures: though, at the same time, he is the poorest man alive, and shrinks like a scorched parchment from the fiery ordeals of true criticism. Yet he is so covetous of popularity that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan.— There's no denying it; though he is my friend.

Sneer.— You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan.— Oh, yes, he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer.— Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan.— Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own — though he's my friend — that it is one of the most — he's here [*Aside.*] — finished and most admirable perform —

Sir Fretful [*Without.*] — Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

[*Enter* SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.]

Dan.— Ah, my dear friend! Egad! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer.— You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir Fretful.— You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment *I* value as I do yours, and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dan.— They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that —

Dan.— Mrs. Dangle! — Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying her just now. He knows how she admires you, and —

Sir Fretful.— O Lord! I am sure that Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to — [*Aside.*] A double-faced fellow!

Dan.— Yes, yes; Sneer will jest; but a better-humored —

Sir Fret.— Oh, I know.

Dan.— He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir Fret.— No, egad! [*Aside.*] Or I should wonder how he came by it.

Mrs. Dan.— Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan.— But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir. Fret.— Sincerely, then, do you like the piece?

Sneer.— Wonderfully.

Sir Fret.— But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh! Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan.— Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to —

Sir Fret.—With most authors it is so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious. But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer.— Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fret.— Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer.— I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret.— Good God! you surprise me! wants incident!

Sneer.— Yes, I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret.— Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only

apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.— My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan.— Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth —

Sir Fret.— Rises, I believe you mean, Sir.

Dan.— No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fret.— Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul. It don't certainly fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan.— Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dan.— No, indeed, I did not. I did not see any fault in any part of the play from beginning to end.

Sir Fret.— Upon my soul, the women are the best judges, after all!

Mrs. Dan.— Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fret.— Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of time? or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dan.— O no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting pieces.

Sir Fret.— Then I am very happy — very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dan.— Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fret.— Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair. But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and the Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dan.— I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dan.— Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to

get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fret.— The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal — not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan.— You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret.— No; quite the contrary, their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer.— Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day —

Sir Fret.— What? Where?

Dan.— Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret.— Oh, so much the better. Ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan.— Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for —

Sir Fret.— You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer.— Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious —

Sir Fret.— O lud, no! — Anxious, not I, not in the least — I — but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan.— Sneer, do *you* recollect? [*Aside.*] Make out something.

Sneer.— I will. [*To* DANGLE.] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fret.— Well, and pray now — not that it signifies — what might the gentleman say?

Sneer.— Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or orginal genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all authors living.

Sir Fret.— Ha, ha, ha! Very good!

Sneer.— That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even on your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir Fret.— Ha, ha, ha! Very pleasant!

Sneer.— Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret.— Ha, ha!

Sneer.— In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but that the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir Fret.— Ha, ha!

Sneer.— That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour-sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fret.— Ha! —

Sneer.— In short, that even the finest passages of your steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like heaps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir Fret. [*After great agitation.*] — Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer.— Oh, but I would not have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fret.— I know it. I *am* diverted — ha, ha, ha. Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! Very good, very good!

Sneer.— Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan.— A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret.— To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear it from one d — d good-natured friend or another.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be a slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather,
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, etc.
— *From The School for Scandal.*

SHERLOCK, THOMAS, an English theologian; born at London in 1678; died there, July 18, 1761. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge; became Master of the Temple in 1704, Vice-Chancellor of his college in 1714, Dean of Chichester

ADA REHAN, IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

in 1716, and Prebendary of Norwich in 1719. He was made Bishop of Bangor in 1728, was transferred to the see of Salisbury in 1734, and to that of London in 1748, having declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury. His principal works are *The Use and Intent of Prophecy* (1725); *The Trial of the Witnesses to the Resurrection of Jesus* (1729); *Discourses at the Temple Church, London,* (4 vols., 1754–58).

RELIGION AND ETERNAL LIFE.

Religion is founded in the principles of sense and nature; and without supposing this foundation it would be as rational an act to preach to horses as to men. A man who has the use of reason cannot consider his condition and circumstances in this world, or reflect on his notions of good and evil, and the sense he feels in himself that he is an accountable creature for the good or the evil he does, without asking himself how he came into this world, and for what purpose, and to whom it is that he is, or possibly may be, accountable.

When, by tracing his own being to the original, he finds that there is one supreme, all-wise cause of all things; when by experience he sees that this world neither is nor can be the place for taking a just and adequate account of the actions of men; the presumption that there is another state after this, in which men shall live, grows strong and almost irresistible. When he considers further that the fears and hopes of nature with respect to futurity, the fear of death common to all, the desire of continuing in being, which never forsakes us; and reflects for what use and purpose these strong impressions were given us by the Author of our nature — he cannot help concluding that man was made not merely to act a short part upon the stage of this world, but that there is another and more lasting state to which he bears relation. And from hence it must necessarily follow that his religion must be formed on a view of securing a future happiness.

Since, then, the end that men propose to themselves by religion is such, it will teach us wherein the true excellency of religion consists. If eternal life and future happiness are what we aim at, that will be the best religion which will most certainly lead us to eternal life and future happiness; and it will be to no purpose to compare religions together in any other respects which have no relation to this end. Let us, then, by this rule examine the pretensions of revelation; and, as we go along, compare it with the present state of natural religion, that we may be able to judge "to whom we ought to go."

Eternal life and happiness are out of our power to give ourselves or to obtain by any strength and force, or any policy or wisdom. Could our own arm rescue us from the jaws of death and the powers of the kingdom of darkness; could we set open the gates of heaven for ourselves, and enter in to take possession of life and glory, we should want no instructions or assistances from religion; since what St. Peter said of Christ every man might apply to himself, and say, "I have the words, or means of eternal life."

But since we have not this power of life and death, and since there is One above us Who has — Who governeth all things in heaven and earth, who is over all God blessed for evermore — it necessarily follows that either we must have no share or lot in the glories of futurity, or else that we obtain them from God, and receive them as His gift and favor; and consequently if eternal life be the end of religion, and likewise the gift of God, religion can be nothing else but the means of obtaining eternal life; and if eternal life can only be had from the gift of God, religion must be the means of obtaining this gift of God.

And thus far all religions that have ever appeared in the world have agreed. The question has never been made by any whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness or no; but every sect has placed its excellency in this — that it teaches the properest and most effectual way of making this application. Even natural religion pretends to no more than this. It claims not eternal life as the right of nature, but the right of obedience — and of

obedience to God, the Lord of nature; and the dispute between natural and revealed religion is not whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness; but only whether nature or revelation can best teach us how to make this application.

Prayers, and praises, and repentance for sins past, are acts of devotion which nature pretends to direct us in. But why does she teach us to pray, to praise, or to repent, but that she esteems one to be the proper method of expressing our wants; the other of expressing our gratitude, and the third for making atonement for iniquity and offences against God? In all these acts reference is had to the overruling power of the Almighty; and they amount to this confession, that the upshot of all religion is to please God in order to make ourselves happy.—*Discourses.*

SHERLOCK, WILLIAM, an English theologian; born at London in 1641; died at Hampstead, June 19, 1707. He became Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1681; Master of the Temple in 1684; Dean of St. Paul's in 1691. He was the author of numerous pamphlets against Romanism, several works in dogmatic theology, and many sermons. His *Practical Discourses Concerning Death* (1689) passed through about twenty editions in thirty years.

OUR IGNORANCE OF THE TIME OF DEATH.

For a conclusion of this argument I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. We are very apt to complain that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but what we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with anyone who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to

live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For *First*: Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? — which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know — for how would this chill your blood and spirits; how would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind; which would half destroy half the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies: for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty — a little sooner or later — would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts; or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great thing do they many times do; and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them had to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would the father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No: half the world must be divided into cloisters, and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say: suppose that, and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are

now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but who would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little a while they were to live here? — Right; I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagance of youth; and so it would be to show them heaven and hell. But God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith; but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice. Now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; for the Gospel dispensation is the trial and dispensation of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men sincerely religious, as those who must certainly die and go into another world — and they know not how soon — God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it. If they will venture, they must take their chances, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age. That we may die young is not the proper, much less the only, reason why we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth; but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigor. And if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us. . . .

Secondly: Though I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live to old age; yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this. I observed to you before, what danger there is in flattering ourselves with

the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world when we expect to live so long in it, that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die. And if the uncertain hope of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

CHARITY.

The Gospel, though it has left men in possession of their ancient rights, yet has it enlarged the duties of love and compassion, and taught rich men to consider the poor not only as servants but as brethren, and to look on themselves not only as the masters, but as the patrons and protectors of the needy. On this view, the industrious poor are entitled to the rich man's charity; since, in the candor of the Gospel, we ought to assist our poor neighbors, not only to live, but to live comfortably: and an honest, laborious poverty has charms in it to draw relief from any rich man who has the heart of a Christian or even the bowels of nature. Mean families, though, perhaps, they may subsist by their work, yet go through much sorrow to earn their bread: if they complain not, they are more worthy of regard: their silent suffering and their contented resignation to Providence, entitle them to the more compassion; and there is a pleasure, not to be described in words, which the rich man enjoys, when he makes glad the heart of such patient sufferers, and, by his liberality, makes them for a time forget their poverty and distress; that even, with respect to the present enjoyments, the words are verified, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SHERMAN, Frank Dempster, an American poet; born at Peekskill, N. Y., May 6, 1860. He was educated in his native town and at Columbia College, of which he was made a Fellow in 1887, and with which he later became connected as instructor in architecture. He has achieved fame as a writer of graceful, piquant verses. He has contributed frequently to the *Century* and other magazines, and has published *Madrigals and Catches* (1887); *Lyrics for a Lute* (1890); *New Waggings of Old Tales,* in collaboration with John Kendrick Bangs; *Little Folk Lyrics* (1892), and *Lyrics of Joy* (1904).

PEPITA.

Up in her balcony where
  Vines through the lattices run,
Spilling a scent on the air,
  Setting a screen to the sun,
Fair as the morning is fair,
  Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
  Dwells in her rosy retreat
    Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face
  When the wind rustles the vine,
Parting the leaves for a space,
  Gladdens this window of mine,—
Pink in its leafy embrace,
  Pink as the morning is pink,
  Sweet as a blossom I think
    Pepita.

I, who dwell over the way,
  Watch where Pepita is hid—
Safe from the glare of the day
  Like an eye under its lid;

Over and over I say —
Name like the song of a bird,
Melody shut in a word —
"Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
Look, the green curtains are drawn!
Therein a blossoming blur
Breaks a diminutive dawn; —
Dawn and the pink face of her,—
Name like the lisp of the South,
Fit for a rose's small mouth —
Pepita.

BACKLOG DREAMS.

Above the glowing embers
I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return the jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten
And flash their glances brief
At me, who lean and listen
And dream I hear a leaf
On some May-morning sunny,
Low lisping in the tree,—
Or, in his haunt of honey,
A bloom-enamored bee:

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing
Its sweetness from the South —
A fragrant kiss bestowing
Upon the rose's mouth;
And ere the spell is broken,
Or darkness o'er it slips,
I see the scarlet token
Of love upon her lips.

Without the wind is bitter,
The snowflakes fill the night;
Within the embers glitter
And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
With birds, and blooms, and May!

PEBBLES.

Out of a pellucid brook
Pebbles round and smooth I took:
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun,—
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx too,
Diamond and amethyst,—
Not a precious stone I missed:
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.
Workman Water these had made;
Patiently through sun and shade,
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them until,
Smooth, symmetrical and bright,
Each one sparkling in the light
Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing:
Patience conquers everything!

— From Little-Folk Lyrics.

TWO VALENTINES.

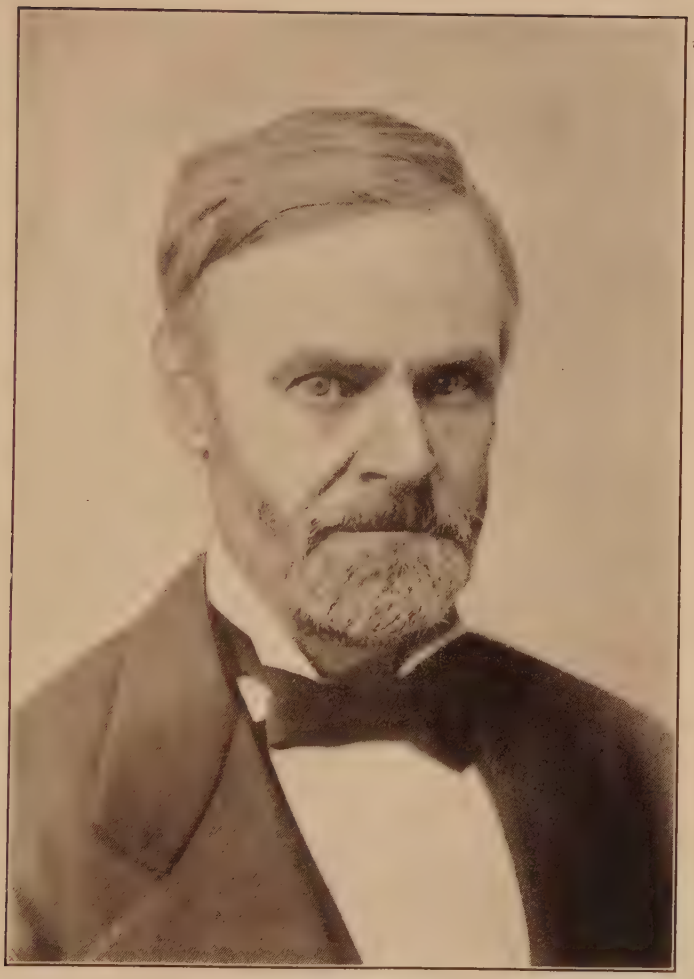
Love, at your door young Cupid stand
And knocks for you to come;
The frost is in his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire

His lips shall loosen as with wine
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, nor need of more
Had I to know. I knew
His path lay straight unto your door —
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeed!" I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see;"
And on his lips I set a kiss:
A Valentine from me!

SHERMAN, JOHN, an American statesman and historian; born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823; died at Washington, D. C., October 22, 1900. He began the practice of law in 1844; was a member of Congress, 1855 to 1861; United States Senator, 1861 to 1877; Secretary of the Treasury, 1877 to 1881; elected United States Senator successively in 1881, 1887, and 1893; and with the entrance upon Presidential duties of William McKinley, March 4, 1897, became Secretary of State of the United States. In 1895 he published *John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet,* a work of remarkable interest and consid-



JOHN SHERMAN.

erable importance as a contribution to political history. The following selections are taken from this work.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I sat some way down the side, and introduced myself to my neighbors on the right and left, but my eye was on Webster, from whom I expected such lofty eloquence as he alone could utter.

Much to my surprise, when the time came for the oratory to commence, Mr. Lawrence acted as toastmaster. We had stories, songs, poetry, and oratory, generally good and appropriate, but not from Webster. And so the evening waned. Webster had been talking freely with those about him. He displayed none of the loftiness associated with his name. He drank freely. That was manifest to everyone. His favorite bottle was one labelled "brandy." We heard of it as being "more than a hundred years old." It did not travel down to us. Webster was plainly hilarious. At this time the conductor appeared at a side door and announced that in fifteen minutes the cars would start for Boston. Then Webster arose with difficulty; he rested his hands firmly on the table, and, with an effort, assumed an erect position. Every voice was hushed. He said that in fifteen minutes we would separate, never more to meet again; and then, with glowing force and eloquence, he contrasted the brevity and vanity of human life with the immortality of the events they were celebrating, which, century after century, would be celebrated by your children and your children's children, to the latest generation.

I cannot recall the words of his short but eloquent speech, but it made its impress on my mind. If his body was affected by the liquor, his head was clear and his utterance perfect. I met Mr. Webster afterward on the cars and in Washington. I admired him for his great intellectual qualities, but I do not wonder that the people of the United States did not choose him for President.

THE TARIFF.

As members of Congress, divided by party lines and crude platforms, must, in the main, care for and protect local interests, I do not believe any fair, impartial and business tariff can be framed by them. It would be better for Congress and the law-making power, after determining the amount to be raised, to sanction and adopt a careful tariff bill, framed by an impartial commission, large enough to represent all sections and parties, all employers and employees. Hitherto the tariffs framed by Congress have been rejected by the people. Each party, in its turn, has undertaken the task with like result. Let us try the experiment of a tariff framed, not by a party upon a party platform, but by the selected representatives of the commercial, industrial, farming, and laboring classes. Let Congress place upon the statute-book such a law, and the tariff question will cease to be the football of partisan legislation.

A remarkable, interesting, and suggestive correspondence between John Sherman and his brother, General William Tecumseh Sherman (1820–91), has been published under the title of *The Sherman Letters*. They cover the period from 1837 to 1891. General Sherman was also the author of a valuable series of *Memoirs* (1875).

SHILLABER, BENJAMIN PENHALLOW ("MRS. PARTINGTON"), an American humorist; born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 12, 1814; died at Chelsea, Mass., November 25, 1890. He received a district-school education and entered a printing-office

in 1830. He removed to Boston in 1832. From 1840 to 1850 he was editor of the Boston *Post,* and in 1851–53 he edited a comic paper called *The Carpet Bag.* From 1856 to 1866 he conducted *The Saturday Evening Gazette.* His *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington* (1854) gave him fame, and the book was widely quoted. His other works are *Rhymes with Reason and Without* (1853); *Knitting Work* (1857); *Partingtonian Patchwork* (1873); *Lines in Pleasant Places* (1875); *The Ike Partington Juvenile Series* (1879); *Ike and His Friends* (1879); *Cruises with Captain Bob* (1881); *The Doublerunner Club* (1882); *Wide-Swath,* a collection of verses (1882), and *Mrs. Partington's New Gripsack Filled with Fresh Things* (1890).

DECIDED OPINIONS.

"Are you in favor of the prohibitic laws, or the license law?" asked her opposite neighbor of the relict of P. P., corporal of the Bloody 'Leventh.

She carefully weighed the question, as though she were selling snuff, and answered —"Sometimes I think I am, and then again I think I am not."

Her neighbor was surprised, and repeated the question, varying it a little.

"Have you seen the "Mrs. Partington Twilight Soap?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "everybody has seen that; but why?"

"Because," said the dame, "it has two sides to it, and it is hard to choose between 'em. Now here are my two neighbors, contagious to me on both sides — one goes for probation, t'other for licentiousness; and I think the best thing for me is to keep nuisance."

She meant neutral, of course. The neighbor admired and smiled, while Ike lay on the floor with his legs in the

air, trying to balance Mrs. Partington's fancy waiter on his toes. . . .

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New Year's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral: "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going, and farther from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be if I live to the age of Samson, which heaven knows, as well as I do, I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurion, or an octagon, and survive my factories, and become idiomatic by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place, and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it." . . .

"Mrs. Partington *et als!*" said Mrs. Partington, as Ike read eulogistic notice of herself and retinue thus headed. "Is that so, Isaac?"

"'Taint' nothing else," replied he, thrusting the cat's head through the paper which served as an elaborate choker.

"Et als!" mused she, "I never eat als in my life that I know of, though there is so many dishes with new names that one might forget 'em all, unless he is an epicac."

She turned everything in her mind to remember what she had eaten — her mind an oven full of turnovers — but it refused to come to her; and she made a memorandum of tying a knot in her handkerchief to call on the editor and find out about it.— *Partingtonian Patchwork.*

SAYINGS BY MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Dear me! here they are going to have war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender; and Prince Knockemstiff has gone off in a miff, and the Rushian hears and austriches are all to be let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a dreadful thing — so destroying to good temper

and good clo'es, and men shoot at each other just as if they was gutter purchase, and cheap at that."

"What is your opinion of the humor of Hawthorne, Mrs. Partington?" asked a young neighbor that had been reading *Twice-Told Tales*. "I don't know," said she, looking at him earnestly; "but if you have got it, you'd better take something to keep it from striking in. Syrup of buckthorne is good for all sorts of diseases of that kind; I don't know about the humor of Hawthorne, but I guess the buckthorne will be beneficious. We eat too much butter, and butter is very humorous."

"It is all very true, Mr. Knickerbottom," said Mrs. Partington, as she read in the Knickerbocker something concerning brevity and simplicity of expression; "it's true, as you say; and how many mistakes there does happen when folks don't understand each other! Why, last summer I told a dressmaker to make me a long visite, to wear, and, would you believe it, she came and stayed a fortnight with me! Since then I've made it a pint always to speak just what I say."

"I never liked the Swedenvirgins; but I ain't one that believes nothing good can come out of Lazarus, for all that, now. Now, there's Jenny Lind — that is so very good to everybody, and who sings so sweet that everybody's falling in love with her, tipsy-turvy, and gives so much away to poor, indignant people. They call her an angel, and who knows but she may be a syrup of disguise, for the papers say her singing is like the music of the spears. How I should love to hear her!"

"A nave in our church! Who can it be? Dear me, and they have been so careful, too, who they took in — exercising 'em aforehand, and putting 'em through the catechis and the lethargy, and pounding 'em into a state of grace! Who can it be?" And the spectacles expressed anxiety. "I believe it must be slander after all. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to pisen the peace of a neighborhood deteriorating and backbiting, and lying about people, when the blessed truth is full bad enough about the best of us!"

"Entered at the Custom Home?" said Mrs. Partington, pondering on the expression; "I don't see how the

vessels ever got in; but I am glad that the collector cleared 'em right out again. It will learn them better manners next time, I think."

Deacon Snarl, in exhortation, would often allude to the "place where prayer is wont to be made." "Ah!" said Mrs. Partington to herself, "there's nothing like humility in a Christian. I am glad you confess it. I don't know a place under the canister of heaven where prayer is wanted more to be made than here, and I hope you'll be forgiven for the rancorous butter you sold me yesterday."

Mrs. Partington's neighbor, Mrs. Sled, complained one morning of a ringing in her ears. "It must be owing to the guitar in your head, dear," said the old lady. She knew every sort of human ailment, and, like the down-east doctor, was death on fits. "I know what ringing in the ears is," continued she; "for my ears used to ring so bad, sometimes, as to wake Paul out of his sleep, thinking it was an alarm of fire!"

"The prayer of Moses executed on one string!" said Mrs. Partington. "Praying, I s'pose, to be cut down. Poor Moses!" sighed she; "executed on one string! Well, I don't know as ever I heard of anybody's being executed on two strings, unless the rope broke;" and she went on wondering how it could be.

THE HELMET.

"Is that a tropic of the Crimea?" said Mrs. Partington, pointing to a Russian helmet that a friend had brought from the East. "That, madam," said we, "is a trophy of the Crimea, that fearful battle-ground, and it seems to bear about it the odour of strife in the perilous deadly breaches, and the crash of contending forces." She looked at it attentively. "Yes," responded she; "and not only the breeches, but the rest of the uniform besides." It was evident that she had made a slight mistake.

THE BALLET TROUPE.

"When is the bally troop coming on?" asked Mrs. Partington, after watching the dancers at the theatre about half an hour. "This is the ballet troupe," said Ike, with a smile, pointing to the beautiful sylphs that were fluttering like butterflies about the stage. "Well, I believe in calling things by their true names; I thought it was a troop of horse, like the Anderson cavalry, that took their tower out west. Well," continued the old lady, "if there ever was anybody that needed sympathy, it's them. Worn their dresses right up to their knees by dancing, poor creatures! By-and-by, at this rate, they won't have anything to wear!"

ON WAR.

Mrs. Partington began to get anxious about the consequences of the American war, and asked whether this country may not eventually become involved in hostilities with "our transplanted cousins," as she calls the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. "In that case," said Mrs. Partington, rather anxiously, "would the 'Merrikins come to London?" "Undoubtedly, ma'am," replied her interlocutor, "if they could." "Dear me! how shocking!" Then after a pause, she added, with a placid smile, and lifting up her hands, "Well, well, I'm very thankful *we live so near the barracks!*"

GHOSTS.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly. "To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright fulminary there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live, and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartingly appeared in our family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, jest as plain as I see you now, and it turned out arterwards to be a rose-bush with a nightcap on it;

I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. T'other one came in the night when we were asleep, and carried away three candles, and a pint of spirits that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as doesn't."

ON PILLS.

"He made a few desultory remarks," said the schoolmaster. Mrs. Partington stopped suddenly in the bustle she was making around the table for tea, and gazed over her specs thoughtfully at him. Leaning on a plate edgewise, as if to enforce her views by the support it gave her, "I suppose it was because he was weak," said she, "but Ayer's Pills will cure him. I never knew 'm to fail. They are very solitary in such cases." "Really, madam," replied he, "I cannot guess your meaning." "You said dysentary," said she, laying down the plate and putting a spoon in the preserves. "I said desultory," said he, smiling; "quite a different thing." "No matter," said she, looking up in time to box Ike's ears, who was putting paper down the chimney of the kerosene lamp; "the pills are good for both, I dare say, for they cure almost all the diseases in the cornucopia."

ON SCHOOLS.

"People may say as much as they please about the excellence of the schools," said Mrs. Partington, very terribly, "but for my part, I think they are no better than they ought to be. Why, do you know," continued she, in a big whisper, "that Isaac's teacher has actually been giving him instructions in vulgar fractions." She took off her spectacles and rubbed the glasses, in her excitement putting them on bottom side up. The charge, we admitted, was a just one. "Yes," continued she, brightening up for a new charge, like a slate beneath the action of a wet sponge, "yes, and see what other things they learn, about moods, and pretences, and all sorts of non-

senses. Gracious knows we learn moods enough without going to school, and as for pretences, we find enough of them outside. There are too many pretenders in the school and out of 'em, without trying to make any more."

SHIRLEY, JAMES, an English poet and dramatist; born at London, September 18, 1594; died there, October 29, 1666. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, took orders, and obtained a curacy; which he had to give up on going over to the Roman Catholic Church. He then set up a school, which, proving unsuccessful, he went to London, and took to writing for the stage. Play-acting being prohibited during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, he opened another school, and published several text-books, among which is an *Essay towards an Universal and Rational Grammar.* He produced in all about forty dramas, and some separate poems. The best of the poems are lyrics introduced into one and another of his dramas. A complete edition of his *Works,* edited by William Gifford, was published in 1833.

A LULLABY.

Cease, warring thoughts, and let us here
No more discord entertain;
But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are night,
As your streams are passing by,
Teach your numbers harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the Spring,
And perfume to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here

Breathe soft murmurs to his ear.
Ye warbling nightingales, repair
From every wood to charm the air,
And with the wonders of your breast
Each striving to excel the rest;
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the tree with broken hearts.
— *From The Triumph of Beauty.*

THE MIGHT OF DEATH.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your conquests are:
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use his art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.
— *From Cupid and Death.*

THE VICTORY OF DEATH.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his iron hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield —
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow —
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor, victim, bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

— *From The Contention Between Ajax and Ulysses.*

FERNANDO'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHARMS.

Her eye did seem to labor with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, over-weighed
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory over grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from Heaven.

SIR THOMAS BORNEWELL EXPOSTULATES WITH HIS LADY ON HER EXTRAVAGANCE AND LOVE OF PLEASURE.

BORNEWELL. ARETINA, *his lady.*

Are. I am angry with myself;
To be so miserably restrained in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honor
To see me satisfied.

Bor. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desires, against mine own opinion;
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in: changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?
Are. What charge, more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?
Bor. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood, your kinsmen great and powerful
In the state; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife; I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men wit by loss of mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.
Are. Am I then
Brought in the balance? so, sir.
Bor. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest;
And must take liberty to think, you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to effect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony;
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures,
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate
Antic and novel; vanities of tires,
Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for the other lady, aunt, and cousins;
And perfumes that exceed all; train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and show abroad
More motley than the French, or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering of their market.

Are. Have you done, sir?
Bor. I could accuse the gayety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which,
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers;
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honor, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.
Are. Pray, do. I like
Your homily of thrift.
Bor. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
Are. A gamester, too!
Bor. But are not come to that repentance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtility of cards,
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire
Purchased beneath my honor you make play
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Are. Good, proceed.
Bor. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse — your revels in the night,
Your meetings, called the ball, to which appear
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure:
'Tis but the family of Love, translated
Into more costly sin; there was a play on it;
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in it,
Some darks had been discovered; and the deeds, too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush,

To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonoring me
By any foul act; but the virtuous know,
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.
Are. Have you concluded
Your lecture?
Bor. I have done, and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.
Are. I'll not be so tedious
In my reply, but, without art or elegance,
Assure you I keep still my first opinion;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
By example, while my judgment thought them fit,
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And tract of every honorable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscribed and taught me.
—*From The Lady of Pleasure.*

SHORTHOUSE, Joseph Henry, an English novelist; born at Birmingham, September 9, 1834; died at London, March 4, 1903. He was educated at private schools, and afterward engaged in the manufacture of chemicals in Lansdowne, where his books were written. His philosophical romance, *John Inglesant* (1882), brought him fame and placed him into the first rank of modern writers. His style is pure and artis-

tic, and there is a quaint, picturesque, and old-fashioned grace in the color of his fancy. His other books are: *The Platonism of Wordsworth* (1881); *Preface to George Herbert's Temple* (1882); *Little Schoolmaster Mark and Other Stories* (1883); *Sir Percival* (1886); *A Teacher of the Violin and Other Stories* (1887); *The Countess Eve* (1888); *Lady Falaise Blanche* (1891).

THE HEART OF THE CITY.

The narrow streets through which Inglesant's chair passed terminated at last in a wide square. It was full of confused figures, presenting to the eye a dazzling movement of form and color, of which last, owing to the evening light, the prevailing tint was blue. A brilliant belt of sunset radiance, like molten gold along the distant horizon, threw up the white houses into strong relief. Dark cypress-trees rose against the glare of the yellow sky, tinged with blue from the fathomless azure above. The white spray of fountains flashed high over the heads of the people in the four corners of the square, and long, lance-like gleams of light shot from behind the cypresses and the white houses, refracting a thousand colors in the flashing water. A murmur of gay talk filled the air; and a constant change of varied form perplexed the eye.

Inglesant alighted from his chair, and, directing his servants to proceed at once to the Cardinal's, crossed the square on foot. Following so closely on his previous dreamy thoughts, he was intensely interested and touched by this living pantomime. Human life had never before seemed to him so worthy of regard, whether looked at as a whole, inspiring noble and serious reflections, or viewed in detail, when each separate atom appears pitiful and often ludicrous. The infinite distance between these poles, between the aspirations and the exhortations of conscience, which have to do with humanity as a whole, and the actual circumstances and

capacities of the individual, with which satirists and humorists have ever made free to jest — this contrast, running through every individual life as well as through the mass of existence, seemed to him to be the true field of humor, and the real science of those "Humanities" which the schools pedantically professed to teach.

Nothing moved in the motley crowd before him but what illustrated this science — the monk, the lover, the soldier, the improvisatore, the matron, the young girl: here the childish hand brandishing its toy, there the artisan, and the shop-girl, and the maid-servant, seeking such enjoyment as their confined life afforded; the young, boyish companions with interlaced arms, the benignant priest, every now and then the stately carriage slowly passing by to its place on the Corso, or to the palace or garden to which its inmates are bound.

Wandering amid this brilliant phantasia of life, Inglesant's heart smote him for the luxurious sense of pleasure which he found himself taking in the present movement and aspect of things. Doubtless this human philosophy, if we may so call it, into which he was drifting, has a tendency, at least, very different from much of the teaching, which is the same in every school of religious thought.

But if a man does not desire a perfect world, what part can he have in the Christian warfare? It is true that an intimate study of a world of sin and of misfortune throws up the sinless character of the Saviour into strong relief; but the student accepts this Saviour's character and mission as part of the phenomena of existence, not as an irreconcilable crusade and battle-cry against the powers of the world on every hand. The study of life is indeed possible to both schools; but the pleased acquiescence in life as it is, with all its follies and fantastic pleasures, is surely incompatible with following the footsteps of the Divine Ascetic who trod the wine-press of the wrath of God. With all their errors, they who rejected the world and all its allurements, and taught the narrow life of painful self-denial, must be more nearly right than this.

Nevertheless, even before this last thought was completely formed in his mind, the sight of the moving people and of the streets of the wonderful city opening out on every side, full of palaces and glittering shops and stalls, and crowded with life and gayety, turned his halting choice back again in the opposite direction, and he thought something like this: "How useless and even pitiful is the continued complaint of moralists and divines, to whom none lend an ear whilst they endeavor, age after age, to check youth and pleasure, and turn the current of life and nature backward on its course. For how many ages in this old Rome, as in every other city since Terence gossiped of the city life, has this frail, faulty humanity for a few hours sunned itself on warm afternoons in sheltered walks and streets, and comforted itself into life and pleasure, amid all its cares and toils and sins. Out of this shifting phantasmagoria comes the sound of music, always pathetic and sometimes gay; amid the roofs and belfries peers the foliage of the public walks, the stage upon which, in every city, life may be studied and taken to heart; not far from these walks is, in every city, the mimic stage, the glass in which, in every age and climate, human life has seen itself reflected, and has delighted, beyond all other pleasures, in pitying its own sorrows, in learning its own story, in watching its own fantastic developments, in foreshadowing its own fate, in smiling sadly for an hour over the still more fleeting representation of its own fleeting joys. Forever without any change, the stream flows on, in spite of moralist and divine, the same as when Phædra and Thais loved each other in old Rome. We look back on these countless ages of city life, cooped in narrow streets and alleys and paved walks, breathing itself in fountained courts and shaded arcades, where youth and manhood and old age have sought their daily sustenance not only of bread but of happiness, and have with difficulty and toil enough found the one and caught fleeting glimpses of the other, between the dark thunder-clouds, and under the weird, wintry sky of many a life. Within such a little space how much life is crowded, what high hopes, how

much pain! From those high windows behind the flower-pots young girls have looked out upon life, which their instincts told them was made for pleasure, but which year after year convinced them was, somehow or other, given over to pain. How can we read this endless story of humanity with any thought of blame? How can we watch this restless, quivering human life, this ceaseless effort of a finite creature to attain to those things which are agreeable to its created nature, alike in all countries, under all climates and skies, and whatever change of garb or semblance the long course of years may bring, with any other thought than that of tolerance and pity — tolerance of every sort of city existence, pity for every kind of toil and evil, year after year repeated, in every one of earth's cities, full of human life and handicraft, and thought and love and pleasure, as in the streets of that old Jerusalem over which the Saviour wept?"— *John Inglesant.*

SIDNEY, ALGERNON, an English statesman, son of the Earl of Leicester; born at Penshurst, Kent, 1622; died at London, December 7, 1683. He served in Ireland, where his father was Lord Lieutenant, and in 1646 was made Governor of Dublin; next year, having received the thanks of the House of Commons, he was made Governor of Dover. He held republican views, and favored the substitution of a republic in place of the existing monarchy. He fell under the suspicion of the Government, and, upon the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, was arrested, together with Lord William Russell, and brought to trial before Judge Jeffrey for high treason. They appear to have been guilty of no offence falling within the definition of

high treason, but were beheaded in defiance of law and justice. Russell died with the fortitude of a Christian, Sidney with the fortitude of a Stoic. Six years afterward, when William and Mary had come to the throne of England, the judgment against Sidney was annulled. His *Discourses Concerning Government* were published in 1698.

GOVERNMENT AND LIBERTY.

Such as enter into society must in some degree diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security; whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so great that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe what Bellarmine said, that a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all regular kingdoms of the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another, and whilst they are all equal none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for fraud or violence can create no rights, and the same consent gives the form to them all.

Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect Democracy. Others chose to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue, and this, according to the signification of the word, was

called Aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of Monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three — as shall be proved hereafter — which commonly receive their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us, whilst we form governments that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance that from thence only can we know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good government. But if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must forever depend upon the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

We may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institute them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves — which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might

live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shows the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same — even the doing of justice, and procuring the welfare of them that create them. This we learn from common sense. Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it down as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.— *Discourses Upon Government.*

INFLUENCE OF GOVERNMENT ON THE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE.

Men are valiant and industrious when they fight for themselves and their country. They prove excellent in all the arts of war and peace when they are bred up in virtuous exercises, and taught by their fathers and masters to rejoice in the honors gained by them. They love their country when the good of every particular man is comprehended in the public prosperity, and the success of their achievements is improved to the general advantage. They undertake hazards and labor for the government, when it is justly administered; when innocence is safe, and virtue honored; when no man is distinguished from the vulgar but such as have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their actions; when no honor is thought too great for those who do it eminently, unless it be such as cannot be communicated to others of equal merit. They do not spare their persons, purses, or friends, when the public powers are employed for the public benefit, and imprint the like affections in their children from their infancy. The discipline of obedience, in which the Romans were bred, taught them to command: and few were admitted to the magistracies of inferior rank till they had given such proofs of their virtue as might deserve the supreme. Cincinnatus, Camillus, Papirius, Fabius Maximus, were not made dictators that they might learn the duties of the office, but because they were judged to be of such wisdom, valor, integrity, and experience, that they might

be safely trusted with the highest powers; and, whilst the law reigned, not one was advanced to that honor who did not fully answer what was expected from him. By these means the city was so replenished with men fit for the greatest employments that even in its infancy, when three hundred and six of the Fabii were killed in one day, the city did lament the loss, but was not so weakened as to give any advantage to their enemies; and when every one of those who had been eminent before the Second Punic War, Fabius Maximus only excepted, had perished in it, others arose in their places, who surpassed them in number, and were equal to them in virtue. The city was a perpetual spring of such men, as long as liberty lasted, but that was no sooner overthrown than virtue was torn up by the roots; the people became base and sordid; the small remains of the nobility slothful and effeminate; and, their Italian associates becoming like to them, the empire, whilst it stood, was only sustained by the strength of foreigners. The Grecian virtue had the same fate, and expired with liberty. . . . It is absurd to impute this to the change of times; for time changes nothing; and nothing was changed in those times but the government, and that changed all things. This is not accidental, but according to the rules given to nature by God, imposing upon all things a necessity of perpetually following their causes. Fruits are always of the same nature with the seeds and roots from which they come, and trees are known by the fruits they bear. As a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, that society of men which constitutes a government upon the foundation of justice, virtue, and the common good, will always have men to promote those ends, and that which intends the advancement of one man's desires and vanity will abound in those that will foment them.— *From Discourses Upon Government.*

SIDNEY, Sir Philip, an English poet; born at Penshurst, Kent, November 29, 1554; died at Arnheim, Holland, October 7, 1586. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth. In 1568 he entered Christ Church, Oxford; from 1572 to 1575 he traveled on the Continent, being at Paris at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre. In 1577 he was sent to Prague as ambassador to the Emperor Rudolph II. The next year he incurred the displeasure of the Queen by an outspoken letter which he addressed to her, dissuading her from a projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and retired for some years to his estate, where most of his works appear to have been written, although they were not printed until after his death. In 1584 he was appointed Governor of Flushing, in Holland: and was wounded at the battle of Zutphen, September 22, 1856. He lingered for several weeks, solacing even his last hours with literary composition. His body was taken to London and interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. The principal works of Sir Philip Sidney are: *A Metrical Version of the Psalms,* made in conjunction with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke; *Astrophel and Stella,* a series of more than a hundred sonnets; *Arcadia,* a prose romance, with poems interspersed through it; *The Apologie for Poesie.*

DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estates seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers;

meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, breeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort. Here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting and singing withal; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.— *Arcadia.*

AN ARCADIAN LOVE-LETTER.

Most blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand whereto all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not disdain to carry with thee the woeful words of a miser [wretch] now despairing; neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the base title of the sender; for no sooner shall that divine hand touch thee but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore, mourn boldly, my ink; for while she looks upon you your blackness will shine: cry out boldly, my lamentation; for while she reads you your cries will be music. Say, then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too-soon born and too-late dying creature which dares not speak — no, not look — no, not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness, only presumes to desire thee, in the times that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say, not from him — oh, no; that were not fit — but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment: — O you, the only honor to women, to men the only admiration; you that, being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence; and let me remember him who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch — yet your wretch — though with languishing steps, runs fast to his grave; and will you suffer a temple — how poorly built soever, but yet a tem-

ple of your deity — to be razed? But he dieth, it is most true, he dieth; and he in whom you live to obey you dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain; for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, because, in woful language, all his senses tell him that such is your pleasure; for, since you will not that he live, alas! alas! what followeth — what followeth of the most ruined Dorus but his end? End, then, evil-destined Dorus, end; and end, thou woful letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

IN PRAISE OF POESIE.

Learned men have learnedly thought that where reason hath so much over-mastered passion, that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in himself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in Nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est.*

Now, therein, of all sciences — I speak of human, and according to human conceit — is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth — as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard — at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music. And with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you — with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Because I breathe not love to everie one,
  Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
  Nor nourish special locks of vowèd haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane,—
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane
  Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
  "What! he?" say they of me. "Now I dare sweare
He cannot love: No, no! let him alone."
  And think so still — if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
  But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde,—
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.
  Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
  They love indeed who quake to say they love.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
  By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
  There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
  My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
  I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SONNET.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIENKIEWICZ, Henryk, a Polish novelist; born at Vola Okrejska, Lukowschen, May 4, 1846. He was educated at the University of Warsaw, after which he led a wandering life, attached for a time to a nomadic band of gypsies. In 1876 he came to America, and spent some years in California seeking his fortune in the gold mines, and writing of his adventures to the Warsaw magazines. Returning to his own country, he settled at Warsaw and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. He then began the issue of the series of novels and historical romances which have won for him — inspired as they are by the loftiest patriotic sentiments — one of the first places in modern Polish literature. In 1872 he published at Warsaw a collection of humorous little stories which became very popular; and which was followed in 1874 by *Szkice Weglem* (Charcoal Sketches). His principal later works are, *Ogniem i Mieczem* (By Fire and Sword) (1885), a historical novel which in less than ten years had passed through more than thirty editions; *Potop* (The Deluge) (1886); *Pan Michael,* and *Village Stories,* and a complete edition of his works up to 1890, issued in

twelve volumes under the general title *Pisma.* Up to 1882 he had but little prominence in literature in Europe, for he is given but a brief notice in the *History of Polish Literature,* published in that year by Heinrich Nitschmann. As to Sienkiewicz's other works we have in *Without Dogma* the modern Christian woman as she relates herself to the most vital questions of the day; against this woman and her healthy dogmatic faith, arguments, sophistries, pessimism, and unbelief are powerless; she endures a thousand martyrdoms; her heart is torn by conflicting emotions; she loves, suffers, dies. But Sienkiewicz bids us believe that whatever the emergency, her conscience is an unerring light. Her faith and constancy never waver. In *Children of the Soil* we have a very modern study, and the social problem strongly stated. The main questions the writer presents, briefly outlined, are these: Granted that there are secret forces of evil at work within modern society, forces tending toward its disintegration, how combat them? What is the ultimate safeguard and hope of society itself? Sienkiewicz answers both questions in his own fashion, and according to his deepest conviction and faith. *By Fire and Sword* formed a foundation upon which its author builded, doubtless, permanently when he put forth *Quo Vadis* (1896). It was through Jeremiah Curtin's excellent translation of the latter work that Sienkiewicz really became known to Americans. His later works include *Let Us Follow Him* (1897); *So Runs the World* (1898); and *Knights of the Cross* (1899).

HOW NERO'S PLANS WERE OVERTHROWN.*

[Vinicius, a Roman patrician, loves Lygia, a beautiful maiden, a convert to Christianity. She is condemned to death in the arena, and her lover is forced to become a spectator of the games, during the progress of which she is to die.]

At that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the centre, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustians and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence at sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: Where did the people live who could produce such a giant? He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheatre, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue, child-like eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners

* Permission of Little, Brown & Co.

would come. At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought he was unworthy of such favor — that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

The act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents:

"I believe! I believe! O, Christ, a miracle!

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness:

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheatre was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare. All breasts ceased to breathe. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet, as well as did the man, in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first — that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles: a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar himself stood up, as well as others.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rally-

ing the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say:

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multi-

tude of Senators and knights. Her slender form, as white as if chiselled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment, had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices, choked with tears, began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile, Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

Then the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred, indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination, and deformed desires found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked almost challengingly into Nero's face. Vestinius, superstitious, but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared

ghosts, but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the Senator; so did Nerva, so did Tullius Senecio, so did the famous leader Ostorius Scapula, and Antistius, and Piso, and Vetus, and Crispinus, and Minucius Tremus, and Pontius Telesinus, and the most important of all, one honored by the people, Thrasea.

In view of this, Cæsar took the emerald from his eye with an expression of contempt and offence; when Tigellinus, whose desire was to spite Petronius, turned to him and said:

"Yield not, divinity; we have the pretorians."

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus; matricide! incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. The people were absolute lords in the circus. Former Cæsars, and especially Caligula, had permitted themselves sometimes to go against popular desire; this, however, called forth disturbance always, going sometimes to bloodshed. But Nero was in a different position. First, as a comedian and a singer he needed the people's favor; second, he wanted it on his side against the Senate and the patricians.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevinus, the centurion, a relative of the Senator; at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, moved faces, and, eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.—*From Quo Vadis.* (Copyright, 1897, by JEREMIAH CURTIN.)

SIGOURNEY, Lydia Huntley, an American poet and essayist; born at Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1791; died at Hartford, Conn., June 10, 1865. In 1819 she was married to Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. She commenced her career of authorship with a volume of *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse.* Her subsequent works in prose and verse, many of them juveniles, number more than sixty. Among them are: *Traits of the Aborigines* (1822); *Sketch of Connecticut* (1824); *Biography of Females* (1829); *How to be Happy* (1833); *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands* (1842); *The Sea and the Sailor* (1845); *Whisper to a Bride* (1849); *Past Meridian* (1854); *Lucy Howard's Journal* (1857); *The Man of Uz* (1862); *Letters of Life,* a posthumous volume (1866).

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say that all have passed away — that noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished from off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed there rings no hunter's shout: —
But their name is on your waters — ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow, like ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake the echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves before the autumn's gale: —
But their memory liveth on your hills, their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it amid her young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse through all her ancient caves.
Wachusett hides its lingering voice within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany 'graves its tone throughout his lordly chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monument, though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren the insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid the regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands, ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the Court of Heaven exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass — a caravan of woe: —
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf? By sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry from that far land to Him?

THE BLESSED RAIN.

I marked at morn the thirsty earth,
By lingering drought oppressed,
Like sick man in a fever heat,
With panting brow or breast;
But evening brought a cheering sound
Of music o'er the pane:
The voice of heavenly showers that said,
"Oh, blessed, blessed rain!"

The pale and suffocating plants,
That bowed themselves to die,
Imbibed the pure, reprieving drops —
Sweet gift of a pitying sky;
The fern and heath upon the rock,
And the daisy on the plain,
Each whispered to their new-born buds,
"Oh, blessed, blessed rain!"

The herds that o'er the wasted fields
Roamed with dejected eye,
To find their verdant pasture brown,
Their crystal brooklet dry,
Rejoiced within the mantling pool
To stand refreshed again,
Each infant ripple leaping high,
To meet the blessed rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn,
Whose tassels swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crowned;
While the idly lingering water-wheel,
Where the miller ground his grain,
Turns gayly round, with a dashing sound,
At the touch of the blessed rain.

Lord, if our drooping souls too long
  Should close their upward wing,
And the adhesive dust of earth
  All darkly round them cling,
Send Thou such showers of quickening grace,
  That the angelic train
Shall to our grateful shout respond,
  "Oh, blessed, blessed rain!"

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock,
Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone —
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of the ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build — ye build — but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye;
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmarked, 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

THE ALPINE FLOWER

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-wing'd messenger
On Mercy's mission trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye? —
— Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness —
Fearless, yet frail — and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

GO TO THY REST.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
  Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
  With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
  Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
  Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has seared the breast,
  Or sorrow waked the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
  In yon celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair,
  Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
  Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

MAN — WOMAN.

Man's home is everywhere. On ocean's flood,
Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
Doth link in stormy brotherhood
Earth's utmost zones together,
Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,
Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame
Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth rove;
He with short pang and slight
Doth turn him from the checkered light
Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,
Where music, joy, and love
Were his young hours entrancing;
And where ambition's thunder-claim
Points out his lot,
Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
There doth he make his home,
Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
Though ruinous and lone,
Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's tone;
The home with humble walls,
Where breathed a parent's prayer around her bed;
The valley where, with playmates true,
She culled the strawberry, bright with dew;
The bower where Love her timid footsteps led;
The hearthstone where her children grew;
The damp soil where she cast
The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the blast —
Affection with unfading tint recalls,
Lingering round the ivied walls

Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,
  Making fresh honey of remembered things,
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, an American poet; born at Windsor, Conn., April 29, 1841; died at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, February 27, 1887. He was graduated from Yale in 1861, and went to the Pacific Coast. Returning East in 1866, he studied theology at Harvard. Subsequently he taught in Ohio, and in 1871 became principal of the high school at Oakland, Cal. From 1874 till 1882 he was Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of California, and afterward devoted himself to literary work at his home at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. His early poems were published collectively in 1868. Since his death two other collections have been published by his friends: *Poems by Edward Rowland Sill* (1888), and *The Hermitage and Later Poems* (1890). In 1900 appeared *The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill.*

SPRING TWILIGHT.

Singing in the rain, robin?
  Rippling out so fast
All thy flute-like notes, as if
  This singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin?
  Though the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still,
  Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis heart-broken music —
  That sweet, faltering strain,-
Like a mingled memory,
  Half ecstacy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
  Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the shower
  And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!
  Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
  Their sorrow into song.

SERVICE.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain,
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth — most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer —
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing — !" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout

Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE HOUSE AND THE HEART.

Every house with its garret;
Lumbered with rubbish and relics —
Spinning-wheels leaning in corners,
Chests under spider-webbed rafters,
Brittle and yellow-old letters,
Grandfather's things and grandmother's.
There overhead, at the midnight,
Noises of creaking and stepping
Startle the hush of the chambers —
Ghosts on their tip-toes repassing.
Every house with its garden;
Some little plot — a half-acre,
Or a mere strip by the windows,
Flower-beds and narrow-box borders,
Something spicily fragrant,
Something azure and golden.
There the small feet of the sparrow
Star the fresh mold round the roses;
And, in the shadowy moonlight,
Wonderful secrets are whispered.

Every heart with its garret,
Cumbered with relics and rubbish —
Wheels that are silent forever,
Leaves that are faded and broken,
Foolish old wishes and fancies,
Cobwebs of doubt and suspicion —
Useless, unbeautiful, growing
Year by year thicker and faster:
Naught but a fire or a moving
Ever can clear it, or clean it.
Every heart with its garden;
Some little corner kept sacred.
Fragrant and pleasant with blossoms;
There the forget-me-nots cluster,

And pure love-violets, hidden,
Guessed but by sweetness around them;
Some little strip in the sunshine,
Cheery and warm, for above it
Rests the deep, beautiful heaven,
Blue, and beyond, and forever.

TRANQUILLITY.

Weary, and marred with care and pain
And bruising days, the human brain
Draws wounded inward,— it might be
Some delicate creature of the sea,
That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome,
And coils its azure tendrils home,
And folds its filmy curtains tight
At jarring contact, e'er so light;
But let it float away all free,
And feel the buoyant, supple sea
Among its tinted streamers swell,
Again it spreads its gauzy wings,
And, waving its wan fringes, swings
With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

So let the mind, with care o'erwrought,
Float down the tranquil tides of thought:
Calm visions of unending years
Beyond this little moment's fears;
Of boundless regions far from where
The girdle of the azure air
Binds to the earth the prisoned mind.
Set free the fancy, till it find
Beyond our world a vaster place
To thrill and vibrate out through space,—
As some auroral banner streams
Up through the night in pulsing gleams,
And floats and flashes o'er our dreams;
There let the whirling planet fall
Down — down, till but a glimmering ball,
A misty star: and dwindled so,

There is no room for care, or woe,
Or wish, apart from that one Will
That doth the worlds with music fill.

THE INVISIBLE.

If there is naught but what we see,
What is the wide world worth to me?
But is there naught save what we see?
A thousand things on every hand
My sense is dumb to understand:
I know we eddy round the sun;
When has it dizzied anyone?
I know the round worlds draw from far,
Through hollow systems, star to star;
But who has e'er upon a strand
Of those great cables laid his hand?
What reaches up from room to room
Of chambered earth, through glare or gloom
Through molten flood and fiery blast,
And binds our hurrying feet so fast?
'Tis the earth-mother's love, that well
Will hold the motes that round her dwell:
Through granite hills you feel the stir
As lightly as through gossamer:
Its grasp unseen by mortal eyes,
Its grain no lens can analyze.

If there is naught but what we see,
The friend I loved is lost to me:
He fell asleep: who dares to say
His spirit is so far away?
Who knows what wings are round about?
These thoughts — who proves but from without
They still are whispered? Who can think
They rise from morning's food and drink?
These thoughts that stream on like the sea
And darkly beat incessantly
The feet of some great hope, and break,
And only broken glimmers make;

Nor ever climb the shore, to lie
And calmly mirror the fair sky,
And image forth in tranquil deeps
The secret that its silence keeps.

Because he never comes, and stands
And stretches out to me both hands,
Because he never leans before
The gate, when I set wide the door
At morning, nor is ever found
Just at my side, when I turn round
Half thinking I shall meet his eyes,
From watching the broad moon-globe rise,—
For all this, shall I homage pay
To Death, grow cold of heart, and say:
"He perished, and has ceased to be;
Another comes, but never he?"
Nay, by our wonderous being, nay!
Although his face I never see
Through all the infinite To Be,
I know he lives and cares for me.

SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN, an American scientist; born at Trumbull, Conn., August 8, 1779; died at New Haven, Conn., November 24, 1864. He was graduated from Yale in 1796; became tutor in the college in 1799, and in 1804 was made Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He visited Europe in 1805 for the purpose of procuring books and apparatus, and published a *Journal of Travels,* describing this visit. Nearly fifty years afterward he again went to Europe, and published *A Visit to Europe in 1851.* In 1818 he founded *The American Journal of Science and Arts,* which he conducted

for nearly thirty years. In 1853 he resigned his professorship at Yale, and received the honorary title of professor emeritus. His principal work is *Elements of Chemistry in the Order of the Lectures in Yale College* (1830). He wrote largely upon scientific topics in his own *Journal* and in other periodicals, and delivered courses of popular lectures in all the principal cities in the United States.

THE NATURE OF GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

Geological evidence is the same which is readily admitted as satisfactory in the case of historical antiquities. When, in 1738, the workmen, in excavating a well, struck upon the theatre of Herculaneum, which had reposed for more than sixteen centuries beneath the lava of Vesuvius — when, in 1748, Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes and cinders, and thus two buried cities were brought to light — had history been quite silent respecting their existence, would not observers say, and have they not actually said, here are the works of man — his temples, his forums, his amphitheatres, his tombs, his shops of traffic and of art, his houses, furniture, pictures, and personal ornaments; here are his streets, with their pavements and wheel-ruts worn in the solid stone, his coins, his grinding-mills, his wine, food, and medicines; here are his dungeons and stocks, with the skeletons of the prisoners chained in their awful solitudes; and here and there are the bones of a victim who, although at liberty, was overtaken by the fiery storm, while others were quietly buried in their domestic retreats. The falling cinders and ashes copied, as they fell, even the delicate outlines of the female form, as well as the head and helmet of a sentinel; and having concreted, they thus remain true volcanic casts, to be seen by remote generations, as now, in the Museum of Naples.

Because the soil had formed, and grass and trees had grown, and successive generations of men had uncon-

sciously walked, tilled the ground, or built their houses over the entombed cities, and because they were covered by volcanic cinders, ashes, and projected stones, does anyone hesitate to admit that they were once real cities; that at the time of their destruction they stood upon what was then the upper surface; that their streets once rang with the noise of business, their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure; that in an evil time they were overwhelmed by a volcanic tempest from Vesuvius, and their name and place for more than seventeen centuries blotted out from the earth and forgotten? The tragical story is legibly perused by every observer, and all alike, whether learned or unlearned, agree in the conclusions to be drawn.

SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN, JR., an American scientist, son of the preceding; born at New Haven, Conn., December 14, 1816; died there, January 14, 1885. He was graduated from Yale in 1837, and for some time afterward was an assistant professor in the departments of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology in Yale, and pursued original studies in these branches of science and their application to the arts. In 1838 he became associate editor with his father of the *American Journal of Science,* and in 1846 part proprietor. In 1846 he was appointed the first Yale Professor of Chemistry Applied to the Arts, and in the same year appeared his *First Principles of Chemistry,* of which 50,000 copies were quickly sold. During the winter of 1845–46 he gave a series of lectures on "Agricultural Chemistry" at New Orleans. From 1849 to 1854 he occupied the chair of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology in the Louisville (Ky.)

University. In 1854 he returned to Yale and succeeded his father in the chair of chemistry in the medical and academical departments. His scientific articles, including about one hundred titles, were collected and published in 1874. In 1869 he was made one of the State chemists of Connecticut. His works are *First Principles of Chemistry* (1847); *Principles of Physics, etc.* (1859), and *American Contributions to Chemistry* (1874). He edited, with C. G. Goodrich, *The World of Science, Art, and Industry* (1853), and *Progress of Science and Mechanism* (1854), which recorded the chief results of a World's Fair held in New York in 1853.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHEMISTRY.

The history of modern chemistry, commencing with Priestley's immortal discovery of oxygen, or dephlogisticated air, as he called it, on the 1st of August, 1774, by a memorable coincidence is almost identical in date with the evolution of the United States of America out of their colonial pupilage by the declaration of their independence of the mother country. The emancipation of our science from the dominion of phlogiston, with its seductive but false philosophy, may be likened to the overthrow of aristocratic traditions and monarchical supremacy, under which our ancestors were held, and the building up of the American system of self-government in their place. We note with satisfaction that the scientific revolution was a little in advance of the political revolution, and it would not be a difficult task to show . . . how closely and logically the rapid march of human society the world over, during the century whose close we celebrate to-day, has kept pace with and waited upon the advance of the pioneers of scientific discovery; — how Franklin and Black, Rumford and Cavendish, Priestley and Lavoisier, Galvani and Volta, Scheele and Berzelius, Dalton and

Davy, Angiere and Faraday, Hare and Henry, Oersted and the Herschels, Liebig, Agassiz, and a multitude more of the noble army of martyrs to science, who have devoted their lives to the search for truth for the truth's sake, have by the discovery and elucidation of principles before unknown or but dimly discerned, opened the way for the yet greater army of inventors and projectors who have followed in their lead; with steam-engines, railways, steamships, mechanical spinning and weaving, voltaic casting of metals, bleaching and other chemical arts without number, electric telegraphs, illumination by gas, photography, improved agriculture, artificial heat and artificial cold; using and applying in endless forms, for human advancement, the public wealth, and private enjoyment, the labors of those who have toiled to reveal the hidden truths of God in nature, too often unrequited for their self-sacrificing devotion in the good things of this world, but content to work that others might enter into their labors.

. . . . . .

Of societies devoted to scientific purposes and which have left us any published memoirs or transactions, we find very few prior to the close of the last century. In New England there was the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, instituted in 1780, and the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, established at New Haven in 1799. Oldest of all, we find in Philadelphia, The American Philosophical Society, established by Benjamin Franklin in 1743, and recognized by provincial charter in 1769. This completes the brief list of learned societies instituted prior to the close of the last century which have published anything. The Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, which published a single volume in the early part of this century, had but a brief existence, and its volume of memoirs contains only one paper on chemistry.

In the history of science during the latter half of the last century we find prominent the names of Franklin, Rumford, and Priestley; the first two Americans by birth and education, the latter by sympathy and adoption. In

the evening of his peaceful and philosophic life Priestley was a refugee from a strange intolerance and persecution which has left a stain upon the good name of England.—*From a Lecture Delivered at the Centennial of Chemistry, Northumberland, Pa., August 1, 1874.*

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW, a British poet; born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1811; died at London in 1850. For eleven years he was a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine.* "Mr. Simmons," says John Wilson, in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ,* "the writer of some noble lines entitled *Napoleon's Dream.* . . . Such poetry outlives the politics of the day, and is as strong now as ever."

THE MOTHER OF KINGS.

[*A Lady who visited "Madame Letitia," the mother of Napoleon, then in her eighty-fourth year, describes her as lying on her bed, the room being hung around with portraits of her children.*]

Strange looked that lady old, reclined
  Upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not
  To page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms,
  In portrait, that glancèd round
From the high walls, with cold, bright looks
  More eloquent than sound.

They were her children: never yet,
  Since, with the primal beam,
Fair Painting brought on rainbow wings
  Its own immortal beam,

Did one fond mother give such race
  Beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow
  Their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there — the beautiful!
  Looked down in dazzling sheen:
One lovelier than the Queen of Love,
  One crowned an earthly Queen.
Her sons — the proud — the Paladins —
  With diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm,
  Made empire of that room. . . .

But right before her couch's foot
  One mightier picture blazed,
One form august, to which her eyes
  Incessantly were raised;
A monarch's, too — and monarch-like
  The artist's hand had bound him,
With jewelled belt, imperial sword,
  And ermined purple round him.

One well might deem, from the white flags
  That o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed
  And waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown
  Beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst Death's reign
  And leaped again to-day.

How gleamed that awful countenance,
  Magnificently stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look
  What destiny we learn!
The laurel simply wreathes that brow,
  While nations watch its nod,
As though he scoffed all pomp below,
  The thunder-bolt of God.

Such was the scene — the noontide hour —
  Which, after many a year,
Had swept above the memory
  Of his meteor-like career —
Saw the mother of the mightiest —
  Napoleon's mother — lie,
With the living dead around her,
  With the Past before her eye.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

Take back into thy bosom, earth,
  This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
  Gave to be reared by sorrow!
'Tis hard — while rays half-green, half gold,
  Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
  To summer's face returning —
To say we're thankful that his sleep
  Shall nevermore be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
  Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true
  His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love — each hue
  And grace of golden nature —
The deeper still beneath it all
  Lurked the keen jags of anguish;
The more the laurels clasped his brow
  Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that, like the nightingale
  Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
  While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn
  Did fount bring freshness deeper
Than that his placid rest this morn
  Has brought the shrouded sleeper.

That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, 'mid woodlands, by his bed
The wren shall wake its ditty;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to hearts regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
Shall hover, unforgetting.

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE, an American novelist and poet; born at Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806; died there, June 11, 1870. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but did not enter upon regular practice. In 1827 he published a volume of *Lyrical and Other Poems,* which was followed from time to time by other volumes of verse, among which are *The Vision of Cortes* (1829); *Atlantis* (1832); *Southern Passages and Pictures* (1839); *Areytos* (1846); *Lays of the Palmetto* (1848), and a fresh collection of *Poems* (1854). He wrote biographies of *Francis Marion* (1844); *Captain John Smith* (1846), and *Nathaniel Greene* (1849), and edited a volume of *The War Poetry of the South* (1867). The greater part of his works consists of novels, of which he wrote about thirty, among which are *Martin Faber* (1833); *Guy Rivers* (1834); *Pelayo* (1838); *The Yemassee* (1840); *The Scout* (1845); *Katherine Walton* (1851); *Charlemont* (1856); *The Cassique of Kiawah* (1860). An edition of the novels by which he set most store was published in 1859, in nineteen volumes. His *Life* has been written by George W. Cable, in the *American Men of Letters* series (1888).

FASCINATED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes — bright, tangled leaves flaunting wide in the glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eyes communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like, shining glance, a subtle ray that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing was that beautiful and subtle brightness — of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered, and seemed to float away only to return; and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the one star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth!

And her own glance became intense; fixed also, but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright gleam, but even as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her — such a scream as the mocking-bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her, and forbade her effort.

More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the

same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own: a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird; now steady in its place and observant seemingly of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, invited to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But in all this time the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew fixed — a very principle of light — and such a light — a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look — shooting, darting, directly in her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating her sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung, like so much drapery, around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure; her blood grew cold and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her; and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as if it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for

that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

With that movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring — like that of a watch when wound up, but with the verge broken — announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound itself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great, flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, toward her, the eye still peering deeply into her own, the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals and giving forth that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form toward her; its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death; while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone. And there it still lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arched neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still

rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow.

Meanwhile the stillness became deathlike, with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone, with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent; the vines ceased to wave; the leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil; they have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her; its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel — her full consciousness restored, but not her strength — feels all her danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that — a last effort — she succeeds to scream — a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony. She sinks down upon the grass before her enemy, her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach; now advancing, now receding; now swelling in every part with something like anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bronzed, as about to strike — the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth — and she sees no more. Insensibility comes to her aid, and she lies almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden; while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own

agony, were actually in part writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass.

Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to his endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him — with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances — he turned desperately round, and, striking his charged fangs so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion and a moment after lay dead beside the nearly unconscious maiden.— *The Yemassee.*

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

Lithe and long as the serpent train,
  Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
  With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see;
Never took a serpent a deadlier hold,
  Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
  Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek —
  The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
  As ever on lover's breast found place;
On thy waving train is a playful hold
  Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
  And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O giant strange of our southern woods,
I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp,—
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

MOTHER AND CHILD.

The wind blew wide the casement, and within —
It was the loveliest picture! — a sweet child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
In pauses, from the fountain — the white, round
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
Of so much rapture, as green, shadowing trees
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips
Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh: —
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world — the little imp,
As if it knew even then that such a wreath
Were not for all; and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek —
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

THE SHADED WATER.

When that my mood is sad, and in the noise
  And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
  And sit me down beside this little brook;
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
  Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
  The silent growth of many centuries;
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter — none, like me,
  Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
  And listening as the voiceless leaves respire —
When the far-traveling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
  And sweet companions from their boundless store,
Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,
  Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak
  Whose branches yield it moss and canopy —
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
  Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
  Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,

While every sense on earnest mission sent,
  Returns, thought laden, back with bloom and flower,
Purusing, though rebuked by those who moil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet
  Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
  Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by —
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
  Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed
  On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries —
And with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like — its sure and undisturbed retreat,
  Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —
To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
  The bending trees that overshade my form!
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy
  The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
  Until I lose him from my straining sight —
With a most lofty discontent to fly,
Upward, from earth to sky.

SIMONIDES, a Greek lyric poet; born on the island of Ceos in 556 B.C.; died at Syracuse about 469 B.C. Shortly before the Persian War he went to Athens, where he wrote numerous epigrams, elegies, and dirges in connection with that memorable contest. In 477 B.C. he was for the fifty-sixth time victor in a poetical contest at Athens. Toward the close of his life he took up his residence at the Court of Hiero, ruler of Syracuse, on the island of Sicily. Many of his pieces relating to the Persian War have been handed down in the Greek Anthology. His most celebrated fragment, and one of the most exquisite and touching remains of ancient poetry, is a dirge in which Danaë, adrift with the infant Perseus on the sea in a dark and stormy night, takes comfort from the peaceful slumber of her babe. Simonides here illustrates his own saying that poetry is vocal painting,' as painting is silent poetry.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS AND ELEGIES.

Go, passer-by, to Lacedæmon tell,
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.
Of those at famed Thermopylæ who lie,
Glorious the fortune, bright their destiny.
Their tomb an altar is; their noble name
A fond remembrance of ancestral fame;
Their death a song of triumph. Neither rust,
Nor time that turns all mortal things to dust,
Shall dim the splendor of that holy shrine,
Where Greece forever sees her native virtues shine.
Nobly to die! if that be Virtue's crown,
Fortune to us her bounty well displayed.
Striving to make Greece free, we gained renown
That shrouds us where we lie, and ne'er can fade

DANAË.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her wan cheeks all wan and weeping,
Danaë clasped her sleeping child.

And, "Alas," cried she, "my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes are mine?
But not woes nor wrongs thou fearest,
In that sinless rest of thine.

"Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
And within here, all is gloom;
But wrapt fast in arms that love thee,
Little reck'st thou of thy doom.

"Not the rude spray round thee flying
Has ever damped thy clustering hair,
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O mine Innocent, my Fair!

Yet, to thee were Sorrow sorrow,
Thou wouldst lend thy little ear,
And this heart of mine might borrow
Haply yet a moment's cheer.

"But no. Slumber on, Babe, slumber;
Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
My dark troubles without number,
Oh! that ye would slumber, too!

Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
Grant, Jove, that in future years
This boy may defeat their malice,
And avenge his mother's tears!"

—*Translation of* WILLIAM PETERS.

SIMROCK, Karl Joseph, a German poet; born at Bonn, August 28, 1802; died there, July 18, 1876. He studied at the university of his native city and at Berlin, and in 1826 entered the Prussian state service. His first work was a translation into modern German of the *Nibelungenlied* (1827). Soon after the publication of his translation of Hartmann von der Aue's *Armer Heinrich* (1830) he was compelled to leave the Prussian service on account of a revolutionary poem which he had written. Afterward he devoted himself exclusively to literature, and more particularly to the early literature of his own country, which he has modernized in excellent style; for example, the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide (1833); Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parcival* (1842); *Reineke Fuchs* (1845); *Die Edda* (1851); Gottfried von Strasburg's *Tristan und Isolde* (1855); the *Heliand* (1856); *Beowulf* (1859); *Der Wartburgkrieg* (1858), and Brant's *Narrenschiff* (1872). Besides these editorial labors he translated Shakespeare's poems and some of his plays, and published *Quellen des Shakspeare in Novellen, Märchen, und Sagen* (1831) in conjunction with Echtermeyer and Henschel; *Novellenschatz der Italiener* (1832); *Rheinsagen aus dem Munde des Volkes und Deutscher Dichter* (1836); a collection of German *Volksbücher* (1844) in thirteen volumes, comprising national proverbs, songs, riddles, and a vast number of stories; *Das Heldenbuch* (1843), being translations and original poems illustrative of the heroic traditions of the Teutonic race; his own *Gedichte* (1844), and several

handbooks. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Old German at Bonn.

THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE.

It was an ancient monarch
  Ruled where the Rhine did flow,
And naught he loved so little
  As sorrow, feud, and woe:
His warriors they were striving
  For a treasure in the land;
In sooth they near had perished,
  Each by his brother's hand.

Then spoke he to the nobles:
  "What boots this gold," he said,
"If with the finder's life-blood
  The price thereof is paid?
The gold, to end the quarrel,
  Cast to the Rhine away,
There lie the treasure hidden,
  Till dawns the latest day!"

The proud ones took the treasure,
  And cast it to the main;
I ween it hath all melted,
  So long it there hath lain,
But, wedded to the waters,
  That long have o'er it rolled,
It clothes the swelling vineyards
  With yellow gleam, like gold.

O, that each man were minded,
  As thought this monarch good,
That never care might alter
  His high, courageous mood!
Then deeply would we bury
  Our sorrows in the Rhine,
And, glad of heart and grateful,
  Would quaff his fiery wine.

— *Translation of* H. W. DULCKEN.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

By the Rhine, by the Rhine, dwell not by the Rhine,
My son, I counsel thee fair;
Too beauteous will be that life of thine,
Too lofty thy courage there.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men all so free,
A noble assembly so bright,
With thy soul all aglow, there's the dwelling for thee,
There seem all things fitting and right.

From the stream how they greet thee, the towers in their might,
And the ancient cathedral town,
When thou climbest aloft to the dizzying height
To gaze on the waters down.

In the river upriseth the nymph from the vale,
And if once she hath on thee smiled,
And if Lorelei sings, with her lips so pale,
My son, thou'rt forever beguiled.

The glamour of sight and of sound will combine,
Till with shuddering delight thou shalt turn;
Thou'lt sing of thy home "By the Rhine, by the Rhine!"
To thine own thou wilt never return.

— *Translation of* H. W. DUCKLEN.

SIMS, GEORGE ROBERT, an English poet and dramatist; born at London, September 2, 1847. He was educated at Hanwell College and at Bonn. His publications include *Dragonet Ballads* (1879); *How the Poor Live* (1883); *Once Upon a Christmas Time* (1898); *Memoirs of Mary Jane*

(1899); *Living London* (1902). His plays include *Lights of London* (1882); *Two Little Vagabonds* (1883); *Harbor Lights* (1885); *The Merry Duchess* (1886); *The Golden Ring* (1890); and *The Romany Rye.*

THE LIFEBOAT.

Been out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Why, bless you! this ain't
what we calls rough!
It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in
and break
On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs
seem to shake;
When the sea is a storm of waters, and the bravest holds
his breath
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat — his summons may
be to death —
That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her
afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the
boat.

You've heard of the *Royal Helen,* the ship as was wrecked
last year?
Yon be the rock she struck on — the boat as went out be
here;
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever
we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful
bad.
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell
you the truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night
was skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin'
lives,

But death that night looked certain — and our wives be only wives;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead,
'Taint only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay —
I only heerd on it after, for that night I was kept away.
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
With my eyes all red with weepin', that Death's hand might yet be stayed.
I heerd the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm;
The wreck of my little homestead — the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life,
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly — she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie,
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son —
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us — he was allus what folk call wild.

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of, but she had her grief to nurse,
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse.
And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side;
Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say good-bye?"
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside
With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!" their leader cried.
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right.
There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night!"
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt.
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed —

"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir — she was thinking, maybe, some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away.
"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you! and spare me to see the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm tonight."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said,
"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;
But our boat she stood it bravely, and, weary and wet and weak,
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.
But jest as we come upon her she gave a fearful roll,

And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark —
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by;
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more
Till I came to my senses here, sir — here, in my home ashore.
My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed —
I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rullick had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round,
At first I could hardly hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;
But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak,
I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake.
I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break.
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here!
I'm able to bear it now, lad — tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,

And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my wife.
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went
To the wreck of the *Royal Helen,* 'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through —
He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

IN THE SHIPKA PASS.

Yes, it is over, the victory's won,
The smoke is beginning to roll away;
Just for a little the fighting's done,
Still is the field of the fearful fray.
Draped on the arm with the badge of red,
Over the field the searchers go,
Seeking the wounded among the dead,
And waving the lanterns to and fro.

A fair-faced woman is with the band·
  Holiest hers of a woman's works!
"Sister Louise of the gentle hand,"
  So she is called by the wounded Turks;
And never such beautiful eyes, I ween,
  Lighted a soldier's path to God,
And never a fairer dame was seen
  Kneeling by death on the blood-stained sod.

English? Oh, yes! they can tell you that;
  And wedded — she wears the emblem ring;
A widow, they guess, when the soldiers chat —
  That is the most your questions bring;
But the weight of an awful grief she bears
  Hidden away in her heaving breast,
And ever the look on her face she wears
  Of the soul that is weary and pines for rest.

But here in the Shipka Pass to-night,
  Dropping behind in the surgeon's train,
She glides, like an angel of holy light,
  Down through the rows of the gory slain
Shutting the lids of the staring eyes,
  Stretching the limbs for their last repose,
Catching the whispered word that lies
  On the lips that the thrills of death unclose.

Here, 'mid the wreck of a thousand braves,
  Shattered and shot in a hopeless cause,
White and wan in the moonlight waves,
  O'er a heap of slain see the sister pause —
Pause for a moment, and reel away,
  Smitten as if by a sabre stroke,
For there at her feet two wounded lay,
  Their faces black with the battle smoke.

She has gazed on death in a hundred shapes,
  And the horrible wounds of the modern strife,
But now from her lips a cry escapes
  As she bends her ear for the sounds of life.

They live! they breathe! — yet she turns to fly,
And her face is hot with a great white heat,
For there together these wounded lie,
Two loves betrayed, at her craven feet.

Husband and lover! O God above!
If mercy there be for the worst of sins,
Grant that her prayer to the throne of love
Some balm for her horrible anguish wins!
Husband and lover! and side by side,
With their life-blood flowing, a mingled stream.
What wonder the shivering woman cried —
"Wake me, O God! 'tis a ghastly dream!

'Tis a dream — a dream of the long-ago.
I am gay to-night in the giddy whirl;
And Raymond he follows me to and fro
With his ceaseless chiding of "Foolish girl!"
He is jealous, this burly lord of mine —
Jealous of rattlepate handsome Guy;
I am sure we are careful to draw the line,
But I like to tease him — I know not why.

'Tis a dream — a dream; I have left *his* home;
He struck me — wounded my woman's pride;
We are hiding in lodgings — abroad — in Rome,
And the tale of our flight is far and wide.
Guy hears from home; he has trusty friends,
Who gives us the news of my husband's quest;
In a letter to-day one tidings sends —
My shame is safe in my husband's breast.

I hate him now! Had he sought the law,
The law would at least have set me free.
What was it stayed his hand? *He saw*
That Guy might have given his name to ***me.***
A fig for such love as his, I say,
It wasn't a thing to be named with Guy's;
For me *he* has flung the *world* away,
And I am the world in his noble eyes.

"'Tis a dream — a dream. Do I hear aright?
He has told my people 'twas his the blame;
And now he is going abroad to fight;
With tears in his eyes he shields my fame!
Raymond! my husband! O God, I was mad
Ever to torture a heart so true!
He is my husband — oh, that he had
Never a cause my love to rue!

"I have parted forever from Guy to-day;
Never again will I look on his face;
From the haunts of men I will wander away,
Hiding forever my soul's disgrace.
The glorious East is ablaze with war;
In a mission of mercy may guilt atone —
I am Sister Louise of the Ambulance Corps,
I am here with the dead to-night, alone.

Spare me my reason, O Lord, a while!
The blast of the night wind cools my brow.
A wanton and wicked, am I too vile
For thy cleansing fires to purge me now?
'Tis a dream — a dream; blood has turned my brain;
I will not look on these things below;
There are the lights of the surgeon's train —
Oh, but they hear me not — on they go!

"How cold comes the blast of the icy north!
It seizes my throat and stops my breath;
Or has thy merciful word gone forth?
Are these the chills of the coming death?
Husband and lover, or dying or dead,
Room, if your brave souls be not loth,
Room for the woman to lay her head
Who ruined your lives, and loved you both.

"Husband and lover — oh, speak one word
Here in the gloom of the Eastern night!
They answer me not, they have not heard,
Or hearing, they have not heard aright.

How came you lying here side by side,
  Here in the ranks of the slaughtered Turks?
Speak to your mistress — tell your bride,
  While still in my brain some reason lurks.

"Both of them dead! I am glad 'tis so,
  For, taking a hand of each in mine,
I can kiss them both now — they'll neither know —
  And whisper their names to the King divine.
Husband and lover, here hand in hand
  Our bodies will lie on the blood-stained grass,
And at dawn to-morrow the searching band
  Will give us one grave in the Shipka Pass."

SISMONDI, JEAN CHARLES LEONARD SIMONDE DE, a Swiss historian; born at Geneva, May 9, 1773; died there, June 25, 1842. At an early age he was placed in a mercantile house at Geneva. But the storms of the French Revolution compelled the family to take refuge in England. In 1795 his father bought a small farm in Tuscany, and the young man had leisure for the pursuit of literature. When peace was finally restored to Europe, Sismondi returned to his native city, where he devoted himself to historical composition. His principal works are *History of the Italian Republics; Literature of the South of Europe; Fall of the Roman Empire,* and *History of France.* This last enormous work was begun in 1819, and though he labored steadily upon it, it was not fully completed at his death in 1842.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION.

The longest, the most universal, the most important of all the convulsions to which the human race has been exposed is that which destroyed the whole fabric of ancient civilization, and prepared the elements out of which the structure of modern life is composed. It found men at the highest point of perfection which they had as yet attained to, whether in the career of social organization and of legislation, or in those of philosophy, literature, or art; and hurried them down by reiterated shocks, each more terrific than the last, into the deepest night of barbarism.

Its influence embraced all that portion of the human race which had any consciousness of its present condition, any power of preserving the memory of its past existence; consequently all that portion whose thoughts have come down to us by means of written records. Dating its commencement from the reign of the Antonines — the period at which the human race seemed to have reached its highest point of prosperity — and having its progress, through each succeeding shock, to the almost total dissolution of all the old-established associations of men, and to the reconstruction of society from its very foundations, this revolution continued through at least eight centuries.

The Roman Empire, which then extended over the whole of what was then believed to be the habitable earth, was invaded, ravaged, depopulated, dismembered, by the various tribes of barbarians who rused in upon all its borders. The conquering nations which had possessed themselves of its ruins made repeated attempts to found monarchies upon its antique soil. All, after two or three generations, vanished; their imperfect and barbarous institutions were insufficient to the preservation of national life. Two great men arose — Mohammed in the East, Charlemagne in the West — each of whom tried to put himself at the head of a new order of society. Each of them founded an empire which for a time rivalled the ancient power of Rome. But the moment of reorgan-

ization was not yet come. The throne of the Khaliphs, the empire of the Carlovingians, soon crumbled into dust.

The nations of the earth then seemed in a state of general dissolution; the various races of men were intermingled; a violent and short-lived power was seized by Kings, Dukes, Emirs, who were not Chiefs of the People, but accidental masters of a fraction of territory whose boundaries were marked by chance alone. No man could feel that he was bound to any land, as a son to a mother; no man could feel himself the lawful subject of any Government. Society could no longer afford protection to its members, and could no longer claim their allegiance in return. At length the moment arrived in which the proprietors of land built themselves strongholds; in which cities surrounded themselves with walls; in which all men armed for their own defence. Each individual was compelled to take his share of the government into his own hands, and thus to begin society anew from its very foundations.

Such was the tremendous revolution which took place between the third and the tenth centuries of our era; and yet from its very universality and duration it is impossible to find one common name under which to designate it. If we could grasp one comprehensive idea of this gigantic catastrophe we must, so to speak, collect its several incidents into one focus; we must reject all those circumstances which dissipate the attention; we must confine ourselves to the grand movements of each people and of each age; we must show the co-operation of the barbarian conquerors, who were themselves unconscious that they acted in concert. We must trace the moral history of the world, regardless of the details of wars and of crimes. We must seek in an enlightened appreciation of causes that unity of design which it were impossible to find in a scene so full of rapid and various movement. The earlier half of the Middle Ages appears to our eye like a chaos; but this chaos conceals beneath its ruin most important subjects for reflection.— *Preface to Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE TENTH CENTURY: ANTICIPATED END OF THE WORLD.

At the close of the tenth century an almost universal expectation was entertained of the approaching end of the world. So strong was this belief that it led the greater part of the contemporary writers to lay down the pen. For a while silence was complete; for historians cared not to write for a posterity whose existence was so doubtful. Pious persons who had endeavored to understand the Apocalypse, and to determine the time of the accomplishment of its prophecies, had been particularly struck with the twentieth chapter, where it is announced that after the lapse of a thousand years, Satan would be let loose to deceive the nations; but that after a little season God would cause a fire to come down from heaven and devour him. The accomplishment of all the awful prophecies contained in this book appeared therefore to be at hand; and the end of the world was supposed to be indicated by the devouring fire and by the first resurrection of the dead. The nearer the thousandth year from the birth of Christ approached, the more did terror take possession of every mind. The archives of all countries contain a great number of charters of the tenth century beginning with these words — *Appropinquante fine Mundi,* "As the end of the world is approaching." . . .

We are struck with a sort of affright at the idea of the state of disorganization into which the belief of the imminent approaching end of the world must have thrown society. All the ordinary motives of action were suspended, or superseded by contrary ones; every passion of the mind was hushed, and the Present was lost in the appalling Future. The entire mass of the Christian nations seemed to feel that they stood in the situation of a condemned criminal, who had received his sentence, and counted the hours which still separated him from eternity. Every exertion of mind or body was become objectless, saving the labors of the faithful to secure their salvation; any provision for an earthly futurity must have appeared absurd; any monument erected for an age which was

never to arrive would have been a contradiction; any historical records written for a generation never to arrived would have betrayed a want of faith.

It is almost a matter of surprise that a belief so general as this would appear to have been did not bring about its own dreaded fulfilment; that it did not transform the West into one vast convent; and, by causing a total cessation of labor, deliver up the human race to universal and hopeless famine. But doubtless the force of habit was still stronger with many than the disease of the imagination. Besides, some uncertainty as to chronology had caused hesitation between two or three different periods; and though many charters attest "certain and evident signs," which left no room for doubt of the rapid approach of the end of the world, yet the constant order of the seasons, the regularity of Nature, the beneficence of Providence, which continued to cover the earth with its wonted fruits, raised questions even in the most timid minds. At last the extreme period fixed by the prophecies was past; the end of the world had not arrived; the terror was gradually but entirely dissipated; and it was universally acknowledged that on this subject the language of the sacred Scriptures had been misunderstood.— *Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE IMPROVISATORE.

He would not be an improvisatore if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings. After having been informed of his subject, the improvisatore remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out a plan of the little poem which he is about to compose. He then prepares the eight first verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion, which makes him, as it were, a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses. His eyes wander around him, his features glow, and he strug-

gles with the prophetic spirit which seems to animate him. Nothing in the present age can represent in so striking a manner the Pythia of Delphos, when the god descended and spoke by her mouth.— *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.*

SKARGA, PETER, a Polish orator and theologian; born at Grojec in 1536; died at Cracow in 1612. He received a thorough education at the famous university in Cracow, the former capital of Poland. He was elevated to the priesthood in 1564, and commenced at once to write and preach against Protestantism. In the year 1569 he joined the Jesuit Order and was known as the Polish Chrysostom. Sigismund III., King of Poland, chose him as Court preacher, which duty Skarga performed conscientiously. Regardless of the opinions of King and magnates, he strongly censured the vices of the rich, and prophesied the fall of the great kingdom if they continued in their evil. His greatest works are *On the Union of the Church,* and *The Lives of the Saints.* The latter is a work of the highest beauty in literature, written in prose, but breathing beautiful sentiments of most sublime poetry. This book, next to the Bible, ranked for three centuries in Polish families as a leading religious educational work. He also wrote *Parliamentary Sermons,* in which he surpassed the most eloquent speakers of the French Court of Louis XIV.

WARNING TO THE WICKED.

What have I to do with thee, unhappy kingdom? Who looks at you here gathered from all parts of our land,

at the heads of the people, and sees your ways and actions, can easily guess what impieties and sins over all crowns reign.

Were I Isaias, I would walk barefoot and half-naked, crying to you pleasure-seekers and transgressors of the law of God: "So will you be stripped and show your nakedness, when the Lord God brings enemies over your heads and delivers you to this degradation. Therefore shall this iniquity be to you as a breach that falleth, and is found wanting in a high wall; for the destruction thereof shall come on a sudden, when it is not looked for. And it shall be broken small, as the potter's vessel is broken all to pieces with mighty breaking, and there shall not a shred be found of the pieces thereof, wherein a little fire may be carried from the hearth, or a little water be drawn out of the pit." Continually the masonries of your kingdom crack, and you say: "Nothing, nothing! Poland stands by chaos."

Were I Jeremiah, I would put ropes on my feet and cry to you sinful, as he cried: "So the great shall be bound and driven as sheep into strange countries." And would show my rotten and decomposed clothing, which when shook became dust; I would say to you: "So shall be spoiled and reduced to nothing and changed to smoke and ashes your glory and all your luxuries and wealth." And taking an earthen pot and calling you all together I would throw it violently against the wall, saying: "So shall I shatter you, says the Lord, as this pot, whose pieces cannot again be put together." And I would cry as He, weeping: "Who would give water to my head and fountain of tears to my eyes, to mourn day and night the slain of my country and of my people? . . . And would flee to the desert and leave my people, for you are degenerated (as not sons of those good forefathers), and an agglomeration of crimes!"

Were I Ezekiel, having shaved my head and beard I would divide the hair into three parts. And would burn one, another would cut, and the third would scatter to the winds, calling to you: Some of you shall perish of hunger, others by the sword, and the balance will disperse to all sides of the world. And I would not leave my house

by door or by window, but would penetrate the wall as fleeing, and would cry to you: So shall happen to you — no castles, no fortresses will shield you, for all these the enemy will destroy and ruin you.— *Court Sermon; translation of* THOMAS MISICKI.

SKEAT, WALTER WILLIAM, an English philologist and clergyman; born at London, November 21, 1835. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was graduated in 1858. He was elected a Fellow of the college in 1860. He became curate of East Dereham, Norfolk, in December, 1860; curate of Godalming, Surrey, in December, 1862, and Mathematical Lecturer at Christ's College, in October, 1864. He was made Professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Cambridge in 1878. He has devoted his attention almost entirely to early English literature and English etymology. He has reproduced, with scholarly annotations, many early songs and stories, among which are to be mentioned *The Vision of William Concerning Piers Plowman* (1867–85); *The Lay of Havelock the Dane* (1868); *Aelfrics's Lives of the Saints* (1882–90), and an edition of Chatterton's poems, in which he shows the original sources of the so-called Rowley poems. His greatest work is, perhaps, his *Etymological Dictionary* (1879-84), and an abridgment thereof, *A Concise Etymological Dictionary* (1883).

DIALECTS AFTER THE CONQUEST.

After the Norman conquest we still find the three leading dialects continuing in literary use down to the time

of the wars of the Roses, in the fifteenth century. During this period they are usually simply called Northern, Midland, and Southern. As before, the remains of the Northern dialect are at first but scanty, at any rate, till we arrive near the end of the thirteenth century. We then have, however, some well-marked specimens, of which it may suffic to mention the *Northumbrian Psalter,* written down in the time of Edward II., but of slightly earlier date; the *Cursor Mundi,* (about 1320), a very long religious poem, only lately printed, the glossary to which has just appeared; the *Pricke of Conscience,* by Richard Rolle of Hampole, about A. D. 1340, and Barbour's *History of King Robert Bruce,* written in 1375, though the existing MSS. are both a century later. In the fifteenth century this dialect is represented in its Lowland Scotch variety, by some famous writers, such as King James I. (of Scotland) and Robert Henryson; and again, in the sixteenth century, by William Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay. Even in the last century, we have splendid specimens of its more modern form in the works of Robert Burns; and still later in those of Sir Walter Scott. The Northumbrian dialect extended, in fact, from the Humber as far north as Aberdeen.

But in the middle-English period the Midland dialect gradually came wholly to the front, and has ever since led the way. Its ascendency was inevitable, owing to the advantages of its position. It was intelligible both to the Southerner and the Northerner, and united the happier characteristics of both. It was somewhat fuller in its grammatical inflections than the Northern, and thus more exact and convenient for literary purposes; whilst, in the same particulars, it was less complicated than the Southern, and therefore more easily acquired. It also had another advantage over the Northern dialect in the fact that it contained more Anglo-French words. It was not till a later date that Lowland Scotch so freely adopted words from the Central French. The fact that the Midland dialect was the principal one spoken in Oxford, Cambridge, and London also contributed not a little to its ascendency.

In the same period the Southern dialect, which, as

we have seen, was of so great importance before the Norman Conquest, was gradually but surely surpassed by its Midland rival, and at last entirely distanced in the race. Its comparative complexity and certain rather exaggerated peculiarities of pronunciation rendered it less fit for extended use; and it is remarkable that the *Ayrubite of Inwyt* or *Remorse of Conscience,* a piece written in Kentish prose by Dan Michel of Northgate in 1340, is much more difficult to make out than either the Northern *Cursur Mundi* of about 1320, or the Midland *Handlyng Synee* (by Robert of Brunne), written in 1303. Another remarkable specimen of Southern English is seen in Trevisa's translation of Higden's (Latin) *Polychronicon,* written in 1387; after which date the literary use of this dialect practically disappears. The latest good example of its use is seen in the Dorsetshire poems by William Barnes, in the present century.

I believe it will be found that whilst before the Conquest the Midland dialect inclined toward alliance with the Southern, the contrary tendency has since existed, so that it afterward inclined to the Northern. From the latter dialect it has borrowed the common and highly important pronominal forms "they," "them," and "their." From 1500 we usually find but two dialects, the Northern and Midland, commonly distinguished by the names of Scotch and English; but the more important peculiarities of the former are also found in the Northern Counties of England, so that the real Northern dialect extends, as it always did, as far South as the Humber, and is not to be looked upon as terminating at the Tweed.

SMART, CHRISTOPHER, an English poet; born at Shipbourne, Kent, April 11, 1722; died at London, May 21, 1771. He was educated at Durham School, and afterward at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he became highly proficient in class-

ical learning. As he had cultivated poetry from his early youth, he naturally wished to distinguish himself in this department at college; he accordingly became a candidate for the Seatonian prize and obtained it no less than five times. The poems which he wrote on this occasion, upon the *Attributes of the Divine Being,* are decidedly the best of his productions. He made a translation of Horace in 1750. His first volume of poems appeared in 1752 and his *Song of David* was published in 1753.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

What though the Almighty's regal throne be raised
High o'er yon azure heav'n's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd — where east, nor west,
Nor south, nor blust'ring north, has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to His radiant host
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest:
Yet knows that nor in presence nor in power
Shines He less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all His universe the same.
Whether the wind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing,
Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun;
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destined goal:
Or where in heav'n above the heav'n of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious — Thou are there.
Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretched arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,

His only help — when Thou rebuk'st the storm,
It ceases — and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.

SMILES, SAMUEL, a British biographer and essayist; born at Haddington, December 23, 1812; died at London, April 17, 1904. He studied surgery, practiced for some time at Leeds, and afterward became editor of the Leeds *Times*. In 1845 he became secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, and seven years later of the Southeastern Railway, holding that position until 1866. The greater portions of his works are biographical. Among these works are *The Life of George Stephenson* (1857); *Self-Help* (1859); *Lives of the Engineers* (1861); *Industrial Biography* (1863); *The Huguenots in England and Scotland* (1867); *Character* (1871); *The Huguenots in France* (1874); *Duty* (1880); *Life and Labor* (1887); *A Publisher and His Friends* (1891); *Jasmin, the Barber Poet* (1891), and *Josiah Wedgwood* (1894).

OLD INVENTIONS REVIVED.

Steam-locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbor of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steamboat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswinton, in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great practical moment. Thus, Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in

his *Botanic Garden,* published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might also be regarded as prophetic:

> " Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthery, another Frenchman, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes. . . .

Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabas Googe, the translator of a book from the German, entitled *The Whole Arte and Trade of Husbandrie,* published in 1577, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention — a thing " which was woont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kind of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the front armed with sharp syckles, which forced by the beaste through the corne did cut al before it. This tricke might be used in levell and champion countreys; but with us it wolde make but ill-favored woorke." . . .

There is every reason to believe that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fireworks; while the secret of the destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of theAdriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes.

. . . . . .

The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur,* showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their *nepenthe* and *mandragora;* the Chinese their *mayo,* and the Egyptians their *hachish* — both preparations of *Cannabis Indica* — the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform.

What is still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions — that of sun-painting by the daguerreotype — was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea thus early born lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerreotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie.* Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copperplate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Bolton, Watt's partner, having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.— *Industrial Biography.*

SMITH, Adam, a Scottish economist and philosopher; born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, June 5, 1723; died at Edinburgh, July 17, 1790. He studied for three years at the University of Glasgow, then for seven years at Oxford. In 1748 he

took up his residence at Edinburgh, where he lectured on rhetoric and belles-lettres. In 1752 he was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, holding that position for nearly twelve years. In 1759 he published his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments,* the cardinal idea of which is that the emotions and moral distinctions spring from sympathy. In 1766 he resigned his professorship, and traveled for two years on the Continent. He then took up his residence with his mother at his native Kirkcaldy, where for ten years he devoted himself to the study of social science. The result was his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations,* which was published in 1776, and is conceded to be the first systematic statement of the fundamental principles of political economy, though many of the views of Smith have been called in question by later writers. In 1778 he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Customs for Scotland, a position which gave him a large income, the surplus of which was devoted to charitable purposes. In 1787 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

ADVANTAGES OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part — though but a small part — has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woolen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the product of the joint labor of a great number of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to com-

plete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of the workmen to others, who live in a very distant part of the country. How much commerce and navigation, in particular · how many shipbuilders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest parts of the world. To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.

Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture — the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies in, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage; all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen and pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals; the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and rain; with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of the different workmen employed in producing these conveniences: if we examine, I say, all of these things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each

of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared indeed with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.— *The Wealth of Nations.*

SMITH, ALEXANDER, a Scottish poet and essayist; born at Kilmarnock, December 31, 1830; died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, January 5, 1867. He began life as a designer of patterns for a lace-factory in Glasgow. In 1853 he published *A Life-Drama,* a poem which met with immediate attention, and in the following year he received the appointment of Secretary of the University of Edinburgh, a position which he held until his death. His subsequent poems are *Sonnets of the War,* written in conjunction with Sydney Dobell (1855); *City Poems* (1857); *Edwin of Deira* (1861). In prose he wrote *Dreamthorp* (1863); *A Summer in Skye* (1865); *Alfred Hagart's Household* (1866); *Miss Oona McQuarrie* (1866). A posthumous volume, entitled *Last Leaves,* with a *Memoir,* was published in 1868.

UNREST AND CHILDHOOD.

Unrest! unrest! The passion-haunted sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great, hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.
[*A child runs past.*]
Oh thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God!
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee,
'Tis ages since He made his youngest star:
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow. Oh, bright and singing babe,
What will thou be hereafter?

—*A Life-Drama.*

A SPRING DAY.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride.
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a pace to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair,
All glad, from grass to sun.

—*A Life-Drama*

A SUMMER DAY.

Each leaf upon the trees doth shake with joy,
With joy the white clouds navigate the blue,
And on his painted wings the butterfly —
Most splendid masker in this carnival —
Floats through the air in joy. Better for man
Were he and Nature more familiar friends.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Sheathed is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old,
The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,
And over them the stars tremble on high.
Pure joys these winter nights around me lie:
'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted streets
At Christmas time, and guess from brow and pace
The doom and history of each one we meet,
What kind of heart beats in each dusky case;
Whiles startled by the beauty of a face
In a shop-light a moment. Or instead,
To dream of silent fields where calm and deep
The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep —
Recalling sweetest looks of Summers dead.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MONTAIGNE.

The Essays contain a philosophy of life which is not specially high, yet which is certain to find acceptance more or less with men who have passed out beyond the glow of youth, and who have made trial of the actual world. The essence of his philosophy is a kind of cynical common-sense. He will risk nothing in life; he will keep to the beaten track; he will not let passion blind or enslave him; he will gather around him what good he can, and will therewith endeavor to be content. He will be as far as possible self-sustained; he will not risk his happiness in the hands of man or woman either. He is shy of friendship, he fears love, for he knows that both

are dangerous. He knows that life is full of bitters, and he holds it wisdom that a man should console himself, as far as possible, with its sweets, the principal of which are peace, travel, leisure, and the writing of essays. He values obtainable Gascon bread and cheese more than the unobtainable stars. He thinks crying for the moon the foolishest thing in the world. He will remain where he is. He will not deny that a new world may exist beyond the sunset, but he knows that to reach the new world there is a troublesome Atlantic to cross; and he is not in the least certain that, putting aside the chance of being drowned on the way, he will be one whit happier in the new world than he is in the old. For his part he will embark with no Columbus. He feels that life is but a sad thing at best; but as he has little hope of making it better, he accepts it, and will not make it worse by murmuring. When the chain galls him, he can at least revenge himself by making jests on it.

He will temper the despotism of nature by epigrams. He has read Æsop's fable, and is the last man in the world to relinquish the shabbiest substance to grasp at the finest shadow. — *Dreamthorp.*

LADY BARBARA.

Earl Gawain wooed the Lady Barbara,
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold!
'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer shaw,
In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair, reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;
Silent she sat his amorous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes; her heart was otherwhere.

He sighed for her through all the summer weeks;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples, with smooth, shining cheeks,
Earl Gawain came and whispered, "Lady, rouse!
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows;

Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up into her brows,
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and passed before her high rebuke;
And then she sat, her hands clasped round her knee;
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea;
Before the north 'twas driven like a cloud,
High on the poop a man sat mournfully;
The wind was whistling through mast and shroud,
And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud:

"Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?
Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander forever on the barren foam?
O, happy are ye, resting mariners!
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!
A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
And onward I must float through slow, moon-measured
years.
"Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,
Frothing the waters, and along our way,
Nor cape nor headland through red mornings shone,
One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'
In our wild hearts his words fell like a blight,
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold, starry night.

"Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with its weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry,

A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep;
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragged me forth, and round did dance and leap;
They mouthed on me in dreams, and tore me from sweet
sleep.

"Strange constellations burned above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,
Angering to foam, the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sighed, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and me."
Fond heart! the space between was but the apple-tree.

There was a cry of joy; with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half blest:
Now when I've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

SMITH, EDMUND NEALE, an English poet; born in 1668; died in July, 1710. He attended Westminster, Cambridge, and Oxford, and made himself familiar with both Greek and Latin classics, comparing them carefully with the classics of France, Spain, and England. In 1705 he obtained a place at the University of Oxford, and soon after going to London he joined himself with the Whig party. Addison asked him to write the History of the

Revolution in 1688, which for private reasons he refused. In 1707 appeared his tragedy of *Phèdre and Hippolyte,* and in 1708 an elegy on the death of his college friend, John Philips. We have from this poet three or four odes and a Latin discourse, pronounced at Oxford in honor of Thomas Bodley. His complete works were published in 1719, and prefaced by a brief biography.

ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705.

Janus, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crowned the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.
In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose:
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shattered foes the conquering hero bore.

They see, with staring, haggard eyes,
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise
Amazed, aghast, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking head descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They justling plunge amid the sounding deeps;
The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,
The 'frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA'S fleets.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of smoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,

And Afric echoes from its distant shore
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force superior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquished triumph, while they fly.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign survey,
Which shall o'er France her arms display,
And kingdoms now her own subdue.
Lewis, for oppression born,
Lewis, in his turn, shall mourn,
While his conquered happy swains
Shall hug their easy, wished-for chains.
Others, enslaved by victory,
Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless.

MUSIC.

Music, soft charm of heaven and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
Ere the rude, ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang,
The morning stars their anthems sang,
And naught in heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphin, with the bright host
Of angels, thrones, and heavenly powers,
Worship before the eternal shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move

As if sequestered from the arts divine:
Here's music, too,
As ours a rival were to the world above.
—*From an Ode in praise of music.*

SMITH, Elizabeth Oakes Prince, an American poet and novelist; born at North Yarmouth, Me., August 12, 1806; died in North Carolina, November 8, 1893. At the age of seventeen she married Seba Smith, a journalist of Portland. In 1839 they removed to New York, and in 1876 to North Carolina. Besides numerous occasional poems and books for the young, Mrs. Smith wrote *The Sinless Child and Other Poems* (1841); *Stories for Children* (1847); *The Roman Tribute,* a tragedy (1850); *Woman and Her Needs* (1851); *Hints on Dress and Beauty* (1852); *Jacob Leisler,* a tragedy (1853); *Bald Eagle* (1867); *The Two Wives* (1868); *Kitty Howard's Journal* (1870), and *Destiny,* a tragedy (1872).

THE WIFE.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro;
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips fresh from the fount below—
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, evermore inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart,
That lives but in her smile, and ever turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns

To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

THE RECALL, OR SOUL MELODY.

Nor dulcimer nor harp shall breathe
Their melody for me;
Within my secret soul be wrought
A holier minstrelsy!
Descend into thy depths, oh soul!
And every sense in me control.

Thou hast no voice for outward mirth,
Whose purer strains arise
From those that steal from crystal gates
The hymnings of the skies;
And well may earth's cold jarrings cease,
When such have soothed thee unto peace

Within thy secret chamber rest,
And back each sense recall
That seeketh 'mid the tranquil stars
Where melody shall fall;
Call home the wanderer from the vale,
From mountain and the moonlight pale

Within the leafy wood the sound
Of dropping rain may ring,
Which, rolling from the trembling leaf,
Falls on the sparrow's wing;
And music round the waking flower
May breathe in every star-lit bower:

Yet, come away! nor stay to hear
The breathings of a voice
Whose subtle tones awake a thrill
To make thee to rejoice,
And vibrate on the listening ear
Too deep, too earnest — ah, too dear.

Yes, come away, and inward turn
  Each thought and every sense;
For sorrow lingers from without —
  Thou canst not charm it thence,
But all attuned the soul may be
Unto a deathless melody.

THE WATER.

How beautiful the water is!
  Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies
  As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
  On all that's in its way;
I hear it dancing on the roof,
  Like some wild thing at play.

'T is rushing now down the spout,
  And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
  And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
  And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
  To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
  The flow'ret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
  For dust upon its face:
It showers the tree till every leaf
  Is free from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd,
  And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down
  To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
  With its own joyous look:

And then the kindred drops embrace,
  And singing on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
  And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
  It loves to come at night,
To make us wonder in the morn
  To find the earth so bright —
To see a youthful gloss is spread
  On every shrub and tree,
And flowerets breathing on the air
  Their odours pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is;
  It loves the blossom's cup,
To nestle 'mid the odours there,
  And fill the petals up;
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
  Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the smile
  The floweret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
  To me 't is wondrous fair;
No spot can ever lonely be,
  If water sparkle there,
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
  Of grandeur, or delight,
And every heart is gladder made
  When water greets the sight.

FAITH.

Beware of doubt — faith is the subtle chain
  Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
  Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice
With an exceeding joy, and make our life —
  Ay, this external life — become a part

Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife
With faith, that childlike blessedness of heart.
The order and the harmony inborn
With a perpetual hymning crown our way,
Till callousness, and selfishness, and scorn,
Shall pass as clouds where scatheless lightnings play.
Cling to thy faith — 'tis higher than the thought
That questions of thy faith — the cold external doubt.

RELIGION.

Alone, yet not alone, the heart doth brood
With a sad fondness o'er its hidden grief;
Broods with a miser's joy, wherein relief
Comes with a semblance of its own quaint mood.
How many hearts this point of life have pass'd!
And some a train of light behind have cast,
To show us what hath been and what may be;
That thus have suffer'd all the wise and good,
Thus wept and pray'd, thus struggled and were free
So doth the pilot, trackless through the deep,
Unswerving, by the stars his reckoning keep,
He moves a highway not untried before,
And thence he courage gains, and joy doth reap,
Unfaltering lays his course, and leaves behind the shore.

THE UNATTAINED.

And is this life? and are we born for this? —
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp,
Or whatsoe'er secured, within our clasp,
To withering lie, as if each earthly kiss
Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to meet.
O Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?
Must still the Unattained beguile our feet?
The Unattained with yearnings fill the breast,
That rob for aye the Spirit of its rest?
Yes, this is life; and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat.

Yet faint thou not: thou dost apply a test,
That shall incite thee onward, upward still,
The Present cannot state, nor e'er thy Spirit fill.

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills! thy strength is there:
Oh, thou hast tarried along,
Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there? what though the bird
Pipes matin in the vales,
The ploughboy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylight fails.

Yet come unto the hills — the old, strong hills —
And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell
Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, 'mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills! The shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known: the sea-bird's nest
On the old hemlock swings;
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills! The men of old —
They of undaunted wills —
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold
On the enduring hills;
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH.

SMITH, Francis Hopkinson, an American novelist and artist; born at Baltimore, Md., October 23, 1838. He is a self-taught painter, chiefly in water-colors, and is a member of the American Water-color Society. As an author he is a writer of fiction and descriptive sketches. He has published *Well Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy* (1886); *A Book of the Tile Club* (1887); *A White Umbrella in Mexico* (1889); *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1891); *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days* (1892); *American Illustrators* (1892); *Gondola Days* (1897); *Venice of To-day* (1897); *Caleb West* (1898); *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* (1902); *Colonel Carter's Christmas* (1903); *The Under Dog* (1904); *At Close Range* (1904); *The Tides of Barnegat* (1905), and *The Woodfire in No. 3* (1905).

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Half an hour later, the arches were sketched in, the pillars and roof-line complete, and I was rapidly nearing that part in my work in which the pencil is exchanged for the palette, when the shrill voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer sounded above my head. I could see his little white dot of a turban bobbing away high above me on the minaret, his blue robe waving in the soft air.

In an instant priests, seal-makers, herb-doctor, and pedler, crowded about the fountain, washed their faces and feet, and moved silently and reverently into the mosque. Soon the patio was deserted by all except Isaac, the pigeons, and the scribe, — the kindly old scribe — who remained glued to his seat lost in wonder.

Another hour and the worshippers came straggling back, resuming their several avocations. Last of all

came the priests, in groups of eight or ten, flashing masses of color as they stepped out of the cool arches into the blinding sunlight. They approached my easel with that easy, rhythmic movement, so gracefully accentuated by their flowing robes, stopped short, and silently grouped themselves about me. I had now the creamy-white of the minaret sharp against the blue, and the entrance of the mosque in clear relief.

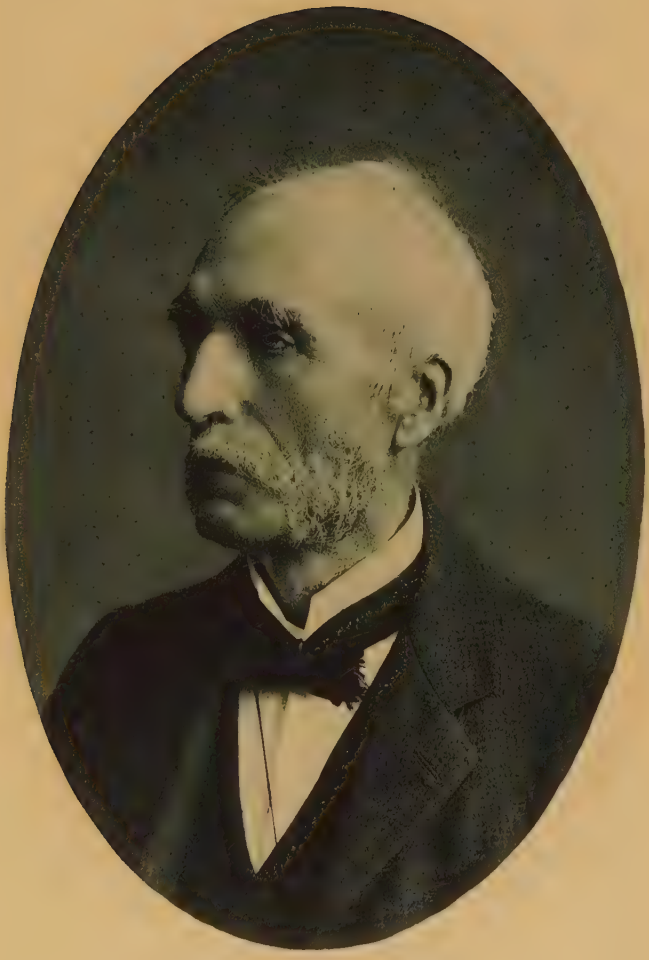
For an instant there was a hurried consultation. Then a beardless young priest courteously but firmly expounded to Isaac some of the fundamental doctrines of the Mohammedan faith — this one in particular, "Thou shalt not paint."

Before I could call to Isaac, I felt a hand caress my shoulder, and raised my head. The scribe, with faded robe gathered about him, stood gazing into the face of the speaker. I held my breath, wondering whether, after all, I had left San Masco in vain. Isaac remained mute, a half-triumphant "I told you so" expression lighting up his face.

Then the old scribe waved Isaac aside, and, drawing himself to his full height, his long beard blending with his white robe, answered in his stead. "I have given my word to the Frank. He is not a giaour, but a true Moslem, a holy man, who loves our temple. I have broken bread with him. He is my friend, bone of my bone, blood of my blood. You cannot drive him away."

After that, painting about Constantinople became quite easy.— *Day at Laguerre's and Other Days.*

SMITH, GOLDWIN, a British essayist and historian; born at Reading, August 13, 1823. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; took his degree of B.A. at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1845; became Fellow and tutor in the University; and was



called to the bar in 1850. He did not enter upon legal practice; but became a member of several Educational Commissions. In 1856 he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1868 he removed to the United States, having been elected Professor of Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. In 1871 he became connected with the University of Toronto. He has delivered numerous lectures upon social and political topics. Among his works are *The Study of History,* delivered at Oxford (1861); *Irish History and Irish Character* (1861); *Three English Statesmen* (Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt); a *Course of Lectures on the Political History of England* (1867); *The Civil War in America; A Short History of England, Down to the Reformation* (1869); *William Cowper* (1880); *False Hopes* (1883); *Life of Jane Austen* (1890); *Canada and the Canadian Question* (1891); *The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison* (1893); *The United States, 1492 1871* (1893); *Bay Leaves* (1893); *Essays on Questions of the Day* (1894); *Commonwealth or Empire* (1902); and *My Memory of Gladstone* (1904).

MARCUS CATO.

Marcus Cato was the one man whom, living and dead, Cæsar evidently dreaded. The Dictator even assailed his memory in a brace of pamphlets entitled *Anti-Cato,* of the quality of which we have one or two specimens in Plutarch, from which we should infer that they were scurrilous and scandalous in the last degree: a proof even that Cæsar could feel fear, and that in Cæsar, too, fear was mean. Of the two court poets of Cæsar's successor, one makes Cato preside over the spirits of the good in the Elysian Fields, while the other speaks, at all events, of the soul which remained unconquered in a conquered

world. Patercules, an officer of Tiberius, and a thorough Cæsarian, calls Cato a man of "ideal virtue," who did right not for appearance's sake, but because it was not in his nature to do wrong.

When the victor is thus overawed by the shade of the vanquished, the vanquished could have hardly been a "fool." Contemporaries may be mistaken as to the merits of a character, but they cannot well be mistaken as to the space which it occupied in their own eyes. Sallust, the partisan of Marius and Cæsar, who had so much reason to hate the Senatorial party, speaks of Cæsar and Cato as the two mightiest opposites of his time; and in an elaborate parallel ascribes to Cæsar the qualities which secure the success of the adventurer; to Cato those which make up the character of the patriot.

It is a mistake to regard Cato the Younger as merely an unseasonable parody of Cato the Elder. His inspiration came not from a Roman Forum, but from a Greek School of Philosophy, and from that school which, with all its errors and absurdities, and in spite of the hypocrisy of its professors, really aimed high in the formation of character; and the practical teachings and aspirations of which, embodied in the *Reflections* of Marcus Aurelius, it is impossible to study without profound respect for the force of moral insight which they sometimes display. Cato went to Greece to sit at the feet of a Greek teacher, in a spirit very different from the national pride of his ancestor. It is this which makes his character interesting — that it was an attempt, at all events, to grasp and hold fast by the high rule of life in an age when the whole moral world was sinking into a vortex of scoundrelism, and faith in morality, public or private, had been lost.

Of course, the character is formal, and in some respects even grotesque. But you may trace formalism, if you look close enough, in every life led by a rule; in everything between the purest spiritual impulse on the one side, and abandoned sensuality on the other. Attempts to revive old Roman simplicity of dress and habits, in the age of Lucullus, were, no doubt, futile enough; but after all, this is the symbolical garb of the Hebrew

prophet. We are in ancient Rome, not in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. We are among the countrymen, too, of Savonarola. The character, as painted by Plutarch — who seems to have drawn from contemporaries — is hard, of course, but not cynical. Cato was devoted to his brother Cæpio; and when Cæpio died, forgot all his Stoicism in the passionate indulgence of his grief, and all his frugality in lavishing gold and perfumes on the funeral. . . .

Cato's resignation of his fruitful wife to a childless friend — revolting as it is to our sense — betokens less any brutality in him than the coarseness of the conjugal relations at Rome. Evidently the man had the power of touching the hearts of others. His soldiers — though he gave them no largesses, and indulged them in no license — when he leaves them, strew their garments under his feet. His friends at Utica linger at the peril of their lives to give him a sumptuous funeral. . . .

Impracticable, of course, in a certain sense he was. But his part was that of a reformer; and to compromise with the corruption with which he was contending would have been to lose the only means of influence which — having no military force and no party — he possessed: that of the perfect integrity of his character.

SMITH, HORACE, an English poet; born at London, December 31, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, July 12, 1849. His literary and personal life was closely connected with that of his brother, JAMES SMITH (born at London, February 10, 1775; died there, December 26, 1839. They were joint authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. Horace Smith accumulated an ample fortune as a member of the Stock Exchange. In 1820 he retired from active business,

after which he wrote several novels, among which are *Brambletye House; Tor Hill; Reuben Apsley; Jane Lomax;* and *The New Forest.* In 1812 the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, which had been destroyed by fire, led to the offering of a prize for an opening address. None of those offered was accepted, and Byron was asked to produce one, which was pronounced unsuitable. The brothers Smith thereupon issued a small volume entitled *Rejected Addresses,* purporting to have been written by several of the most distinguished living poets. In these the manner of the respective authors is cleverly imitated and sometimes travestied. Perhaps the cleverest of these imitations are that of Crabbe by James Smith, and that of Scott by Horace. Besides his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses,* James Smith published anonymously articles in the *New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and wrote the greater part of *The Country Cousins; Trip to France,* and *Trip to America,* highly successful pieces at the English Opera House.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Startled with terror and surprise
When light first flashed upon her eyes,
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
  In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard, 'mid fire and smoke,
  "The play-house is in flames!"
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
  To every window-pane.
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican — moth-eaten fort,

And Covent Garden Kennels spout
  A bright, ensanguined drain.
Meux's new brew-house shows the light,
And Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
  Where patent shot they sell.

The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall;
The ticket-porter's house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster-shop withal,
  And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red Sweet-Wil-li-am.
  To those who on the hills around
  Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise,
  It seemed that nations did conspire
  To offer to the God of Fire
Some vast, stupendous sacrifice!

The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from bed and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hob-nailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied;
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
  His nether limbs embraced;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulders gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
  In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pick, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
  Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder sight was ne'er disclosed:
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go
And never halloo "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
"Back, Robbins, back!" "Crump, stand aloof!"
"Whitford, keep near the walls!"
"Huggins, regard your own behoof!"
For lo! the blazing, racking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls.

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruin's volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd;
When lo! amid the wreck upreared
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins — name revered
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all, in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide.
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died.

Did none attempt before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire;
His fireman's soul was all on fire
His brother-chief to save.
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before;
But sulphurous stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite —
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved:
"Whitford and Mulford, ply your pumps!
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps!
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools, 'od rot em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

— Horace Smith.

TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And hast thou walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous.
Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;

Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if thy hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Er'e Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house.
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations.
The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast;
  And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumus man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless 'tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost forever? —
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

— HORACE SMITH.

THE THEATRE.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit.
  At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;

But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscalled *standing room.*
Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.
See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair,—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horses' hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hushed — but, no, one fiddle will
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go. . . .
What various swains our motley walls contain! —
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five — they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds — we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live —
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;

Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
For scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter — a safe employ;
In Holly-well Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head;
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name — a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and, cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,
Stained, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue.

Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last kerchief to the beaver's band,—
Upsoars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

— JAMES SMITH.

O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries